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Collier's

APRIL 18, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

How Traffic Lights Cause Accidents

•

The Day F.D.R. Died

•

What Do Pitchers Throw to THE 10 TOP HITTERS?

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA 0355
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Old Grand-Dad, the same wonderful whiskey that has been cherished by bourbon fanciers for generations, is now priced within the reach of thousands more. If you want to enjoy the best—ask your dealer for Old Grand-Dad. You'll find it a welcome surprise.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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Mothers and Daughters Doing Fine

In Her Mother's Footsteps – "Mother did all right and I hope to do as well," says Telephone Operator Betty Miller. She's shown here with her mother, Mrs. Ruby Miller, a telephone Service Assistant.

Many work together in telephone offices in communities throughout the country

It happens over and over again. A daughter sees how much her mother likes her telephone job and decides she would like to work there, too. So in she comes to put in her application.

When daughter follows mother, and brother follows sister, and son follows father, you get a pretty good line on how people feel about the telephone company.

They know from firsthand experience that "it is a good place to work."

Like Mother. Like Daughter. Betty Johnson (left) is a Service Order Typist in the same telephone building where her mother, Mrs. Dena Johnson, is Business Office Supervisor. Mrs. Johnson's aunt and cousin are telephone employees, too.

A Telephone Family. Mrs. Grace M. Donewald, an Instructor, visits her mother, Mrs. Grace Franks, a Special Commercial Clerk. Her father, a telephone Commercial Engineer, has recently been assigned as a Defense Activities Co-ordinator.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . *"A Good Place to Work"*

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April 18, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Our young outerspaceman, equipped with helmet and vaporizer ray gun, is the artist's son, Lee Burke, Jr., who appears on our cover for the third time here. His father reports that after the chore of posing for this one Lee vaporized (1) a milk shake and (2) an ice-cream soda, leaving no space for dinner.

Week's Mail

Blue Genes—& Brown

EDITOR: My relatives are very interested in your article, Brown-Eyed Parents—Blue-Eyed Child—Why? (March 7th), by Dr. James V. Neel and Murray Teigh Bloom. My mother and father both have blue eyes, my older sister has very dark brown eyes, which are dark brown at any distance, near or far, and I have very dark green eyes, which have brown flecks in them and appear brown at a distance.

We both have the same blood type, have birth certificates to prove we were not adopted, and couldn't have been exchanged at the hospital as we were both born at home. We all wonder what happened?

JEAN YOUNG, Houston, Texas

. . . Dr. James Neel's question-and-answer article on heredity was most interesting, but one statement I feel was entirely erroneous. He said that two blue-eyed parents cannot produce a truly brown-eyed child, though the eyes might look brown at a distance.

My husband's parents both had blue eyes, and out of their 11 children three have brown eyes—and I mean brown, when looking closely at them.

My husband is one of these brown-eyed children and I have blue eyes. We have *five children—two with deep* brown eyes and three with blue eyes.

MRS. DOUGLAS HULL, Pomfret, Vt.

. . . I wish to call attention to question-and-answer number 27 from the article by Dr. James V. Neel and Murray Teigh Bloom.

As director of the Adams Schools for retarded children I have had several hundred Mongoloid children under my care. It is quite true that this condition happens in any home regardless of "race, creed or IQ." They can and do occur as a first child, a last child or in the middle of a normal family.

Backed by years of research, many doctors believe that Mongolism is caused by an interference in the development of the embryo during the first months of pregnancy. The interference is caused by a traumatic experience to the mother and may be either mental or physical. The time is fixed by the physical characteristics of the baby.

With endocrine treatment, proper training and education, we see many of these children attain a borderline mental age and some develop IQs which measure in the 80s and 90s.

ELIZABETH ADAMS PALMER,
Los Angeles, Cal.

They Love Pizza

EDITOR: We were very happy to read your article, For the Love of Pizza (March 7th). We have been making pizza for over 10 years here in Belle-

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OLD THOMPSON

THE WED·IN·THE·WOOD WHISKEY

WED • IN • THE • WOOD

instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity

MADE BY GLENMORE

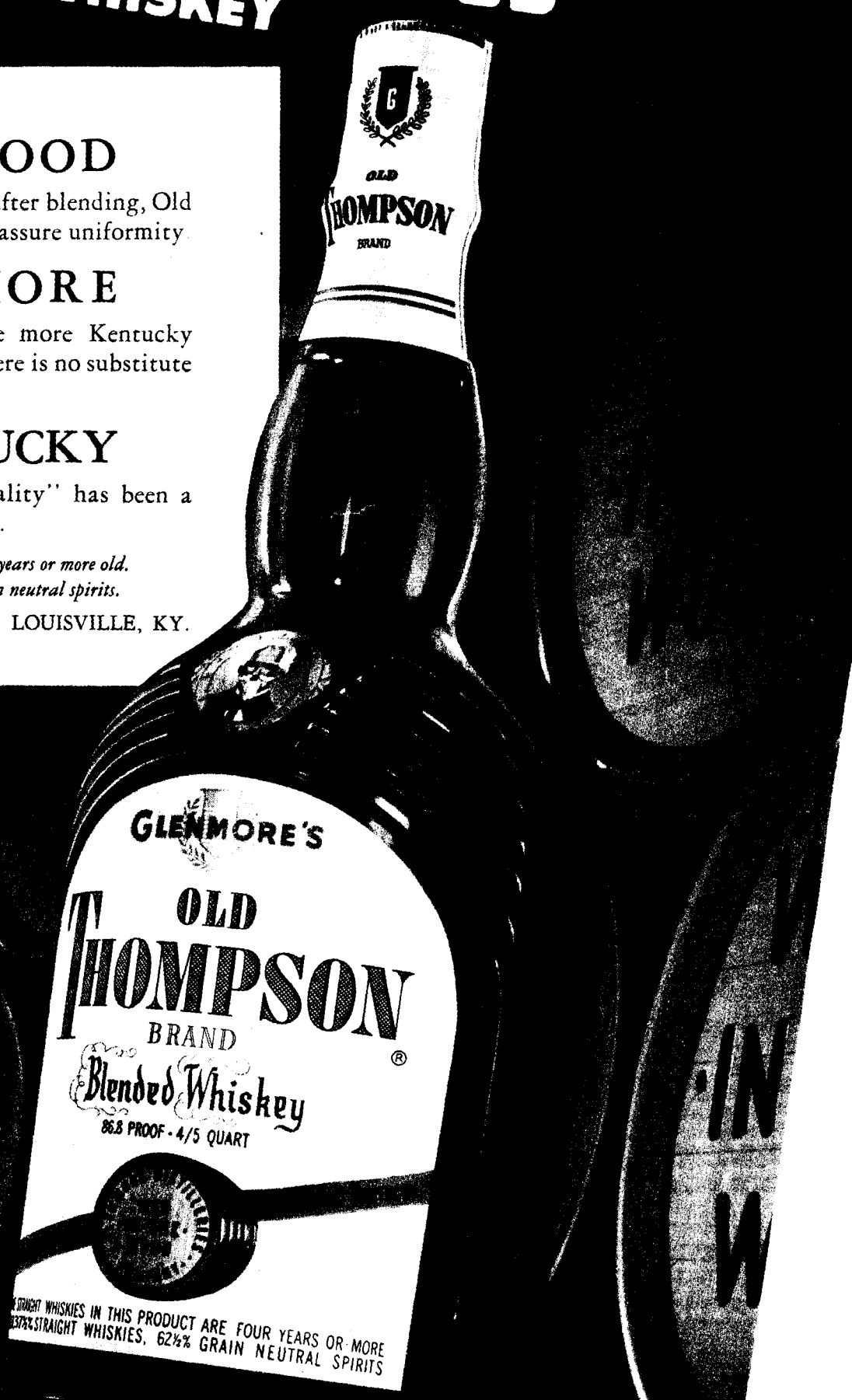
the famous distillery that has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. There is no substitute for experience.

BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old.
37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.



CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

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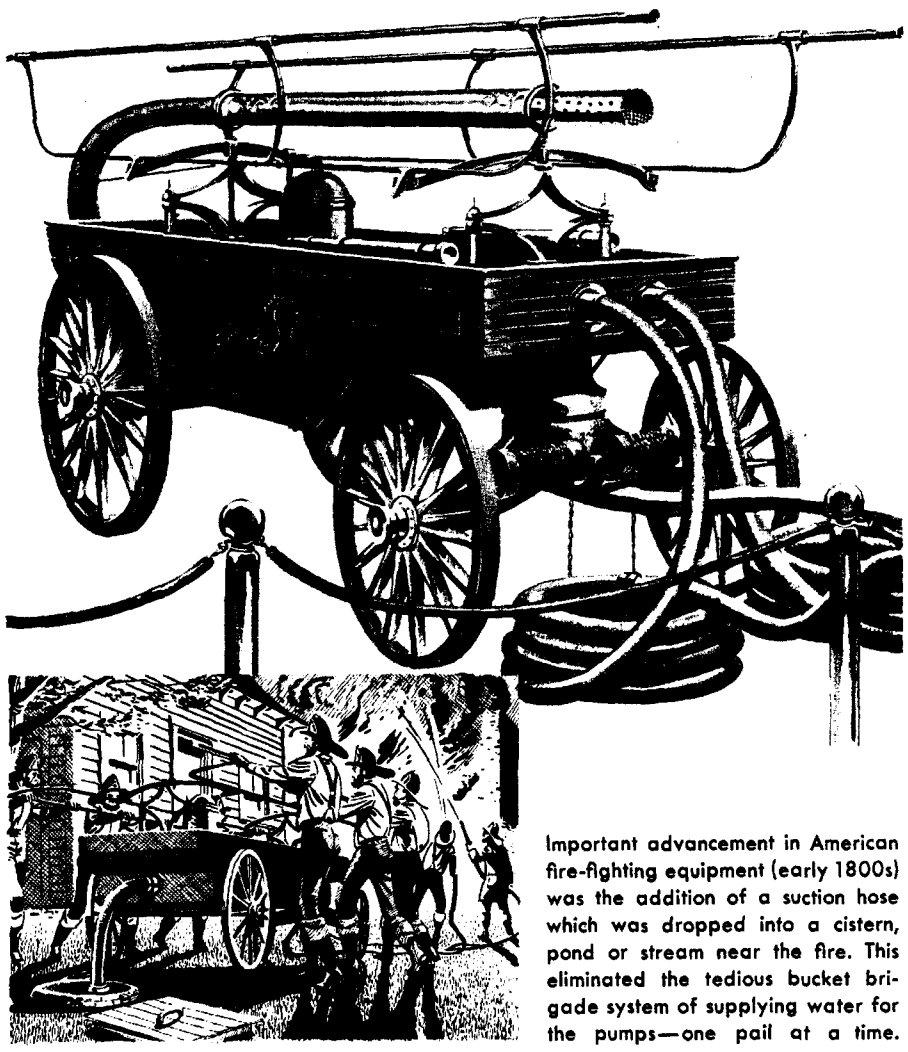
FIRE PUMPS
that replaced the bucket brigade!



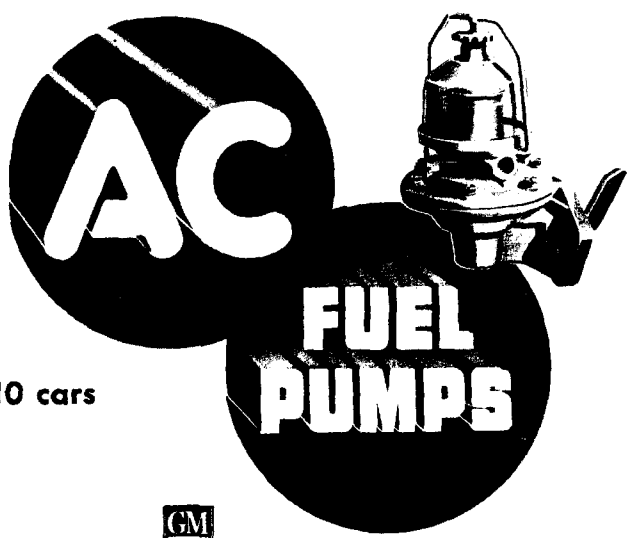
Important advancement in American fire-fighting equipment (early 1800s) was the addition of a suction hose which was dropped into a cistern, pond or stream near the fire. This eliminated the tedious bucket brigade system of supplying water for the pumps—one pail at a time.

AC FUEL PUMPS — America's First and Finest

Pumps of many kinds have played vital roles in America's progress—but none has been more important than the motor car fuel pump, developed 27 years ago by AC.

The AC Fuel Pump has made modern car performance possible. It supplies exactly the right amount of gasoline to the carburetor at all times and under all operating conditions.

Many motorists replace their fuel pumps after several years of service—to avoid the possibility of a breakdown when they're on the road or when service is difficult to get. And most of them replace with AC—the Fuel Pump used by 40,000,000 motorists daily.



Original equipment on 9 out of 10 cars on the road

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ville, Ill., just 10 miles east of St. Louis, and we have spent a great deal of time, money and effort to advertise it in this area. But your article certainly put it over.

Our sales and inquiries have risen 100 per cent since people read your article. You sure created plenty of curiosity. TONY BONNELLE RESTAURANT, Belleville, Ill.

Hitler and Anti-Semitism

EDITOR: I'd like to take exception to your editorial, Prelude to Disaster (Feb. 21st). To my sorrow, I have to admit that there are Jewish Communists. But when you imply that all the Communists in pre-Hitler Germany were Jews, you are somewhat guilty—innocently I am quite sure—of the anti-Semitism Hitler practiced intentionally.

LOUIS WOLFBERG, South Bend, Ind.

Collier's editorial did not state or intend to imply that all Communists in pre-Hitler Germany were Jewish. Our point was that Hitler chose the Jewish Communists as his original scapegoats, and that now, ironically, the Soviet Communists are practicing anti-Semitism.

Added Starters

EDITOR: In looking over The All-America in College Basketball (March 7th), I missed the name of Bob Leonard, the ball-hawking, "kiss-of-death" shooter from Indiana University. His ability to set up plays, feed the ball to point-getter Don Schlundt, and to score from the field makes him one of the best guards in college basketball.

ROBERT DRAKE, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

. . . Born and raised in Philadelphia, and a serious-minded basketball fan, I must say it was good to see that two local boys made your All-America basketball team (Tom Gola of LaSalle and Ernie Beck of Pennsylvania). But what happened to Larry Hennessy of Villanova College? He is a top scorer in the nation, and definitely pro material. He wasn't even Honorable Mention in your N.C.A.A. District 2 All-Star team.

ALFRED DEGUIO, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brown's Murgo

. . . As a sports reporter on the Brown Daily Herald and the New York Herald Tribune's correspondent at this school, I have had the opportunity to witness a great many basketball games in the New England area this season. For this reason I feel that I have seen a sufficient number of this district's players in action to express a qualified opinion.

Although I commend you for the majority of your selections, I must comment on an inexplicable omission. Your first team in the New England area is composed of five of the finest ballplayers I have seen this season. The fact that Lou Murgo of Brown did not even receive Honorable Mention, however, is disgraceful. Murgo, a junior, has averaged 19.5 a game against better opposition than several of your selections. He has outplayed or held his own with every one of your choices that he has faced this season, and is considered the finest basketball player in Rhode Island in the eyes of the coaches and writers of this area. BARRY H. GOTTEHRER, Providence, R.I.

. . . In my opinion Johnny Clune of Navy deserves more than just Honorable Mention. I have seen him play dozens of times, and he should be listed among the best.

BARBARA YEBENS, Washington, D.C.

Various Isms

EDITOR: Congratulations on your editorial, If This Be Liberty . . . (Feb. 28th), criticizing the McCarran-Walter Act! It is a relief to find an editor not afraid to expose his true faith in democracy—such faith that he does not have to hide under false denunciations and McCarthyism. Certainly the effort toward thought-control involved in the McCarran-Walter Act not only makes us the laughingstock (or worse) of other countries, but also strikes a dangerous blow at the free, inquiring, critical spirit which has accomplished the worth-while things in this world. While making false, publicity-seeking jabs at Communists the tactics used by McCarran and McCarthy are building a smoke screen of hysteria which hides the real danger.

WINIFRED D. KIRK, Urbana, Ill.

Survival in Space

EDITOR: In the picture on page 44 of the Feb. 28th issue showing a man wearing a space suit and surrounded by gadgets, there are listed: heart-action pickup; brain-check helmet; retina camera; respiration analyzer; heartbeat pickups, etc.

When man goes into space wearing this outfit he will be insane in less time than it takes to tell about it and the man who does make the trip will be one that has lost much of the mortal man and found his spiritual status. It is very amusing to see the way they speak of finding the right people.

JAY N. JUDD, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . I have been reading your articles on a trip to the moon and space suits. Some of my classmates do not believe me. They say that a man has never been weightless. Some think that it is just something to write to sell your magazine. I would like you to send something to prove that they are wrong.

I think they will reach the moon.

LARRY LAND, Barron, Wis.

You may tell your classmates, Larry, that scientists say that the first men who will reach the moon have already been born. As for weightlessness, human beings will easily get accustomed to the phenomenon.

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Who says cows can't fly?

BY CUTTING RUNNING TIME IN HALF between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, the Union Pacific's *Daylight Livestock Special* has given cattle and hogs wings.

Because there's less wait than before—27 hours' running time instead of 60—livestock arrive in better condition with less weight loss. All because, by putting Timken roller bearings on the axles, Union Pacific can operate at sustained high speeds and cut inspection time at intermediate stops. It's the first roller bearing "name-train" for freight.

It's the next great step in railroading!

"HOT BOXES" are the No. 1 cause of freight train delays. Now railroads like Union Pacific are finding the answer to "hot boxes" is "Roller Freight"—freight cars on Timken roller bearings instead of friction bearings.

ONE RAILROAD'S "Roller Freight" has gone 50 million car-miles without a "hot box". By contrast, freight cars with friction bearings average only 212,000 car-miles between set-outs for "hot boxes".

TERMINAL INSPECTION of friction bearings causes costly delays. But Timken bearings cut terminal inspection man-hours 90%. And they save up to 89% in lube bills. Starting resistance is reduced 88%, permitting jolt-free starts.

22
PRICE CUT 1/5
TIMKEN BEARINGS CUT STARTING RESISTANCE 88%... ELIMINATE "HOT BOXES"
AXLE TURNS FREELY. NO FRICTION
SEALED JOURNAL BOX HOLDS LUBE IN. FITS STANDARD SIDE FRAME

WHEN ALL RAILROADS go "Roller Freight", they'll net a 22% yearly return on the investment, save an estimated $190 million a year. "Roller Freight" gets goods to market faster and fresher, will be the railroads' big attraction for tomorrow's freight business.

COMPLETE ASSEMBLIES OF cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of six years ago. Applications are available for converting existing cars. Other products of the Timken Company: alloy steel and tubing, removable rock bits.

NOT JUST A BALL NOT JUST A ROLLER THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER BEARING TAKES RADIAL AND THRUST LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION

Copr. 1953 The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio
Cable address: "TIMROSCO".

Watch the railroads Go...on **TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller Bearings*

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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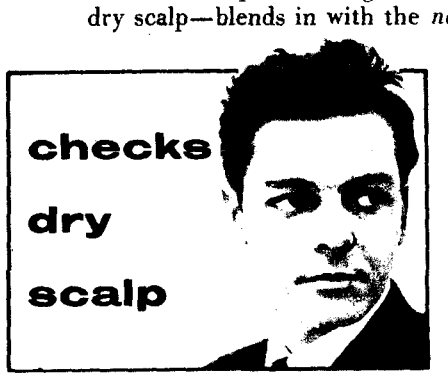
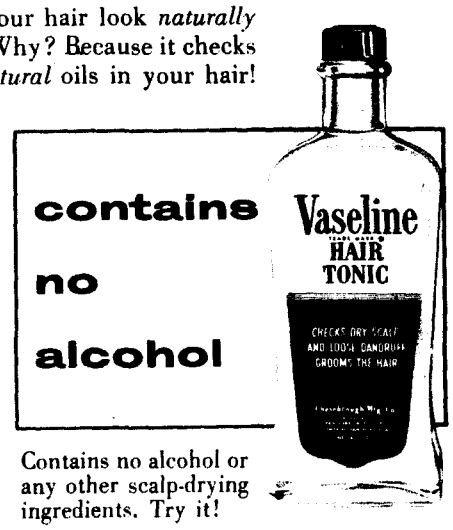
Keeps hair naturally well-groomed!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes your hair look *naturally* neat—and *keeps* it looking neat! Why? Because it checks dry scalp—blends in with the *natural* oils in your hair!



Supplements natural oils in your scalp. Relieves loose dandruff. It's economical, too—all you need is a few drops a day!



Contains no alcohol or any other scalp-drying ingredients. Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

If a woman in Michigan decides to leave her husband she may have to do so in a barrel. Law says all her clothes paid for by her husband belong to him.

★ ★ ★

While you may be snapping at innocent bystanders about the country's Far East dilemma or maybe taxes or possibly the price of caviar, think of the problem a doctor in the University of California is tangling with. He is trying to figure out how to cure warts by psychiatry. And you think you have been burdened with worries.

★ ★ ★

Last doubt vanishes that the baseball season is here again. Lady in Cleveland asks divorce, charging desertion. Says her husband left her because she wouldn't agree that the Indians were going to win the pennant.

★ ★ ★

Arkansas state police borrowed a pair of bloodhounds to trace an escaped convict. Dogs vanished too. Couple of days later when police asked for further orders in their search for the convict they got snappy orders: "The heck with that guy. Find the dogs."

★ ★ ★

And in Demorest, Georgia, a large bull strolled into a hardware store. Inspected the place thoroughly and departed without upsetting anything. Investigation showed that the creature was nearsighted, and the guess followed that he thought he was in a china shop and felt this was the proper occasion to disprove an ancient libel.

★ ★ ★

So far as we've been able to learn, there were no serious casualties at that Methodist young adults group discussion in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Discussion subject: The Women: What Should Be Done about Them and How Should We Go about It.

★ ★ ★

Almost overlooked telling you that the public is now permitted to drop in at the Oregon State Capitol and see legislative committee members in session. However, they've taken the precaution of putting a shatterproof glass wall between the committeemen and the enthusiastic audiences.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Stan Nickell, of St. Louis, writes us about a friend of his whose doctor told him that the best thing for him to do was to cut out drinking and smoking, eat no lunches, go to bed every night at nine and under no circumstances play golf. Mr. Nickell's friend moaned and solemnly shook his head. "Doc," said he, "the best is too good for me. What's second best?"

★ ★ ★

For what was doubtless an excellent reason Wichita, Kansas, Y.M.C.A. directors did not go to the dedication of the new Y. in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. At the next meeting of the Wichita Y. leaders, the agenda contained a Report on the Oklahoma Trip Which Was Called Off. Up rose Mr. Robert Israel, Jr. "I demand to know," demanded he, "how many went on this trip which was called off. Did we have a good time? When did we get back?"

★ ★ ★

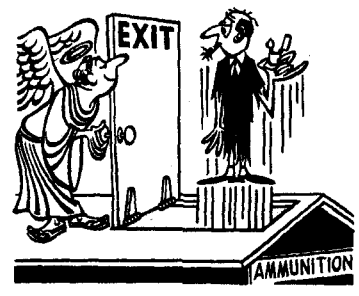
After long and concentrated study, Mr. Dobe Cluney, of Eugene, Oregon, is convinced that United States Senator Wayne Morse believes it takes two kinds of people to make a world—Senator Morse and the rest of us.

★ ★ ★

Gretna, Nebraska, lacked a doctor. But presently a young medico agreed to locate there. It was while the celebration was at its height that another blow fell. Gretna's only barber left town.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Ray Schneider, of St. Paul, Minnesota, insists that he can verify seeing



IRWIN CAPLAN

this sign in an Army ammunition depot: "If you must smoke, go ahead. Then leave by the exit which will appear directly overhead."

★ ★ ★

Lady in suburban Boston wishes to share a secret. If you other ladies want to know whether your husbands have mailed those letters, just include among them some post cards addressed to yourselves. If your post card doesn't show up in three days, look in his coat pockets. The suburban lady's name, incidentally, is Douter.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Tay Englebrecht, of Dallas, Texas, says he's busted. He says: "If only there was some way for me to keep my big mouth and my small pocketbook from being open at the same time." ▲▲▲

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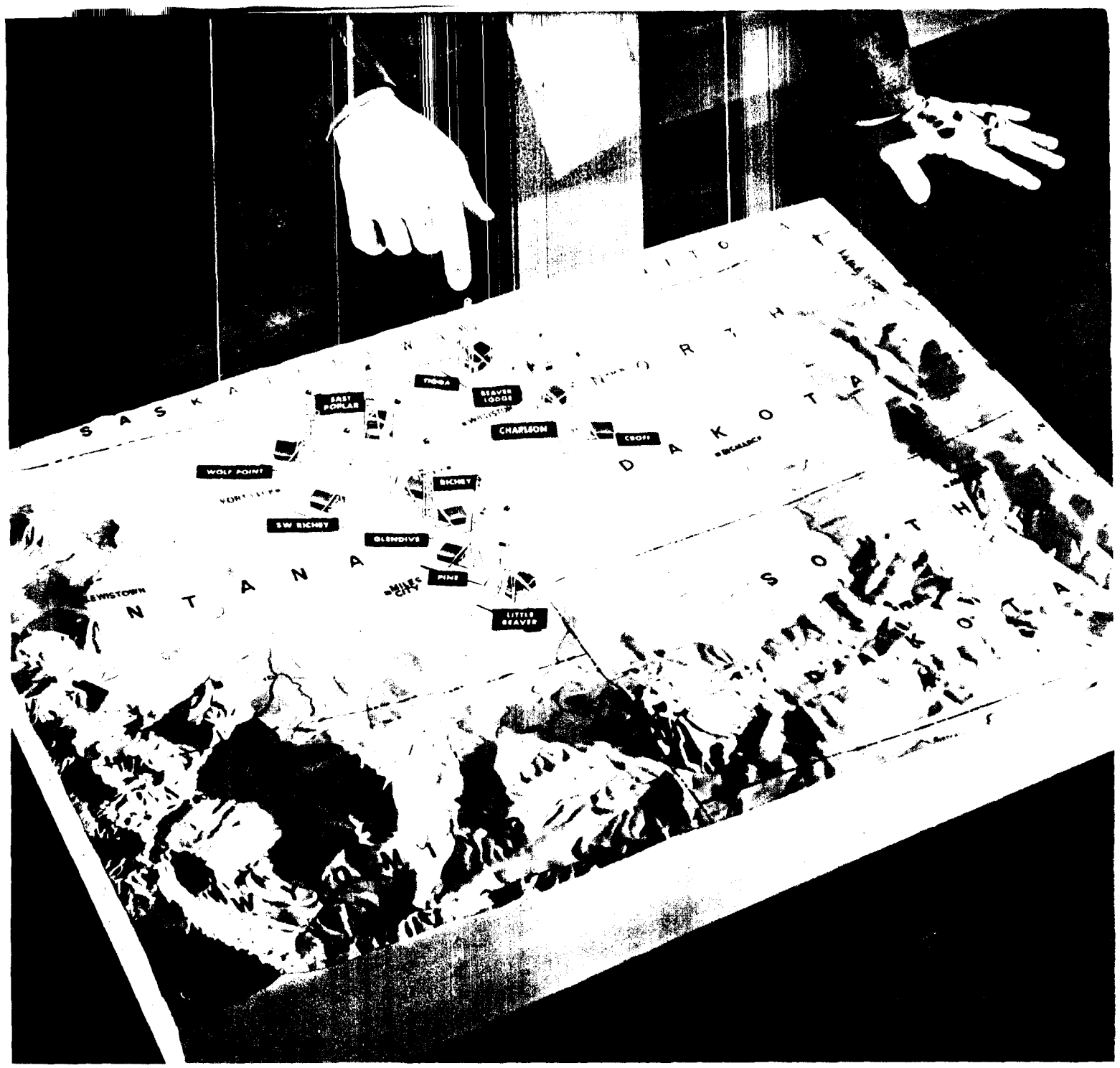
FARMER Bob Thompson says oil gives area a "second crop" —leaves farmers less dependent on what weather does to wheat.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL C. W. Liefur is planning new auditorium for record 300 new students who will enter in fall.

MERCHANT Wayne Larson saw business boom in Yellowstone valley as oilmen from all over U. S. poured into area.



MODEL DERRICKS on this relief map represent eleven new oil fields opened in the Williston Basin during the past 20 months. Hand points to Tioga Field where first producing oil well was brought in after 29 years of searching in North Dakota. Keen competition among scores of oil companies is speeding development of Basin as important U. S. oil producer —and, at the same time, is bringing new prosperity to the whole area.

HOUSEWIFE Mrs. James Key, like many North Dakotans enjoying new prosperity, plans to build own home.

CARPENTER Lester Frantzick is even busy during long winters since his town's population has nearly doubled.

New Oil Frontier Opened By American Companies' Pioneering

In the Williston Basin of the Dakotas and Montana, U.S. oil companies have spent years fruitlessly searching for oil. The cost has run to millions of dollars. But the long search has now started to show results.

The first producing oil well in the Williston Basin was completed two years ago. Since then oilmen have discovered eleven new oil fields with over 130 producing wells. Plans are now under way to drill many more wells.

Because scores of privately-managed oil companies risked huge sums searching for oil where it had never been found before, the people of the Williston Basin today are enjoying new wealth and prosperity. You and your family will gain, too, for these new oil discoveries promise to make a sizable contribution to America's future supplies.

The odds against finding new sources of oil are high—only one out of nine wells in unproved but promising areas actually turns out to be a producer. But oilmen are willing to accept such risks as long as they have a chance to earn a profit while serving you.

For a free, interesting folder, "Is There Oil Under Your Land?", write to: Oil Industry Information Committee, Box 89, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

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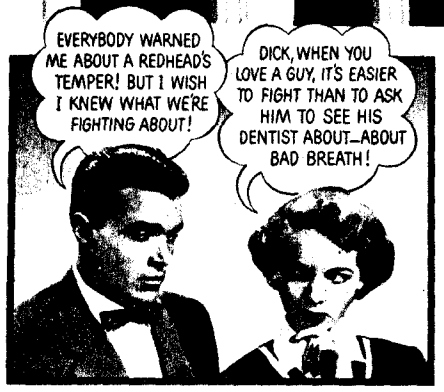
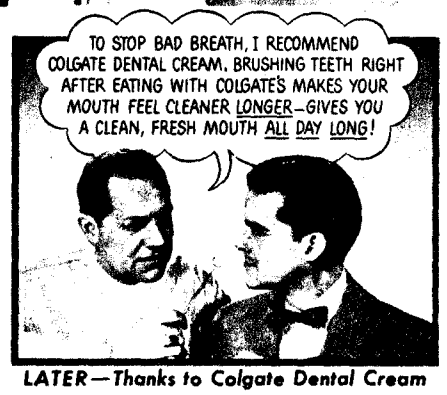
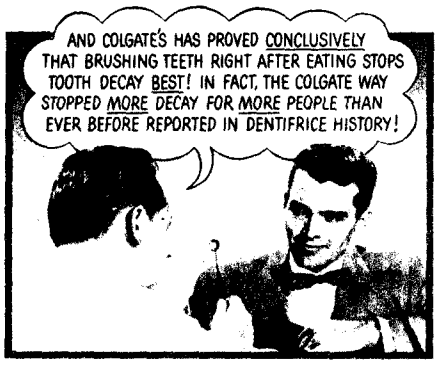
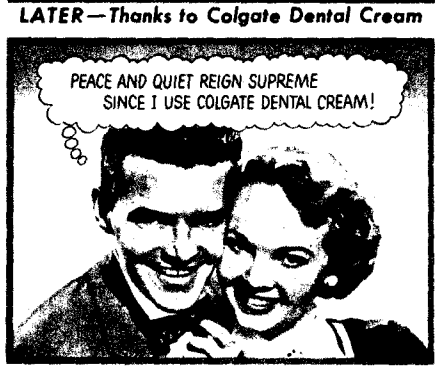
They Could Sell Tickets For This!


EVERYBODY WARNED ME ABOUT A REDHEAD'S TEMPER! BUT I WISH I KNEW WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING ABOUT!
DICK, WHEN YOU LOVE A GUY, IT'S EASIER TO FIGHT THAN TO ASK HIM TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!


TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

LATER—*Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream*


AND COLGATE'S HAS PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST! IN FACT, THE COLGATE WAY STOPPED MORE DECAY FOR MORE PEOPLE THAN EVER BEFORE REPORTED IN DENTIFRICE HISTORY!

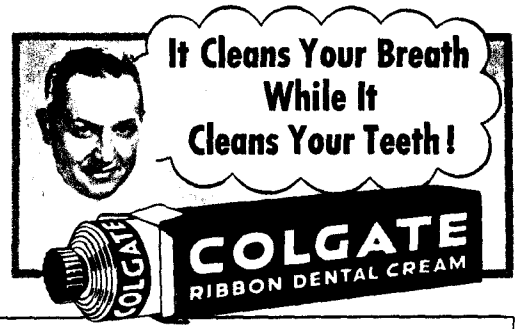


Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

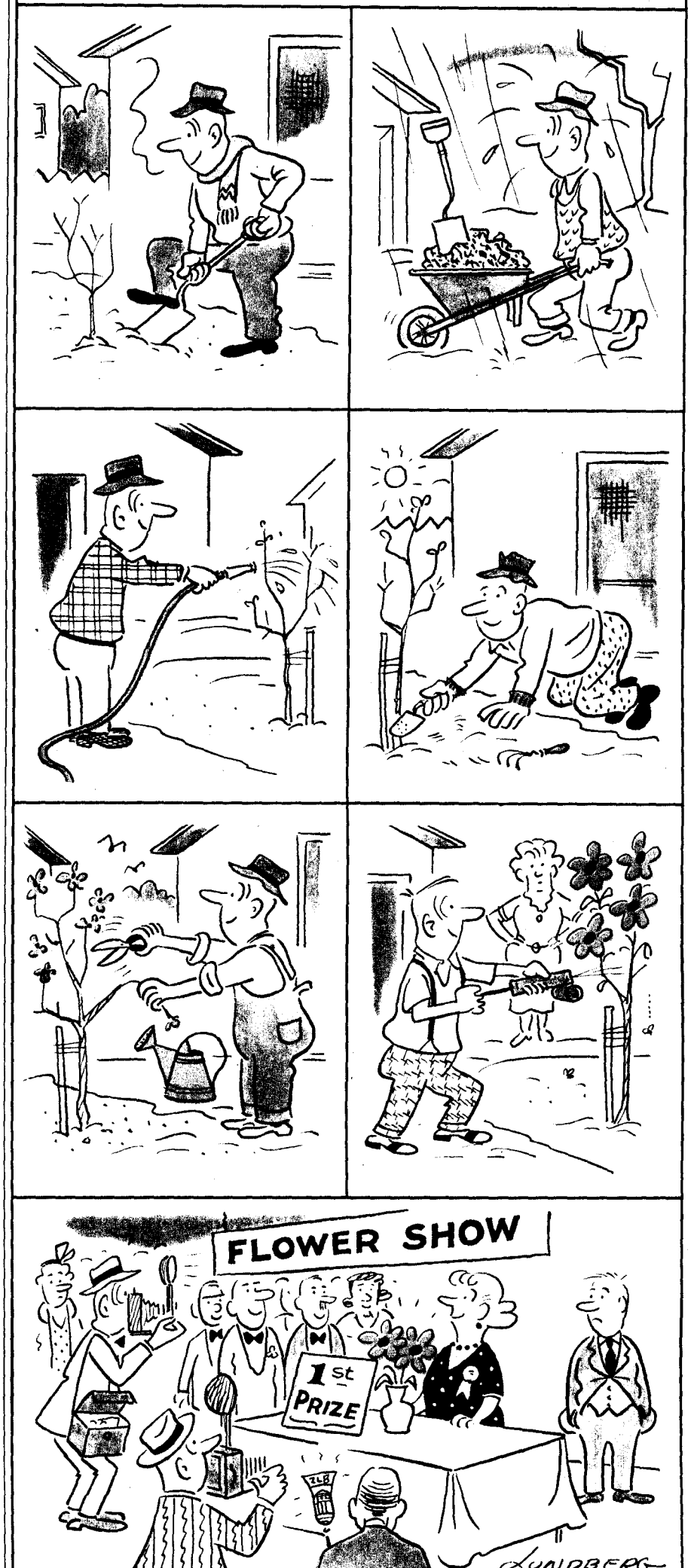
Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

GREEN THUMB

By GUSTAV LUNDBERG



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The New IBM Electronic Data Processing Machines

Combining the great storage capacities and speeds of cathode ray tubes, magnetic drums, and magnetic tapes with the tremendous computing speeds of electronic tubes, IBM engineers and scientists have produced in these machines the most flexible and most productive calculating unit ever marketed.

Here is a computer that can add and subtract 16,666 times a second . . . that can multiply and divide 2,192 times a second . . . and can recall factors from storage, or "memory," in as little as 12 millionths of a second.

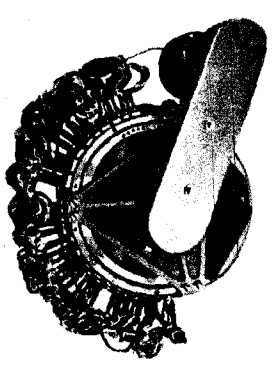
This momentous advance in electronic computing gives defense industries, for which this computer was especially designed, a tool of vast power and versatility. For peacetime uses, it will be applied to a wide variety of engineering, research, and scientific problems.

The new IBM Electronic Data Processing Machines are the forerunners of data processing machines for business, now under intensive development in IBM laboratories.

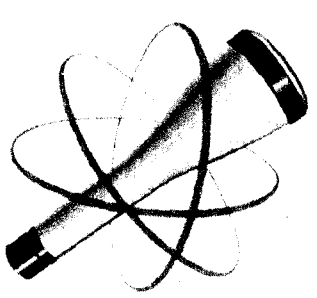
International Business Machines • 590 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

3 KINDS OF "MEMORY"

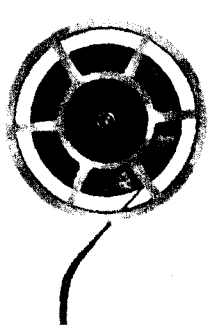
Magnetic drums—any of 81,920 digits* can be stored or recalled in an average of 40/1,000 of a second.



Cathode ray tubes—any of 10,240 digits* can be stored or recalled in 12/1,000,000 of a second.



Magnetic tapes—any of 2,000,000 digits* can be stored on *one* tape or recalled from it at the rate of 12,500 a second.



Expressed in terms of equivalent decimal digits.

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California trend catches on

AMERICANS ARE

GREENWICH, CONN., Mrs. Irving Fitzpatrick, Jr., Zaccheus Mead Lane, likes to have her buffet suppers outdoors as soon as the weather permits. "I don't fuss with things at all," says Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "yet our guests seem to have more fun. A favorite menu is spaghetti and meat balls, a green salad and California Burgundy wine. Burgundy certainly adds a party touch."

Leave it to the Americans!

Americans are proverbial for ignoring the conventional and finding their own way of doing things. They're that way with wine. They find pleasure in wine as an appetizer before dinner, as a conversation piece when company calls, as a friendly companion to an evening of cards, or reading, or television.

ATLANTA, GA., As a famed maitre d'hotel, Joe Himmel helped others to enjoyment. Now retired, he himself enjoys a before-dinner glass of Sherry at his home, 585 Candler St., N.E. "A dry California Sherry," says Mr. Himmel, "is a delightful mellow sort of drink that sets the pace for a good dinner. You'd be surprised how many of my guests prefer Sherry, too."

DENVER, COLO., Mrs. John D. Gerrard-Gough, 50 Jones St., makes lamb stew with Sauterne. She says, "I used to think wine was something only French chefs used. Now I use wine as easily as salt and pepper. And what a marvelous flavor it adds!"

CHICAGO, ILL., Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Peterson of 4218 Bobolink Terrace, Skokie, Illinois, enjoy a glass of Port with their after-dinner television. "I like the rich, fruity sweetness of Port," says Mrs. Peterson. "It's our favorite wine with snacks, too — especially with cheese."

Your CALIFORNIA Wine Dealer invites you to

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DISCOVERING WINE

82-city survey shows wine has "arrived" in the American home. More than 21 million families now serve it regularly. California wines heavily favored over those of other areas

Easygoing "California Way" of living now popular in all parts of country

WHEREVER you live in America, you probably wear sports clothes . . . or go to an outdoor movie . . . or have your own outdoor barbecue . . . or eat at a drive-in restaurant.

Interestingly, *all* those things developed in California. So did the new trend in homes: the rambling, ranch-house style, with the accent on outdoor living. And the happy trends toward simple, easy to fix food and more informal entertaining.

There's another trend that's grown right along with this easygoing California style of living. The trend to *wine*.

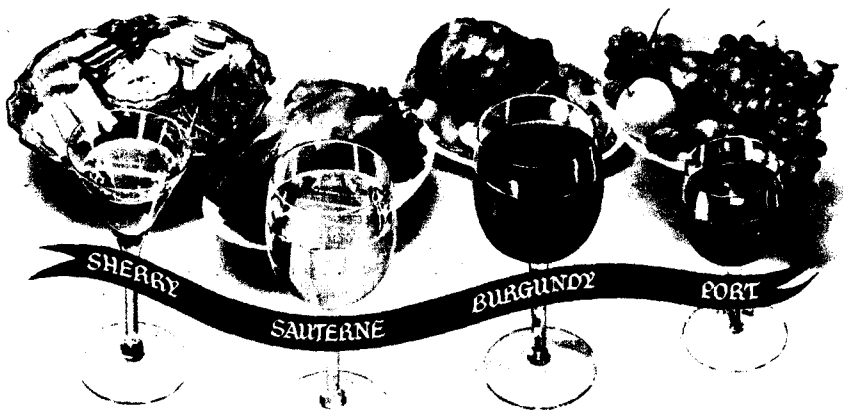
Serving wine — an easy, pleasant, hospitable thing to do — has been part of California life since the days of the Dons. And as the trend to California living spreads, wine just naturally goes with it.

No Special "Class" of Wine Users

Just how popular is wine today? What kind of people serve it? What kinds of wine do they favor? A recent 82-city survey answers those questions. Almost half the families in the nation, or slightly over 21 million families, now serve wine regularly. With that many people serving wine, it naturally isn't limited to any one "class." You'll find wine in Park Avenue apartments, in Down East parlors, on sunny patios in the Southwest, in homes of all types and prices.

Sweet dessert wines are the most popular, with Port the favorite. Sherry, fast becoming one of America's favorites at the cocktail hour, is not far behind. Table wines preferred are Burgundy and Sauterne. And, though wines are grown in many parts of the world, the wines of California are preferred in this country by a margin of more than *six to one!*

These Are The Wines Americans Like Best



SHERRY is the most popular appetizer wine. *Burgundy*, usually served with red meats, and *Sauterne*, preferred with chicken, lamb and fish, are the favorite dry table wines. *Port*, sweet and rich, is best liked of all dessert wines.

Wine Gets Its Own Spring "Show"

Wine has become so popular now that stores throughout the country are giving it special recognition. This month, for example, a gay "Spring California Wine Show" will be featured in thousands of stores —with colorful displays and helpful information on wines and wine serving. Visit *your* dealer's show and you will be well-rewarded.

Easier To Select Wine Today

A small, unpretentious leaflet called the "Wine Selector" has been published by the winegrowers of California, who produce most of the nation's wine. The Selector tells how the different wines taste, how to serve wine, how to cook with wine.

Dealers say the very simplicity of the "Wine Selector" is another reason for wine's new popularity; that people have been waiting for someone to bring wine down to earth and make it easy to select.

The "Wine Selector" may be obtained free at your neighborhood dealer's "Spring Wine Show." Or by writing the Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Mrs. Sargent J. Marsh, 3114 Riddle View, shows her neighbor some of the delicious, tested recipes that are contained in the new, free "Wine Selector."

visit his SPRING WINE SHOW —and select your favorite California wines

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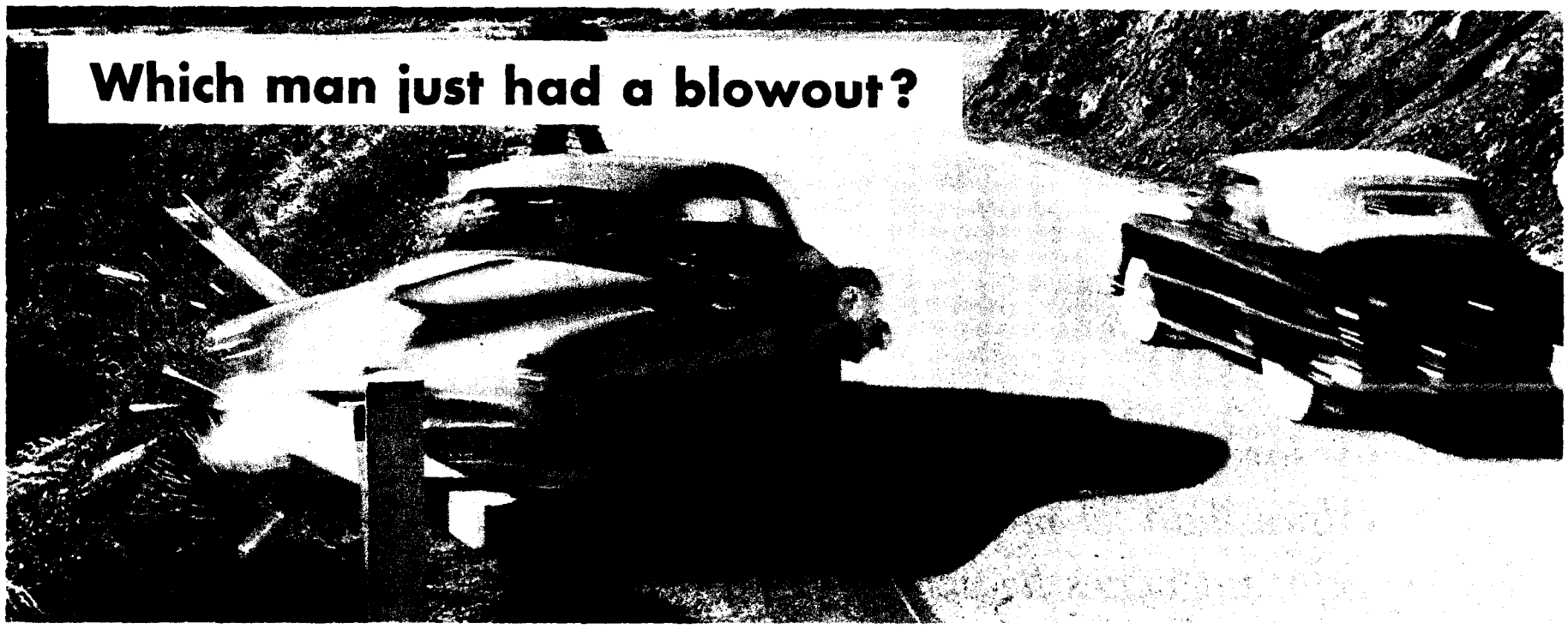
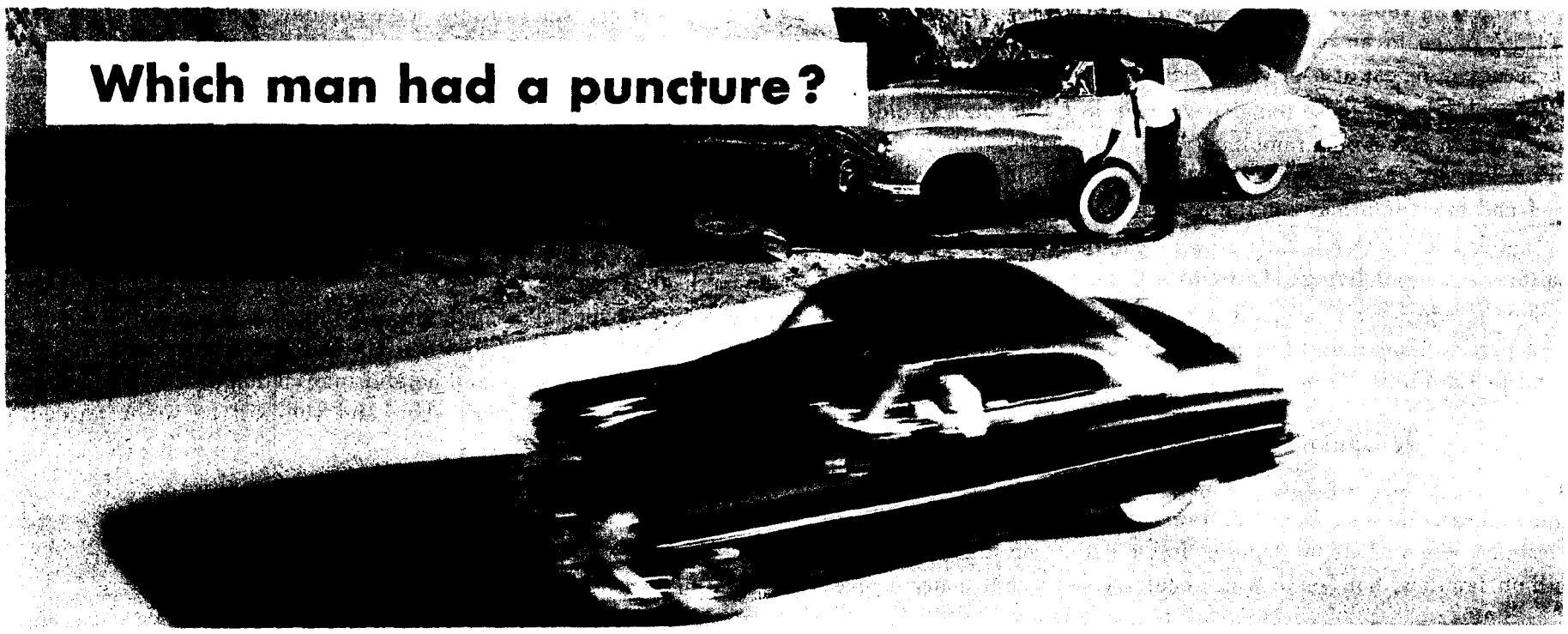


BOTH OF THEM!—but only *one* man is in danger! When *his* single-chamber tire and tube ripped open, his car dropped to the rim and lurched out of control! He's lucky if he has no more serious results than an expensive repair bill. He could end up in the hospital.

SINGLE CHAMBER

The other man is coming to a safe, controlled stop on double-chamber LifeGuards. When the outer chamber blew, he still had a lifesaving reserve of air in the *inner* chamber. Only the LifeGuard gives blowout protection proved by 18 years and millions of miles of driving!

LIFEGUARD
double air chamber

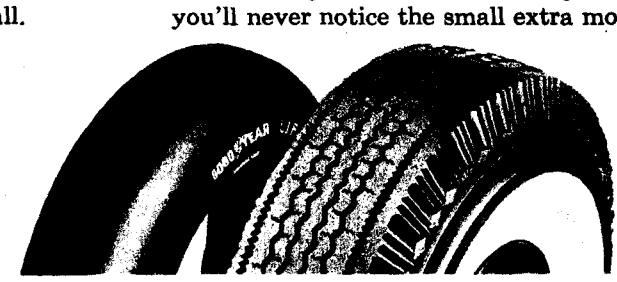


BOTH OF THEM!—but only *one* man has the dirty job of changing a tire. The other man is riding on puncture-sealing LifeGuard Safety Tubes. He'll merely pull out the puncturing object. The puncture-sealant will flow in and seal the hole without loss of air pressure. The puncture is repaired with no work, no cost at all.

You save 20% to 43% per wheel with LifeGuards. For you can re-use them in 3 or more sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more. You can use New LifeGuards in your present tires. Or, have them installed when you buy your new car. You'll get full value for original equipment tubes; you'll never notice the small extra monthly payment.

1. SEALANT FLOWS AROUND NAIL.
2. SEALANT MENDS PUNCTURE.

NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES



BLOWOUT-SAFE! PUNCTURE-SAFE! THE ONLY 100,000-MILE RE-USABLE PROTECTION!

For the longest mileage, the safest mileage, the most comfortable ride on wheels, get Goodyear tires. And for blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving, equip them with New LifeGuards. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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JERRY COOKE

Student traffic engineers at Yale use model of intersection to work out scientifically the causes of fatal crashes—and find a remedy

HOW TRAFFIC LIGHTS CAUSE ACCIDENTS

Even in your city, misused safety devices may be turning streets into deathtraps

By BEN MERSON

NOON on a lazy spring day; along U.S. Route 30 a sedan is passing through the outskirts of the little town of Schuyler, Nebraska. The road is straight as a plowed furrow. A hundred yards ahead, at the intersection of Nebraska 15, the traffic light glows green in the sunlight. The driver maintains a 35-mile-an-hour pace—not fast, but still 10 miles an hour over the speed limit.

Then it happens. A car plunges through the red light on Route 15 into the intersection. Both drivers try to swerve. But it is too late. Steel rips into steel. An instant later each car is a mangled ruin, with both drivers seriously injured.

The accident was the eleventh at the intersection in a year. Citizens of Schuyler were aghast and bewildered. To prevent just such accidents they had erected traffic signals at the intersection—not just one, but four: one at each corner. Yet disaster piled on disaster, until now the spot had come to be known as "Devil's Crossing."

More in despair than in hope, the citizens appealed to state traffic engineer J. Edward Johnston. He made his survey and came up with a solution that shocked the townsfolk almost as much as the disasters on their doorstep. He *removed* all four traffic lights. He *increased* the speed limit from 25 miles an hour to 35 miles. He erected some "Stop Ahead" and "Stop" signs on Nebraska 15. And he left U.S. 30 wide open.

The next 12 months told the story: there was only one minor accident.

The townspeople of Schuyler were amazed. But not Johnston. His study had disclosed that the volume of traffic was too small to justify traffic signals. Besides, the signals infuriated motorists. So did the snail's-pace speed limit. Some drivers subconsciously had rebelled and, ignoring even red lights, drove headlong across the intersection to tragedy.

Schuyler's problem was not unique. With grim variations, it is being repeated daily all over America. Almost every community in the land has innocently baited its street and highway systems with one to a dozen deathtraps. Operating with lethal efficiency, they are helping to kill 38,000 people and injure over a million others every year. The toll is equivalent to the blotting out annually of a city the size of Brownsville, Texas, and the crippling of all the people in a city larger than Boston.

Many people regard traffic mix-up accidents as inevitable. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. Most—almost all—of the tragedies can be prevented. Not necessarily by preachments, or more restrictions, or the building of dream highways. But to a large degree by traffic engineers—men like Nebraska's Johnston. They can eliminate

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The intersection of Saginaw and Louisa Streets, Flint, Michigan, was a booby trap for cars until officials painted two islands in the middle of Saginaw Street and put light overhead

deathtraps, reduce congestion and speed up traffic. They can make room for thousands more cars on roads now filled to overflowing. And with it all, they can cut accidents by as much as two thirds.

The evidence is contained in a recent study of 80 danger spots by the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, a nonprofit organization maintained by more than 100 capital stock insurance firms to promote public safety. These danger spots, located in 25 states from coast to coast, had been the scenes of 170 fatal accidents during an average two-year period. After traffic engineers went to work, the toll dropped to 60 in a comparable period (and these accidents were all due to the human element—speeding, drunken driving, sudden illness, and the like). Crash injuries and congestion decreased proportionately.

But why don't traffic engineers eliminate the deathtraps everywhere? Largely because of public ignorance, vanity and politics.

A Job the Public Misunderstands

Although traffic engineering became a profession in 1921, few citizens understand its functions. If they have heard of a traffic engineer at all, they usually assume he is a superpoliceman, intent on plaguing them with more regulations. Or else they confuse him with a highway engineer. Actually, the highway engineer is primarily concerned with road building; the traffic engineer is concerned with efficient traffic movement and road safety on all roads—old and new—and keeping them safe under all conditions. Traffic engineering is such a specialized profession that it is taught at only a few major colleges—at Yale and the University of California as a full graduate course, and as an engineering elective at, among others, Iowa State, Cornell, Purdue and the Universities of Michigan and Illinois.

Ignorance about traffic engineering extends even to public officials. Thousands of American communities bequeath the job of making highways safer to any municipal employee who wants it—usually a policeman, but occasionally a clerk or even a versatile sewer inspector. Being untrained, these tyros suffer from the common delusion that all traffic ills can be cured by prescribing more signs and more signals. They have poisoned countless arteries, and possibly even killed more motorists than they have saved.

To add to the toll, hundreds of other communities do not make a pretense at even amateur traffic engineering. Politicians erect traffic lights to ingratiate themselves with voters, while police set up speed traps which help finance the installations. It makes for a steady flow of customers to the traffic court—with side trips to the undertaker.

Neither is the picture too optimistic in some of the more than 85 cities that actually employ traffic engineers. Their departments are decentralized. They have only limited authority. And they can't make their decisions stick.

State governments are somewhat more enlightened. Approximately 40 states now employ traffic engineers. And while they are permitted to work without impediment, their number is woefully inadequate considering the 650,000 miles of road under their jurisdiction. Nevertheless they have made remarkable improvements from coast to coast, as any motorist can testify.

They could do vastly more, except for one frustrating fact: some state administrations forbid traffic engineers to help local communities solve any traffic problem that does not directly involve a state or a federal highway. If local roads in these states are involved, the engineers must keep hands off. New Jersey is an exception; its state government has authority over traffic controls on all roads.

A few states like Nebraska, Ohio, Michigan, Virginia and West Virginia will give communities advice. However, many communities regard such advice as "interference." They refuse to take it. They even have laws against such "interference"—and their roads remain a menace.

But when given a free hand, traffic engineers may end the highway evils. Typical was the problem of Virginia Street, a main artery which crosses the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks on an S-curve in Gary, Indiana. Despite a series of warning lights and signs and a presumably perfect pavement, motorists were constantly colliding head on at the intersection.

More signs were added, including one set back 500 feet from the curve; also two warning blinkers, a bell and several bull's-eye blinkers. But the collisions continued. The toll of injured motorists mounted.

Finally citizens demanded complete elimination of the crossing, a prohibitively costly task. But there seemed to be no other remedy—until traffic engineer Taylor D. Lewis was called in. "Your pavement is too perfect," he told city officials. "The smooth surface causes cars to skid."

The Solution Was Simple—and Cheap

The pavement was roughened—at a cost of $34—and a 13-mile-per-hour speed zone posted. The head-on collisions ceased. The solution was so simple that officials were embarrassed. They needn't have been. In traffic engineering, only a trained eye can see the obvious.

For example, the local authorities in Magnolia, Arkansas, couldn't see why heavy trucks kept hurtling off the road on North Vine Street, a state highway. Some of the trucks overturned. Others jumped the curb and ran across the lawn of a private dwelling. In one year there were 13 such accidents; one driver was killed and half a dozen others were injured.

"It doesn't make sense," town officials told Harvey D. Booth, then state traffic supervisor. "We know that truckmen are the best drivers. Yet most of the victims are truckmen."

Booth's field survey showed why. The crashes occurred at the end of a slight curve. But due to an almost imperceptible downgrade the curve was not visible beyond 300 feet. Local drivers were aware of it. Out-of-town truckmen were not. For them it was a booby trap.

Booth neutralized it by installing reflectorized guard posts along the edge of the curve, erecting a warning sign, and painting a stripe in the road to emphasize further the course of the curve. Total cost—$15. Accidents thereafter—none.

Many cities regard traffic islands as a foolproof panacea. Properly used, they can serve as a haven for the beleaguered pedestrian or as a channel marker for the confused motorist. But when misplaced they can be as perilous as a reef to a ship.

In North Attleboro, Massachusetts, the redesign of a small traffic island, which was causing too many turning movements in the center of the five-way intersection of Route 1 North and Route 1A, reduced the accident rate 94 per cent. Oakland, California, got similar results by redesigning a landscaped island on Lakeshore Avenue. Norfolk, Virginia, did likewise with an island on Com-

Schuyler, Nebraska, installed traffic lights at this intersection in an attempt to reduce frequent accidents. Instead auto crashes increased. The solution included removal of the traffic lights

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Rhode Island, cut auto crashes at a busy intersection 83 per cent. The cost: $25

mercial Place, which had been built to glorify a horse trough but succeeded only in engulfing motorists.

Even when a traffic island is plainly needed, the size, type and shape call for scientific analysis—and often considerable ingenuity. Consider the experience of Flint, Michigan. During a 33-month period, 45 cars crashed trying to avoid pedestrians crossing the intersection of Saginaw and Louisa Streets. Most of the accidents happened in the evening, when large throngs left a nearby theater.

However, the accidents seemed out of all proportion to the scene. Saginaw Street was 66 feet wide. There were no obstructions. And the street had the very latest type of lighting—nonglare luminaires designed to reflect the light onto the highway rather than on building fronts.

Authorities were baffled—until traffic engineer Henry A. Barnes and experts from the Consumers Power Company came up with a startling disclosure: there was an area in the center of the roadway where persons with dark or gray clothing so blended with the background that they were almost invisible to motorists. Neon signs caused the blind spot. Moreover the road itself, being of dark red brick, had less than a 2 per cent reflection factor.

Repaving the street was financially out of the question. Building a concrete island would take too long. So Barnes improvised. He painted two islands in the center of the street, and while the paint was still wet covered them with white silica sand. Overhead he installed one light.

That did it. The sand reflected the light. The light outlined the islands. And the islands outlined the pedestrians. Cars quit running them down, and running into each other.

Although they save countless lives and dollars, many of these innovations cost little or nothing. The latest example is in New York City, which finally got around to hiring a traffic engineer four years ago. Among the headaches the city bequeathed T. T. Wiley, its current expert, were two-color traffic signals that flash green and then red without a warning yellow light in between.

Two-Color Signals Breed Accidents

Ironically New York had pioneered the safer green-yellow-red sequence of signals now used almost everywhere else. But after introducing them in 1918 the city had promptly abandoned them for the two-color type, which throughout the years remained a prime breeder of accidents: rear-end collisions because of sudden stops, and pedestrians run down when caught in midstreet by a change of lights.

Unable to substitute three-color signals immediately for lack of funds, Wiley substituted ingenuity. He reset the timing of his two-color signals so that instead of an interlude of blackness between the green light and the red, they momentarily showed *both* red and green.

Tested at 100 intersections, the warning combination reduced accidents 14 per cent. Now all of the city's 7,600 signalized intersections are being converted to this system—without cost.

Equally ingenious was the method used to break the bottleneck around Pershing Square in Providence, Rhode Island. Cars and trucks poured in day and night from six directions, then overflowed as a creeping mass onto U.S. Route 1, the nation's oldest and most traveled highway, which cuts through the square. At times it required 45 minutes for a car to travel a few hundred yards. Accidents were frequent, particularly right-angle collisions; and these, coupled with head-on crashes, brought injury to 23 persons in less than 10 months.

Called in to wrestle with the problem, engineer P. S. Mancini went to work methodically. Clocking the flow of traffic, he charted peak periods, turning movements, the habits of local and out-of-town drivers. He studied parking and parking regulations, signs and signals—and whether they were flouted by more than the 15 per cent who will always disobey the law.

He surveyed the scene as a pedestrian, then as a driver, and combined both viewpoints in a search for hidden perils. Detailing each crosswalk, lamppost and hydrant, Mancini drew a map of the area to scale, including curves, grades and approaches. And on the map he superimposed a complete diagram of every accident.

After analyzing all the facts, Mancini finally came to this conclusion: there was nothing wrong with Pershing Square that $25 couldn't right.

Which is exactly what it cost: $15 to shift a traffic circle that hogged the middle of the square, and $10 to remove two beacons that cast long and deceptive shadows. The rest of the job cost nothing. It merely called for a ban on angle parking, and making some two-way streets one-way.

New Assignments for Traffic Cops

The results were dramatic. Accidents decreased 83 per cent and congestion was reduced so sharply that two policemen assigned to traffic duty were transferred elsewhere to keep them busy.

From Mancini's methods, it is obvious that traffic engineering is no job for dabblers. The professional engineer is trained to root out the underlying causes of accidents and congestion, not simply relieve surface symptoms. The only approach is the technique used by Mancini, based on scientific principles that take nothing for granted. There are no pat solutions. The engineer has basic theories that apply generally. But they do not always apply specifically, even when the circumstances seem identical.

"And when these engineering theories are misapplied," says Robert J. Allen, chief traffic engineer of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, "the elimination of one deathtrap can easily cause serious new problems elsewhere."

Politicians, amateurs and bunglers are endangering lives in many communities today through just such inept handling of traffic problems. But as a private citizen you can help remedy the situation.

If your city is one of the few that employs a traffic engineer, make it your duty to see that he is not hamstrung. Join with your fellow citizens in demanding that he be given full power to make his decisions stick. And don't carp if his decisions violate your own notions of parking, speed limits or one-way streets. Silence then may save your life as well as your breath.

On the other hand, don't spare your breath if your state engineer is forbidden to help a community remove a local deathtrap. Let every candidate for public office know that he cannot get your vote unless he works to end such practices, which are designed to protect local autonomy while blindly endangering human life.

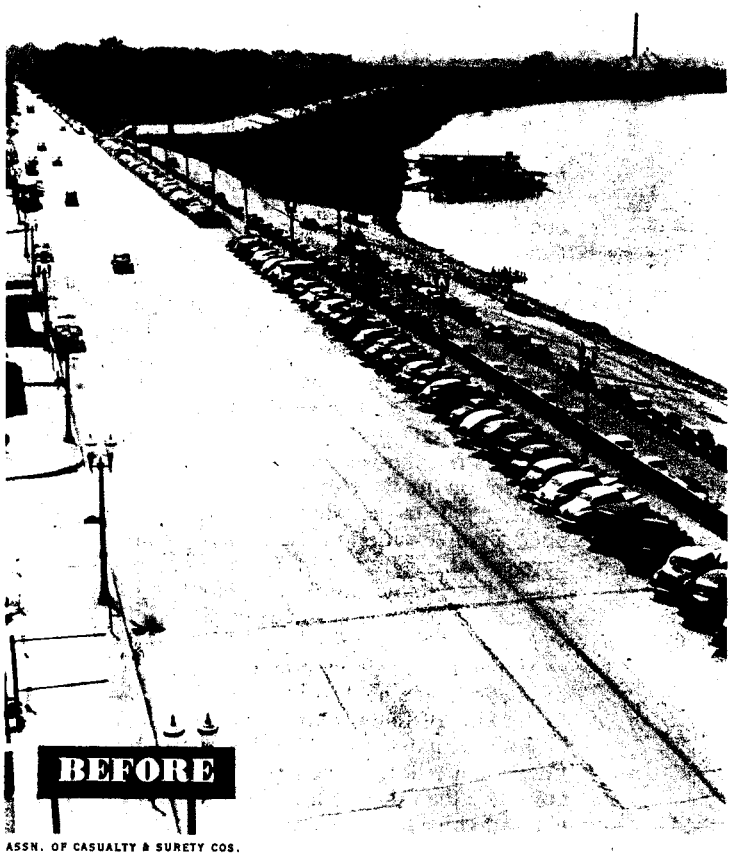
At best, state aid is inadequate. There are too few state traffic engineers, and too many cities and towns. And it is in the cities and towns that most of the nation's deathtraps lie hidden. To eradicate them, communities must hire their own experts. According to the President's Highway Safety Conference, every town with a population of less than 50,000 should have a part-time traffic engineeer, whose services may be shared with a neighboring town. Cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 need a full-time engineer. And cities of over 100,000 should have a traffic-engineering division and staff comparable to a department of public works.

The cost is surprisingly small. Including salaries and highway improvements, it averaged less than 70 cents a year per person in 16 cities surveyed in 1951 by the National Safety Council. This puny expenditure saved these cities millions of dollars in property damage and hundreds of lives. Your community can do likewise. And several organizations will—without charge for their services—show it how.

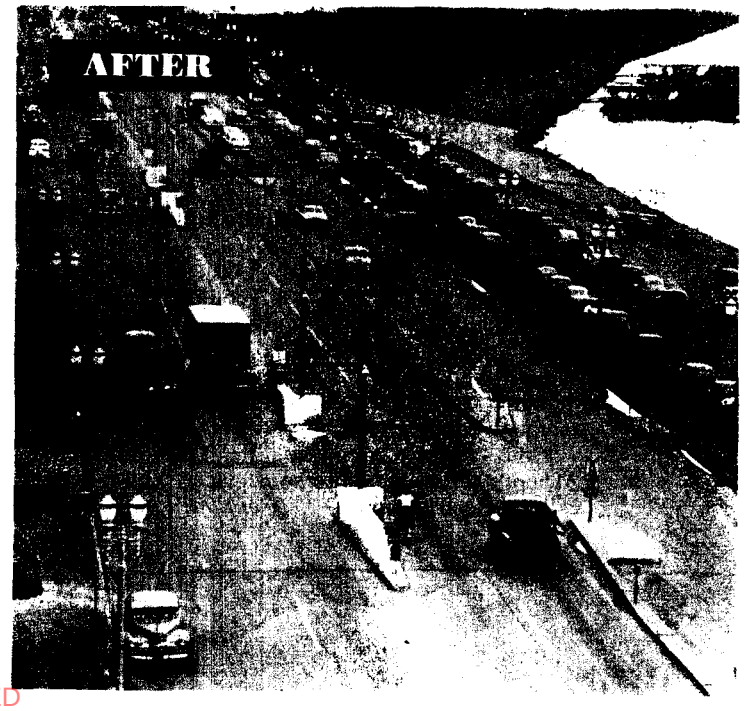
At the request of your local officials, the Automotive Safety Foundation, 700 Hill Building, Washington, D.C., or the Association of Casualty Companies, 60 John Street, New York City, will send a team of experts to make a survey, analyze your problems and lay out a blueprint for co-ordinated traffic engineering. Similar aid is provided by auto clubs in California, Illinois and New York.

In an emergency—say a danger spot whose removal cannot wait for an over-all survey—the Institute of Traffic Engineers at Yale University will recommend a private consultant. And even if your town is bankrupt, state traffic engineering aid is sometimes available.

D. Grant Mickle, of the Automotive Safety Foundation (a nonprofit group financed by the automobile, tire, steel and petroleum industries), sums it up this way: "The volume of cars today is a decade ahead of expectations, while the design of our roads is a decade behind. Traffic engineering can bridge the gap. But the initiative is up to the individual citizen. Until he takes it, deathtraps will continue to take their toll." ▲▲▲



Traffic increased 121 per cent in 15 years on Riverside Drive in Evansville, Indiana. City banned angle parking, provided safe pedestrian crossings—and still kept the cars flowing evenly



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DARKNESS AT EVE

Lately Mel and Nancy didn't seem to be able to talk to each other, and yet there was so much they needed to say. They were both unhappy, and neither could find the language of confession

OUTWARDLY, the Williamsons were just fine, and thanks. The symptoms of a marriage in decay were, in their case, subtle and refined; the only visible sign was that, after six years, they no longer joined the laughter when other people joked about divorce.

In the afternoon of a Sunday such as this one, Melvin Williamson strove, in a seemly way, to get away from his wife. He was going down to the basement, he said, to check the heating unit. Nancy Williamson was not displeased. This way she did not have to talk to her husband; yet if a neighbor should come calling, she could always say that Mel was in the basement, a perfectly respectable place for a husband to be. In the happiest homes in Crestwood, husbands frequently went down into their basements, though one or two of them made a point of taking their wives with them.

On this particular day, it seemed unlikely anyone would come calling, not even Mrs. Morrissey from across the street, who was known privately among her neighbors as The Inquiring Photographer. Vast sheets of rain pelted the roads and the careful gardens of Crestwood, and the wind moaned and gasped like a spirited alto. Great trees shook and bent wearily. Down the street a television antenna had snapped like a dead branch and lay dangling uselessly from its owner's roof.

It was not the weather that preoccupied Melvin Williamson now. He seldom thought about the weather any more, which made him a sad bet to open a conversation in the brokerage house where he worked. He thought more often of a young lady whose name was Lucy. He was thinking of her, in the basement, when the lights blinked and went out.

Melvin looked up without comprehension. Then the lights came back on again, and he went back to thinking of Lucy, who worked as a stenographer in his company and who had very black hair. Lucy's hair, he reflected, was considerably more attractive than that of his wife. Nancy had golden hair, and blue eyes, a sure combination for a young man in love, but not entirely satisfactory to a mature male. Phil Burrows down the street, who always admired Nancy so—now there, Melvin Williamson said to himself, was an immature man. To be attracted to Lucy, a man had to—

This time when the lights went out they stayed out. After a moment, Mel heard the quick footsteps of his wife and the light but confident patter of their four-year-old son Hal on the floor above him.

Nancy opened the door to the basement stairs and called down, "Mel, there's a fuse blown."

"It's not a fuse," Mel said, and was irritated that she did not know what happened when a fuse went out. "The lights are out down here, too," he added, by way of instruction.

"The whole house, Daddy," little Hal said from the top of the stairs. "You couldn't even see."

"You think you're telling me something?" Mel said. Little Hal was quite correct. It was almost suppertime, and as Mel went over to the fuse box, the light from the half window above him was scarcely enough to matter.

"The meter's stopped," he said out loud. "There's a power failure someplace. You'd better call the electric people." *(Continued on page 64)*

"I don't know," Mel said. "Maybe there isn't anything to say." "There isn't if you're hiding something—like another woman," Nancy said

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By CHARLES EINSTEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDY VIRGIL

Andy Virgil

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GABRIEL BENZUR

Caddie Willie Perteet, left, is one of Ike's biggest boosters. That's Ed Dudley with him

I LIKE IKE'S

The pro who knows the President's game best offers a report

THE President of the United States has a lot of tough problems, but at least one is pleasant—his golf. As his golf teacher, I have a problem, too. I'm never sure what to call him. He calls me Ed, and has asked me to call him Ike. But as good a friend as he is, I simply can't call the President by his nickname. The nearest I can come to it is General Ike.

When General Ike was elected President, he became the world's most famous golfer. Suddenly every detail of his game, which he and I had been working on for several years, became top news.

Because he loves golf, some folks have speculated that General Ike will establish his vacation headquarters on the grounds of the Augusta National Golf Club, here in Augusta, Georgia. During former visits here, it is true, the general has lived in the cabin that belongs to Bobby Jones, our club president and the best American amateur golfer of all time. And a new cabin is being built near the Jones cabin. Nearly everyone, including Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, has predicted that the new cabin is to be the Little White House.

I don't know, and I couldn't say if I did. The announcement may be made before this piece is in print, or the general may pick some other spot for the Key West of his administration. But it would tickle us to death if General Ike decides to make the National his vacation home.

He has been a member of the club for several years, and I've been the pro at the National since its founding in 1931. So I've played with him more than anyone else since he started to concentrate on his game.

Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think General Ike's game is mighty important. It's my theory that golf, more than any other sport, reveals the character of the player. It shows the way a man behaves when the pressure is on, the way he treats companions, the sort of self-control he has, the way his mind and muscles work together. In all those respects, General Ike is tops. He's also a fine golfer. At sixty-two, he plays fairly consistently in the 80s.

I first met General Eisenhower when his friends, William E. Robinson, executive vice-president of the New York Herald Tribune, and Clifford Roberts, chairman of the National, brought him to Augusta in the spring of 1950. The general and Mrs. Eisenhower stayed four or five weeks, and I worked with him nearly every day. He had heard about the way I taught, that I didn't want people to do a half dozen things at once, and he liked that approach.

General Ike hadn't played much golf since 1937. He had been bothered with arthritis, and had a bad knee that jumped out when he twisted his leg too sharply, the result of an old West Point football injury. He was hitting the ball as if he wanted to kill it, with almost all of his power coming from his right hand and arm, and because of that trick knee, he played the ball off the toe of his left foot. When he used the driver, he was out of position for a full swing, and he was slicing everything.

He'd slice one and say, "Ed, I'm not going to do that again." Then he'd slice another one.

But he worked on it. From the first, I could see his power of concentration. At the tee, his only thought was to hit that ball. His ability to seal himself off from everything but the problem at hand seems to me one of his outstanding characteristics.

During his visit in 1950, I had a date with General Ike at eight o'clock every morning. You could set your watch by him. He caught me a few times—"You're a little late this morning, aren't you, Ed?" he'd say. But if I occasionally got what my wife calls "a short speech" from General Ike, his caddie, Willie Perteet, was in constant trouble.

Willie is one of our oldest caddies, and he has been with the general from the beginning. Everybody but General Ike calls Willie "Dead Man" (the story goes that Willie once was taken to an undertaker with numerous knife wounds, but got up, to everybody's surprise, and walked out). The general calls him "Cemetery," and Cemetery has a real faculty for being late in the morning. "If you're late again tomorrow," General Ike would say severely, "you've lost your job." Every morning Cemetery would be late. But the general enjoyed him so much he put up with it.

His 1950 visit taught me that General Ike is serious about his golf—although no bad shot or bad game ever spoils his fun. The general is a deliberate thinker, yet he moves fast once he makes up his mind. He considers each shot carefully, and still can play 18 holes in two hours and a half—much faster than the average.

I noticed that General Ike had a strong competitive instinct that made him try to beat me on every hole, and enough physical drive to carry him through the day and leave him fresh even after spending another hour and a half driving balls. But most of all, General Ike disliked being treated differently from any other member of the club. He wouldn't play through even the slowest foursome, and would start early in the morning or afternoon to avoid overtaking other players.

Acquaintance Renewed in Colorado

The summer after the general left the National, I saw him again in Colorado. He was visiting Mrs. Eisenhower's family in Denver, and since I am the professional at the Broadmoor Golf Club at Colorado Springs from June through October of every year, we had a chance to play some games—either at the Broadmoor or at the Cherry Hills course near his place.

When General Ike was away from me he didn't pick up any bad golf habits. He's not that type. He won't listen to everybody. As a pro, I'd say the general has an unusual ability to analyze his own shots, and he knows golf well enough to know what he's trying to do. We had about six games in Colorado that summer, and, so far as I know, he hasn't taken lessons from any other pro since then.

After General Ike visited me at the Broadmoor, he sent me a suitcase as a gift. Inside was a leather tag inscribed—ED from DE. It was a thoughtful gift, but more than that, it expressed the informal and friendly quality of the man.

There is a quick warmth about General Ike that makes you feel at ease. A fellow member of the National who has done a little fishing with the general told me he's "as natural as a Georgia watermelon." He's not stuffy; he's the sort of guy who goes back to the kitchen and talks with the cook, who knows the whole staff of the club well, caddies and everybody.

But there's another side to him, too. He means exactly what he says. He never bats an eye when he is talking to you, and you feel that he can see right through you. For all his relaxed way and courteous manner, he is a no-foolishness sort of person. And once he makes up his mind about anything, nobody can sway him.

A Little Golf Before the Convention

After that Colorado meeting in 1950, I didn't see the general again until he came back to Colorado in June of 1952, just after he had decided to run for the Presidency. We played golf a couple of times at Cherry Hills, but he didn't come down to the Broadmoor that trip. In July, General Ike went back to Chicago for the Republican convention.

After he was nominated, my wife Ruth and I wired him. Told him we thought they had the best man.

On November 4th, General Ike was elected. On November 5th, he and Mrs. Eisenhower, their daughter-in-law, Barbara, the three grandchildren, and Mrs. Eisenhower's mother, Mrs. Elivera Doud, arrived at the Augusta airport about six o'clock in the afternoon. There was such a crowd at the airport I never got a chance to speak to General Ike. But even from a distance I could see he looked tired. As soon as I got back to the club, I dropped over to the Bobby Jones cabin. General Ike was there by himself, with Mrs. Eisenhower outside the cabin waiting for the grandchildren to come up.

"Come on, Ed," he said, "let's sit down and talk. You're the one guy I want to be with. Beginning tomorrow, we're going to play a little golf."

"But what are you going to do about food?"

"I'm going to have a bowl of soup, and hit the hay," he said. And he was in bed by eight o'clock. The next morning he was up early—and he looked as well as I ever saw him. I don't know how he does it.

During those 12 days at the National as President-elect, General Ike had to fit his golf into a heavy schedule of conferences and desk work. He managed it. Every night he'd say, "Ed, I'm going to clean up that business early tomorrow so we can get out on the course." We played almost every day. One day we even played in a light rain.

Not only did the general get his golf in, but he had me find a bag of junior clubs for his four-year-old grandson, Dwight David II. And he kept after his daughter-in-law, Barbara, to have her daily golf lesson. When Barbara and the general were on the practice tee together, sometimes Ike would finish up a little early, and he'd bounce little David on his knee to keep him out of his mother's way.

General Ike and I usually played alone, so he could concentrate on his game instead of being sidetracked by that competitive instinct into trying to beat the other fellow. But you couldn't say we were entirely alone. Secret Service men were strung along both sides of the fairway as thick as lost balls. (Most of them, I learned, were golfers themselves.)

General Ike worked in another trip to the National for a long week end of golf from February 26th through March 1st—his first vacation since he became President. His game wasn't too good—his putting was especially off. But the weather, which looked bad before he got in, turned out per-

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GOLF

By ED DUDLEY with WILLIAM A. EMERSON, Jr.
Augusta National Pro

ɔn Ike the golfer—and the man

fect, Cemetery was right on time, and the general did get three pars out of his last four holes; so I think the trip was a success. Before he left though, General Ike said he was disappointed in his score.

We were talking about his practicing on the White House lawn, and all the publicity it had received. "Ed," he said, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to give it up. It's causing too much attention." I hope he won't. Now, he can go right out the back door, and work on his pitching with that favorite Number 8 iron. Although he can't putt (like every other lawn, the White House lawn is just too rough), his work with the Number 8 is good for him, and it may be the reason why his pitching was pretty good this trip.

When we go out on the course, General Ike is always in a fine mood.

"Now we are going to hit a few short wedges," he'll say to Cemetery. This heavy short-distance iron is a great favorite. He likes to feel the weight down there in the wedge when he is warming up. When General Ike is ready, he'll move over briskly to the first tee.

From that moment, he sticks to golf. I have never seen him take his other problems onto the course. I played with him at Cherry Hills just before the Republican convention. If General Ike was tense, it didn't show up in his game. During the 12 days in November when he was making so many important decisions, and during his latest visit, he never mentioned politics or affairs of state on the golf course. He doesn't have any small talk. When he plays golf, he talks golf. The only discussion is a running conversation with Cemetery.

His Game Runs True to Character

"Give me the old war club," he'll say. In half a second the general has teed off with his driver, and he usually gets about 220 yards with it—a good drive. The deliberate way he starts out is characteristic of the general. He hardly ever takes a practice swing; if he does, he takes it well away from the ball. As Cemetery says, "He don't pray over the ball. He just walks up to it, and off it goes."

As we move around the course, Cemetery will say, "General, you don't seem to be on the beam this morning."

"There are four or five bad shots in this bag," the general will answer in a low voice.

Then as General Ike hits his stride Cemetery will encourage him: "Well, General, that was a fine shot. H'm-m-m, I see you have a good bit of accuracy this morning."

General Ike will laugh, and then he and Cemetery will have a discussion about what club to use for the next one. "Well, Cemetery," he will say, "if this isn't the right club, you'll be responsible."

When General Ike's ball reaches the putting green, he has a lot of trouble lining up his putts. "Never up, never in," he says; "better to be up than short." So if he doesn't sink his putt, he is likely to overshoot a little. But he never will let anybody concede him a short putt. He makes it for himself. If he is conceded a putt when he is playing in a group, he quietly drops the ball down and sinks it.

General Ike is a perfectionist, and you can tell by his golf. He is not only determined to do everything for himself, like sinking a short putt, but if he makes a bad shot when he is practicing, he always takes it over. Sometimes his determination makes him overanxious, and he doesn't play his shots as well as he might.

That kind of game is a strain on a man's self-

DAILY NEWS—FRANK VAN STEEN

Golfer Eisenhower with pro Dudley at the Augusta National Golf Club, Georgia. There are reports the President will establish his Little White House there, for vacation purposes

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Ike's view on golfing on the White House lawn: "It's causing too much attention"

control. I've seen all degrees of temperament in professionals and amateurs alike, and I've watched the general many times when the heat was on. He snorts when he hits a bad shot—and, although it's not too obvious, you can see the red go up his neck. But I have never seen him blow up, and he hardly ever uses profanity. The general seldom gets into the rough but I guess he's shot out of every ditch at the National. The 13th hole gets his goat, and he dreads it—it has a ditch in front of the green, all the way across.

Whether the going is rough or smooth, Cemetery is always at hand with moral support. "I give the general a good bit of encouragement," he says. And he does. He will go up and pat General Ike on the back after he has made a good shot. When Ike feels happy about his game sometimes he will pat his caddie affectionately on the head.

There's a saying that if you want to find out about a man, ask his golf caddie. Well, Cemetery voted for General Ike; it may be the only case on record of a man's caddie voting for him. "The general is mild and meek," Cemetery says, "and not rude to anybody, especially me."

A part of General Ike's way with the people at the club is his informality. Sometimes he will start his round of golf wearing a hat, and then find that it's milder than he thought. He'll put his hat on top of Cemetery's cap, and let the caddie wear it. If it cools off during the afternoon, he'll walk up and say, "Better give me this old hat. I'll put it on my old bald head so I won't take cold."

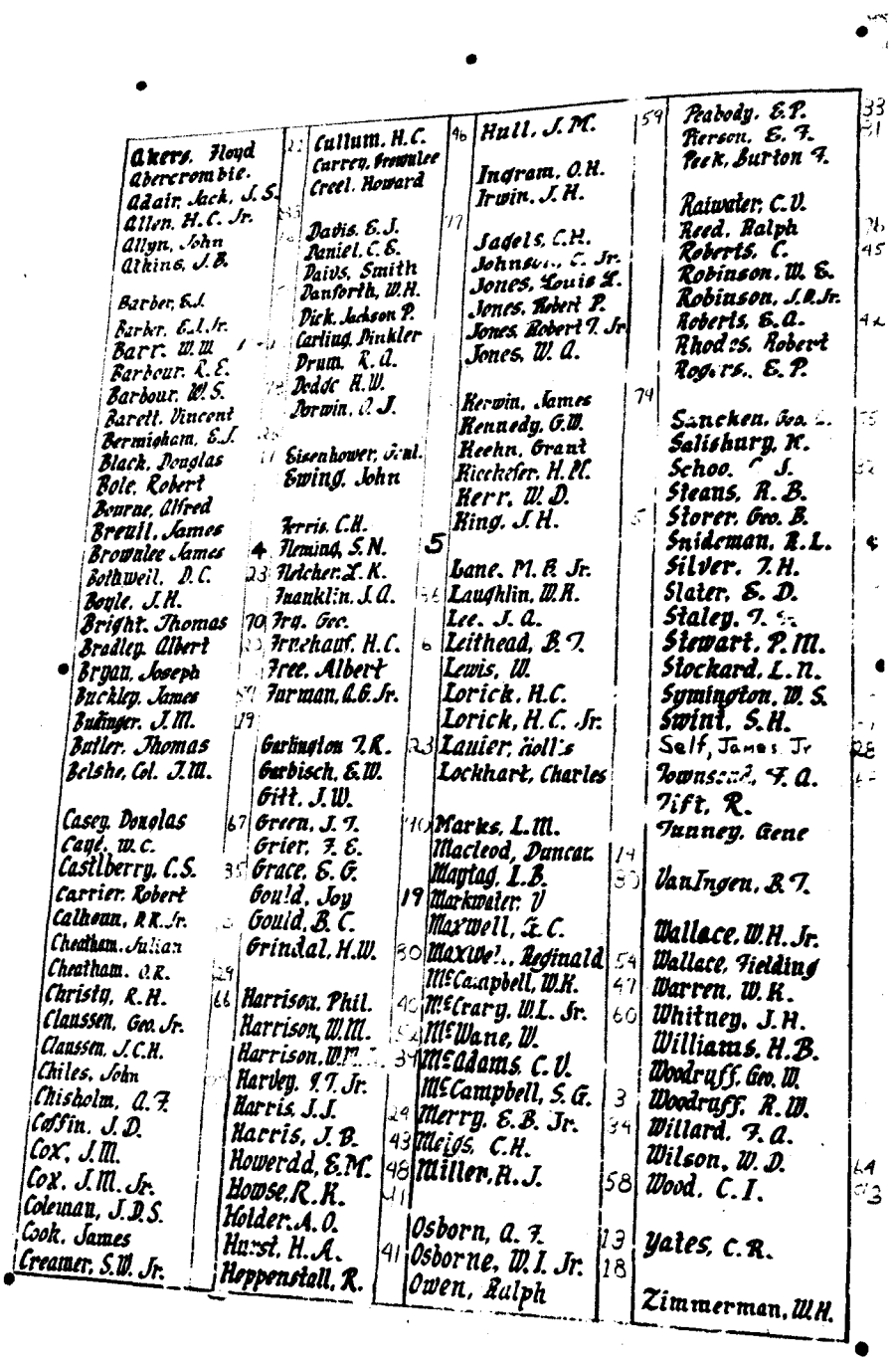
General Ike is an outdoor man, and he is happiest when he can skip the headgear, and play around in a short-sleeve shirt. His golf clothes, like his other clothes, are conservative. His shirts are of a quiet pattern and color. In warm weather, he wears light brown or gray gabardine trousers, and in cold weather, brown or gray flannels. He plays either in rubber-bottom shoes or in spikes, and he wears sunglasses while playing; Cemetery keeps the glasses in the big pocket of the bag between games.

As I've said, when the general plays golf, he moves right along. He may stop for a big orange drink after the first nine, but he usually waits for refreshments—orange juice or a cup of tea—until the end of the game.

General Ike loves his golf, but he has one characteristic you amateur golfers ought to remember: he never even thought of being a champion golfer. The general just wants to hit the ball. He's the type of fellow who wants to play well enough to give his friends a trimming now and then. He also feels that it's good for him—keeps his mind and body in shape. He plays hard because that's his nature; I've seen him work just as hard at his bridge and his fishing.

As for the general's golf game itself, he frequently shoots in the low 80s and he would do it consistently if he had more time to spend on the game. During the November visit to Augusta, his golf wasn't so good, and he broke 90 just once. He keeps score mentally, and unfailingly corrects me if I mark the card wrong.

General Ike has a much-better-than-average golf eye, and a knack of working out strategy. I've played with Bing Crosby, and the general's style is amazingly like Bing's. He has the same kind of rhythm. Strong arms and wrists give him a lot of power, too; the general can hit the ball—I mean he can pop it. He plays his sand shots as well as almost any pro I ever saw, and he's good with all of his short irons. The top of General Ike's game is the wedge and the Number 8 iron. He is just about as sharp with the Number 5 wood—in November, he missed by inches getting a hole in one on the 6th hole with his Number 5.



Club roster numbers many distinguished figures attracted by fine course—planned by club president, famed golfer Bobby Jones, to include best features of all courses he ever played

The Drive That Surprised "Mr. Golf"

During the November visit, the general played a game with professional Byron Nelson, "Mr. Golf." On the 10th hole, General Ike hit the ball 260 yards, outdriving Nelson by almost 40 yards. Both of them were surprised. Then, on the last day of golf we had, General Ike and I were playing the 7th hole. His second shot to the green hit the top of the sand trap and rolled back into an almost unplayable position. I would defy anybody to play that shot as well as he did that day. The general, using his faithful wedge, lofted the ball at almost a 90-degree angle. It came to rest four feet from the cup, and he holed the putt for his par.

To me, the most revealing fact about General Ike's game is that he is good in the clutches. "I'll have to level on this," he'll say when the going is rough. He handles difficult shots especially well.

The general has a real expressive face that reflects the way he feels, and he usually has something to say about a shot, good or bad. After a good one, he'll say, "Well, Ed, I hit that with a lot of authority." He'll analyze a bad shot on the spot—"Well," he'll say, "I didn't hit that too well because I hit it on the toe (or heel)."

General Ike plays with a set of clubs which Bobby Jones had made especially for himself but which he has given to the general. I had the clubs duplicated, and had the irons engraved with five stars. Now, he has one set for Washington and one for Augusta. Ike uses a high-compression ball—the same type that top golfers use.

The general's game has improved a lot since 1950. His slice is under control, and he is hitting the ball right in the middle. That bad knee isn't giving him any trouble, and he's getting his left arm and hand into his swing. He still has a tendency to get his right hand too much on top in his grip, but he's working on it, and he's still uneasy about a downhill-sidehill lie of the ball.

But in the future, General Ike will improve the most on his long irons and fairway woods, and he'll do better with his backswing and his stance. I'm sure of it, because I have confidence in the man behind those clubs. We couldn't have put a better golfer—or a steadier man—in the White House. ▲▲▲

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The little boy clutched Big Jim's hand, "You'll hit a homer for me today, won't you?"

One for the Kid

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

JIM MABRY was an old man who played center field for the Sox, and he had gone thirteen games without a hit. The sports page he was reading shouted the fact in an eight-column banner. And the story beneath the headline said that if the old rumor was true that Big Jim Mabry would sell his soul for a base hit, then he'd better start taking bids. Ball clubs didn't pay a man sixty-five thousand dollars a year to go thirteen games without a hit.

He put the paper down.

"They're pitching Marko today," he said to his wife and eleven-year-old son, who were sitting across the breakfast table from him. "I'll have him here at ten. You two be ready."

"Jim Mabry," his wife said, "I don't care if you never get another hit. I'm not going through that again."

Big Jim ignored her.

"She'll bandage your head," he said to the boy. "You've got two months to live."

"You want me to stick my fingers in my eyes this time?" the boy asked eagerly. "Make tears like I'm—"

Big Jim smiled. "Like you're overcome? Yeah. That'll be good."

He started for the telephone, but his wife stopped him. "Did you hear me?" she asked. "I am not going to disgrace myself again. I warn you!"

"Honey, just one hit. Just one stinking hit! That's all I ever need to break a slump."

He called the Hotel Lampton and asked for Tom Marko's room. "Tom?" he said. "Big Jim Mabry. How are you?"

Tom Marko was twenty years old. For fourteen of the twenty, Big Jim Mabry had been his hero, and despite some of the tales Marko had been hearing, he still was.

"I'm fine, Mr. Mabry," he said, trying not to sound awed. "How are you?"

"Fine. Look, Tom, I know you're pitching today and I hate to bother you, but this lady just called me. Got an awful sick kid. Seems we're his heroes. She says that if we could just drop out and say hello, she thinks he could die happy. I'm going out. I thought, if you could, maybe—"

"Gee," Marko said, "I'd be tickled to death to!"

"I figured you would. I'll pick you up in half an hour. And, Tom, this is just between us. You know how the papers mush these things up."

"Sure, Mr. Mabry, I know."

AN HOUR later Tom Marko was standing at the foot of the boy's bed. He'd a lump in his throat the size of a bowling ball, and he was biting his lip. It was the most heartbreaking experience he had ever been through. The little boy with the great, trusting blue eyes and the big bandage around his head was clutching Big Jim's hand, pleading.

"You'll hit a homer for me today, won't you, Big Jim? You will, won't you?"

"Sure," Big Jim said huskily, "just for you."

The boy sighed happily. "Mama says I'm going to that big diamond up in the sky soon. I'll tell the Babe you hit one just for me."

Tom Marko turned away. The best pitcher who ever lived, as the boy had called him, mustn't be seen with tears in his eyes.

Big Jim felt like weeping too. How many times would he have to warn the boy about ad-libbing? "Sure," he said softly, "you tell the Babe I hit one just for you."

The little boy's mother looked as though she was going to be ill. "I'm afraid you'll have to go now. He tires so quickly these days."

They were in the cab before Big Jim spoke. "How low can a man get, Tom?" he asked bitterly. "Thirteen days without a loud foul and I promise a poor, sick kid a homer. I'm going back there."

"You'll hit," Tom Marko said. "I promise you."

Big Jim looked at him. "No, Tom," he said gently. "Don't you go throwing me any fat balls just a little above the letters and a little on the outside the way I like 'em. Baseball's a business, Tom. A sick kid's got no place in it."

Big Jim shook his head sadly. "He did look pitiful, though, didn't he, Tom? Every time I go to the plate I'll see those big, trusting blue eyes. 'Hit one for me, Big Jim, hit one for—'" He slapped Marko on the leg. "Forget it, Tom. What's a poor sick kid compared to a pennant, hunh?"

IT WAS not until the third inning that Big Jim faced the grieving Marko. The first pitch startled him somewhat by the whoosh it gave off, but then he relaxed. Marko was merely setting the stage. The second pitch was a mate to the first, only a little more blurred. Big Jim dug in. Now for the fat one, the Santa Claus ball.

The pitch came, but it was not fat. It looked like a moth ball and seemed to leave a vapor trail in its wake. Big Jim heard the umpire's bitter verdict and the roar of the crowd. He weaved back to the bench, staring in disbelief at Marko. The boy was pitching like he knew who and what lay behind those big, trusting blue eyes.

In the sixth Big Jim was positive of it. Marko had an eight-one lead, but again Tom set him down on three straight pitches—hissing, corner-cutting pitches. Bile seeped into Big Jim's soul; the taste of ashes was in his mouth. If there was one thing he despised, it was a double-crosser.

Big Jim led off in the last of the ninth with the score nine-one. He was set now. There would be no waiting for the fat pitch. When the fast one came this time, so help him, he would make Marko eat the thing. Marko wound up and cut loose. Big Jim quivered and coiled, his eyes unbelieving.

It was the fat pitch, the Santa Claus ball, the ball with a heart. It was just a little above the letters and a little on the outside. He swung and saw the right fielder go racing back.

He held up at third, dusted himself off, and stared again in disbelief at Marko. The kid *hadn't* known a thing. He *had* kept the faith. He'd just been playing it safe. Or had he? Maybe his control was . . . It wasn't. The next two men fouled out and the third fanned to end the game.

It was Big Jim's finest hour. The slump was broken; the deathbed routine was still deadly. He headed for Tom Marko. The boy's heart was in the right place even if his brain was off center. But what boy could match wits with Big Jim Mabry? Then he saw Marko coming toward him.

"Here's a ball for your boy, Mr. Mabry," he said. "He's there in the box behind our dugout. Been calling me a glass-arm bum all afternoon."

Big Jim made himself look. The boy was there all right. So was his mother. He should have known from her warning that morning that she would be. He shuddered and turned to Marko. Maybe Tom still didn't know the boy in the bandage and the boy in the box were the same.

Marko fought to keep a straight face. "Tell him I'll save him a seat for the Series"—he broke down and grinned—"if he lives that long!" ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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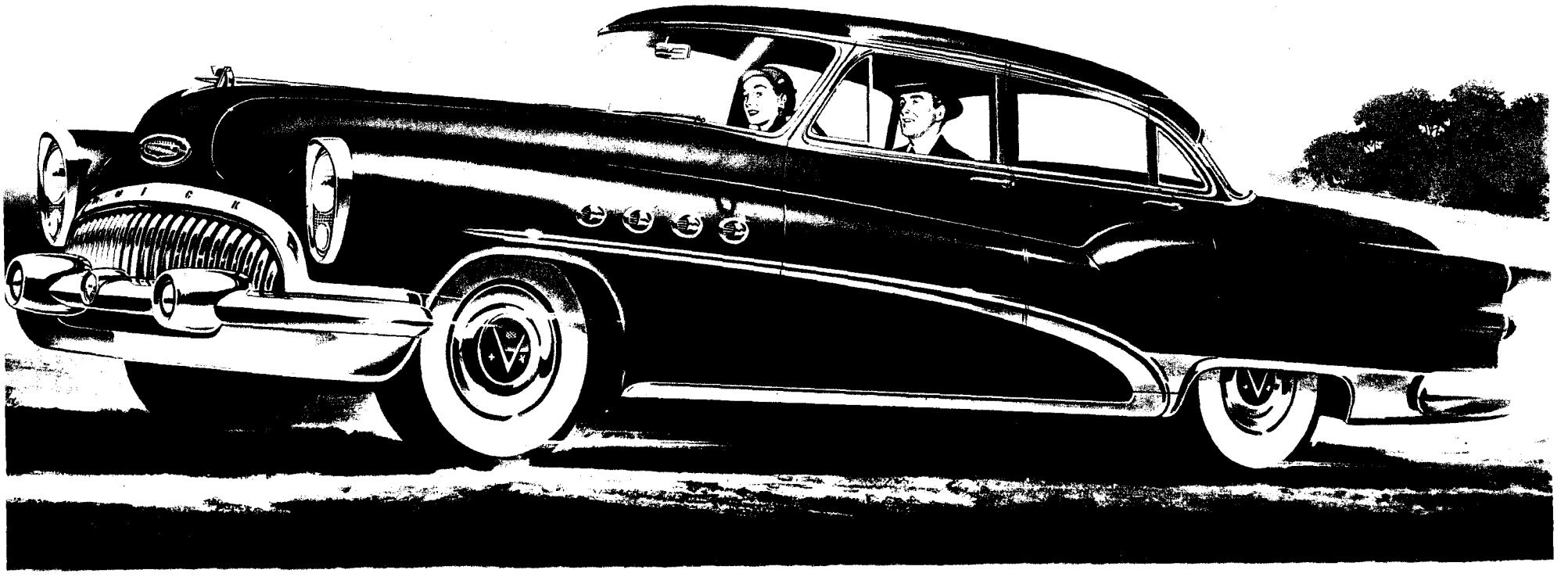

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THERE have been many other Buick ROADMASTERS over the years — each honestly named.

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For this is the Golden Anniversary ROADMASTER powered with the world's most advanced V8 engine, and unequaled in spectacular performance in all 50 years of Buick history.

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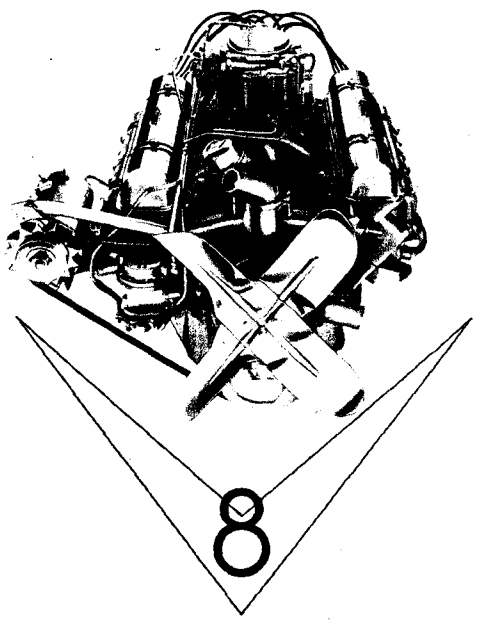

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by Buick

This is the one with the sensational Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive where getaway is far swifter, quieter, more efficient—and all speed ranges utterly smooth.

This is the one with a wider front tread and newly calibrated coil springs on all four wheels for an even better ride, an even softer cradling, an even steadier and more level road track.

This is the one with still greater braking action for surer, safer stops, and Power Brakes* to reduce pedal pressure effort by 50%.

This is the one with *Power Steering at no extra cost*, with far more maneuverability, with shorter turning radius.

This is the one with the luxurious comfort of spacious interiors, nylon fabrics, rubber-base carpeting, and one-piece panoramic windows front and rear.

This is the one with such finer acoustics, and so much more complete body engineering, that it is the quietest Buick ever built.

This is, in literal truth, the greatest Buick in fifty great years — the ROADMASTER that brings new renown to a world-renowned name.

It is a car you can see and sample at your Buick dealer's this very week. Why not call him and arrange a demonstration?

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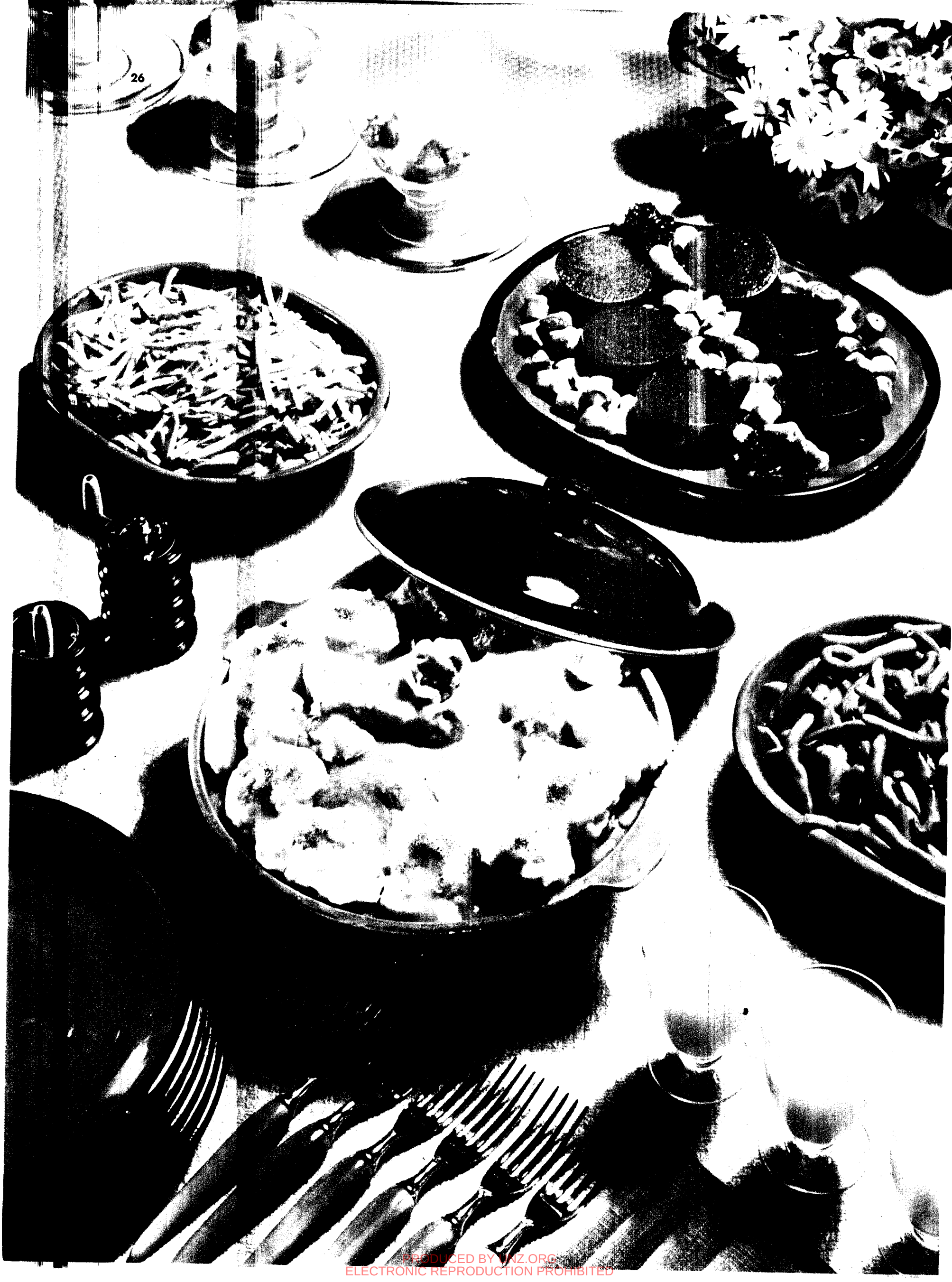

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Need a Quick Meal?
IT'S IN THE BAG

By ELIZABETH WOODY

There's an easy solution for the old problem of how to feed those unexpected guests who drop in just at dinnertime. This way, anyone can whip up a first-class meal on a few minutes' notice

SUPPOSE friends drop in unexpectedly at dinnertime. Or perhaps you invite someone to come home with you for a meal. How often on such occasions have you gone to your kitchen cupboard and found that you've already used up the very foods you were counting on?

There's one sure way to avoid such embarrassment.

How? By the simple device of putting everything needed for such an emergency meal into a bag, tying the bag and putting a label on it. In fact, while you're about it, why not put up several meals designed to meet specific types of emergencies?

Line up the bags on a convenient shelf and you'll be the one-in-a-million host who could:

¶ Come home from a six months' safari in Africa and, as you put the key in the front door, invite your taxi driver in for a three-course dinner.

¶ Smile and really mean it when half a dozen people drop in on a Sunday and you're finally forced to say, "How about staying and eating with us?"

¶ Bring the office close-harmony quartet home with you for a *smörgåsbord* supper without (a) telephoning your wife or (b) stopping off at a delicatessen on the way.

¶ Give a "well-planned" cocktail party on five minutes' notice.

¶ Provide a chicken and ice-cream dinner for four touring in-laws even when the refrigerator brings Mother Hubbard's cupboard to mind, the freezer is empty and it's early-closing day at the stores.

¶ Ask another couple to come in for a midnight meal without first shutting your eyes and trying to visualize the inside of the refrigerator as it was when you last saw it.

¶ Come up with something less standardized than hamburgers and buns when visiting teen-agers linger on past mealtime and look starved.

You may find it hard to believe that you can buy *everything* needed for a first-class company meal or for wonderful party refreshments in a can, a glass jar or a carton that can be stored unrefrigerated on any ordinary shelf for days, weeks and even months.

But you can, and I'll tell you how.

Right down to the final cup of well-creamed coffee, everything in the chicken fricassee dinner pictured on the opposite page can come from your "canned meals" shelf.

The day-in-day-out cook may not want to give space on her "canned meals" shelf to such kitchen perennials as biscuit mix, coffee, tea, milk and cream, but the host who can't always count on his supply of staples will tuck into the bag literally everything this menu calls for:

All the food needed for "No-Notice Company Dinner for Six" shown on opposite page is included in the bag above, which can be stored on any handy shelf

NO-NOTICE COMPANY DINNER FOR 6
Pineapple Juice
Chicken Fricassee and Dumplings
Whole Green Beans Hot French Dressing
Potato Sticks
Tomato Aspic with Artichokes in Olive Oil
Rum-Flamed Fig Vanilla Sundae
Cream-Filled Cookies
Tea Coffee Milk

The fricassee, crammed with big chunks of chicken, is sold in a can all ready to heat and eat. The dumplings are simple to make—just biscuit mix and milk blended, dropped by spoonfuls into the boiling stew and cooked for 20 minutes. Potato sticks (maybe you call them julienne or shoestring potatoes) are canned brown, crisp and ready for the table. Artichokes in glass jars are no surprise—but canned tomato aspic that stays firm without refrigeration is. It is made with a new type of citrus pectin. A ready-mix for making real ice cream can now be bought in a can and kept indefinitely. Fat figs in heavy sirup, flamed in rum either in a chafing dish at the table or heated in a pan on the kitchen range, make a memorable sundae.

Still other menus for "canned meals" to meet many types of emergencies will be found at the end of this article.

A truly shelf-sufficient host who wants to make himself completely shortage-proof may also put half a dozen bottles of drink makings on the "canned meals" shelf and guard them against all comers, including himself. A six-bottle shelf might include sherry (the best you can get since it is to be used both as an *apéritif* and in cooking); gin and vermouth for Martinis; whisky for the pre-meal drink and for long drinks later in the evening; and rum and brandy for flavoring fruits, flaming desserts or just for drinking.

If the contents of your bottles always seem to be missing at the most inopportune moments, one ingenious way to keep track of the departing spirits and insure their replacement requires only the use of an ordinary china marking pencil (sometimes called a grease pencil, the type used to write on the wrappings of packages for the food freezer). Much as a mechanic paints an outline of each tool on the wall above his workbench to tell at a glance what's missing, use the marking pencil to outline each bottle as it stands against the wall and print within the outline "sherry," "whisky" or whatever. You can tell at once whether a bottle is missing.

Although hard drinks are easy to store on a closet shelf, such simple-sounding necessities for emergency meals as a pot of coffee, a pitcher of milk or a pint of cream have until recently presented almost insoluble problems.

Vacuum-packed coffee was a long step in the right direction, but the newer instant coffees are in some ways even better for emergency meals. When you put up meals in bags, instant coffee in small-size jars is most convenient.

With another magical powder you can make fluid milk, a brimming quart pitcherful from one little foil-lined envelope. The envelopes come three to a box and are even handier than the conventional pound carton in which the powder can also be bought. The words on the package read "nonfat dry milk solids." Add water and you have skim milk. For richness, slip some evaporated milk into the skim milk shaker. Cocoa made with the blend is especially successful.

In a few sections of the country, fresh whole milk canned by a revolutionary process has made its first appearance on the shelves of retail food stores. To those who live where this newest form of milk can be bought, it offers the perfect way to keep on hand an ever ready emergency milk supply. It has practically the same taste and food

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

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Even a new bride can serve these meals

value as fresh milk in bottles or cartons and, unopened, can be kept without refrigeration for as long as six months.

The big news for people who want cream in their coffee is the recent debut of a coffee-cream product canned in instantly soluble form. It can be kept unrefrigerated on any supply shelf for an indefinite time so long as the can is not opened. Even after the can has been opened, the powder stays fresh and good for weeks at average room temperature.

Each Meal in Tagged Bag

The "in the bag" trick for emergency meals simply and suavely gets around still another major problem —the bother of making up new menus and shopping lists. Here is the secret: think your canned meal menus through once, write a tag for each bag and you're set for always. One tag will do the job through many refills. Get a big tag to start with, write on one side what kind of meal it is, the number of people it will serve, and the menu. On the other side of the tag write a shopping list of the ingredients required. (A shopping list is given for each of the menus which accompany this article.)

Then when you have surprised your friends with a canned meal, you need only put the tag from the empty bag in your pocket and use it as a shopping list to refill the bag for another emergency.

As for the bag itself, the plastic kind sold for freezing a whole turkey is shown here, but a stout paper bag from the grocer fills the bill, too.

The main idea behind the "canned meals" shelf plan is, of course, to protect a host against being caught foodless in an emergency and to provide good meals so quick and simple to put together anybody can serve them—experienced cook or not. But just because they are proof against shortages there's no reason to feel these meals can't be improved by shifts and additions.

If fresh vegetables or fruit are available, you can use them to supplement or replace the items on your "canned meals" menus. Then just shift the replaced items to your ordinary kitchen-supplies shelf.

With such a treasure house of canned, bottled and packaged foods available today, you should find it easy to prepare for any meal emergency—and enhance your reputation as a gracious host or hostess as well. ▲▲▲

NO-NOTICE COUPLES' DINNER FOR 6

	SHOPPING LIST:
Pineapple Juice	*1-pound-14-ounce can*
Chicken Fricassee and Dumplings	*3 pound cans* *20-ounce package biscuit mix*
Whole Green Beans with Hot French Dressing	*2 pound cans* *Small bottle*
Potato Sticks	*2 4-ounce cans*
Tomato Aspic with Artichokes in Olive Oil	*2 cans* *8-ounce jar*
Rum-Flamed Fig Vanilla Sundae	*10-ounce jar preserved figs* *10-ounce can ice-cream mix* *Small bottle vanilla extract*
Cream-Filled Chocolate Cookies	*10-ounce carton, cellophane wrapped*
Tea	*Small package tea bags*
Coffee with Cream	*2-ounce jar instant type* *4-ounce can powdered coffee-cream product*
Milk	*2 3.2-ounce foil-filled envelopes nonfat dry milk solids*

A MAN'S MEAL FOR 2

	SHOPPING LIST:
Tomato Soup	*Can*
Beef Pie with Biscuit Topping*	*Pound can beef stew with vegetables*
Extra Biscuits	*20-ounce package biscuit-mix* *3.2-ounce foil-lined envelope nonfat dry milk solids*
Hot Sauerkraut with Caraway Seeds	*Pound can* *Small package*
Pears in Sherry	*8¾-ounce can*
Chocolate Wafers	*10-ounce tin*
Coffee with Cream	*2-ounce jar, instant type* *4-ounce can powdered coffee-cream product*

* Pour beef stew with vegetables into 6-inch casserole, being sure to include all the gravy. Place in hot oven (450°F.) to heat while making biscuit dough, following directions on biscuit-mix package. Pat or roll part of dough to fit top of casserole. Cut 2 or 3 slits in center. Remove casserole from oven. Place biscuit topping on HOT cooked mixture. Return to oven. Bake about 15 minutes. While pie is baking, cut biscuits from remaining dough; bake pie and biscuits in same oven 10 to 15 minutes.

COCKTAIL PARTY TRIMMINGS FOR 6

	SHOPPING LIST:
SERVED HOT:	
Vienna Sausage Halves with Horse-radish Mustard	*2 4-ounce cans Vienna sausage* *Small jar*
Cheese Wafers	*Small tin*
French Fried Onions	*3½-ounce can*
SERVED COLD:	
Anchovy-Stuffed Olives	*3-ounce jar*
Mixed Salted Nuts	*2 4-ounce cans*

SURPRISE *SMÖRGÅSBORD* FOR 6

	SHOPPING LIST:
SERVED HOT:	
Meatballs and Mushrooms	*Pound can meatballs in spaghetti sauce* *4-ounce can button mushrooms*
Grilled Frankfurters with French Fried Onions	*12-ounce can* *3½-ounce can*
Crusty Corned Beef Hash with Catsup	*Pound can* *14-ounce bottle*
Coffee with Cream	*2-ounce jar instant type* *4-ounce can powdered coffee-cream product*
SERVED COLD:	
Anchovies in Tomato Sauce	*9-ounce can*
Kippered Herring	*15-ounce jar*
Sardines	*2 3¼-ounce cans*
Salmon Circles	*2 7¾-ounce cans red salmon*
Whole Pimientos with Green Beans in French Dressing	*4-ounce jar* *Pound can* *Small bottle*
Potato Salad with Pickled Capers	*Pound jar* *3¼-ounce bottle*
Green Olives	*10-ounce jar*
Pitted Ripe Olives	*9-ounce can*
Dill Pickles	*25-ounce jar*
Assorted Cheeses	*3 5-ounce jars*
Whole Cranberry Sauce	*Pound can*
Sliced Pumpernickel	*Pound can*

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SHOPPING LIST:

Worcestershired Tomato Juice	*46-ounce can tomato juice* *Bottle Worcestershire sauce*
Bay State Bean Bake*	*4 pound cans oven baked beans* *2 12-ounce cans luncheon meat*
Boston Brown Bread	*2 pound cans*
Sweet Mixed Pickles	*7½-ounce jar*
Chili Sauce	*12-ounce bottle*
Toasted Peanuts in Apple Sauce	*8-ounce can* *2 20-ounce cans*
Hot Cocoa	*8-ounce carton instant cocoa mix*
Milk	*2 3.2-ounce foil-lined envelopes nonfat dry milk solids*

*Cube luncheon meat; combine with beans. Turn into 11"x15"x2¼" baking pan. Spread chili sauce over top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 minutes.

"ANY TIME SUNDAY" BUFFET FOR 8

SHOPPING LIST:

Seafood Spanish Rice*	*3 pound cans Spanish Rice* *6-ounce can lobster* *7½-ounce can crab meat* *5-ounce can shrimp*
Green Beans with Mushroom Sauce	*3 pound cans* *Can cream-of-mushroom soup*
Cheese-Coated Potato Sticks	*3 2½-ounce cans*
Apricots and Almonds	*1-pound-3-ounce can apricot halves* *6-ounce can*
Coffee with Cream	*2-ounce jar, instant type* *4-ounce can powdered coffee-cream product*

*Combine contents of all six cans, stirring gently to distribute sea food evenly. Heat thoroughly, preferably over hot water.

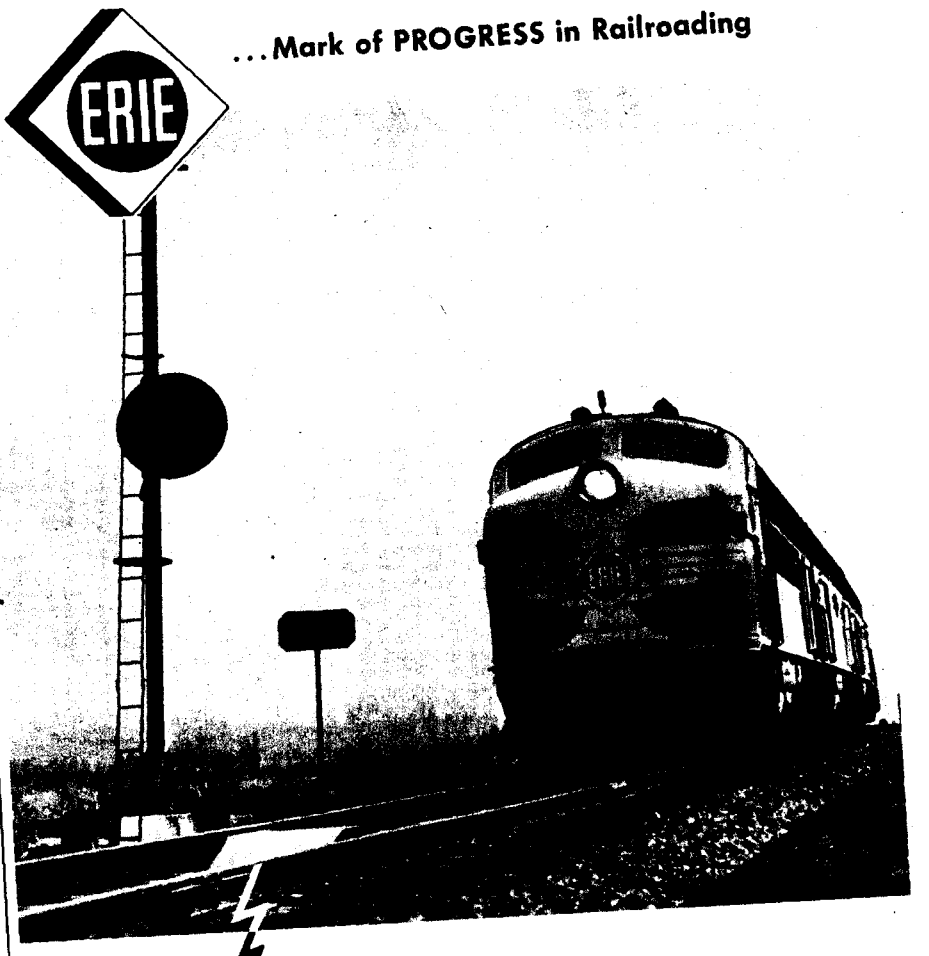
MIDNIGHT FEAST FOR 4

SHOPPING LIST:

Chili-and-Tamales Gratiné*	*Pound can chili con carne with beans* *Pound can chili con carne without beans* *16-ounce jar tamales* *3-ounce jar grated Parmesan cheese*
Toasted Corn Chips	*Small package*
Compote Papaya	*20-ounce can papaya slices* *Pound can dark, sweet cherries*
Coffee with Cream	*2-ounce jar, instant type* *4-ounce can powdered coffee-cream product*
Milk	*3.2-ounce foil-lined envelope nonfat dry milk solids*

*Combine two types of chili con carne; heat. Simultaneously heat tamales; remove husks. Place tamales in shallow heatproof dish. Top with chili con carne; sprinkle cheese over all. Place dish in broiler; broil until cheese melts.

ERIE ...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



How to see a train 22 miles away

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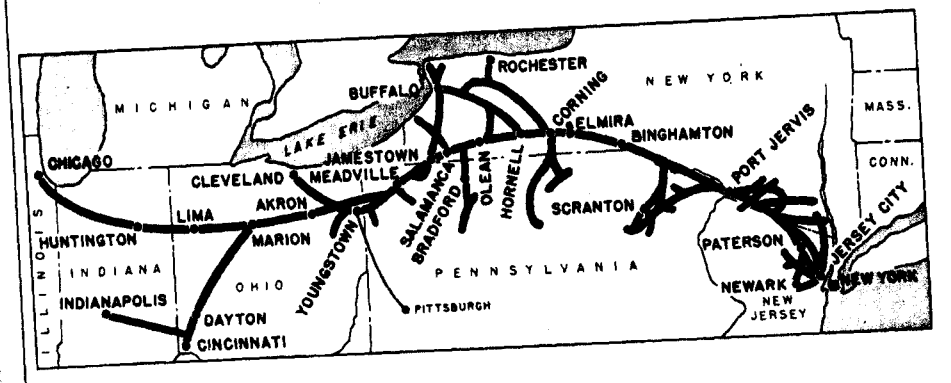

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If It Can't Go, It Can't Stop

The old man knew he'd die when his watch stopped running. Its life span was the same as his own. He showed me the watch. I looked at the dial—horrified

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DAVID SHAW

By JOHN YEOMANS

"HOW old would you say I was?" he asked abruptly. I looked at him carefully in the hot Australian sunlight. He was a slim and handsome old man, very carefully shaved. I put him at seventy; and I was going to say sixty-five, the way you do, when I noticed that he was waiting tensely for my answer, as though it was important to know what I really thought.

"Seventy," I said.

"Seventy-eight," he said. "Seventy-eight." Far from showing any triumph because I had guessed too low, he gave a little sigh. "Threescore and ten, the Book says, and I'm eight years over. Makes you wonder, you know."

"Wonder what?"

"Well, how long it will be."

He didn't look like a happy man or a relaxed man, but I didn't think he was a sick man; he seemed too spruce and wiry, and the whites of his eyes were clear as a boy's. I mumbled something about nobody knowing when it would be his time to go. "I'll know," said the old man clearly.

I'd met him only ten minutes before. I'd been plodding up the crumbly white earth of this lonely road when I'd seen an iguana sunning itself on a spotted gum in one of the scrub-covered vacant lots. Curious, I walked right up to the tree and hissed "Scat!" to see what would happen. Nothing at all happened for a moment, and then the lizard, with its two-foot long body, was suddenly right at my end of the branch, with its primeval head cocked combatively at me. I was staring back at it, feeling rather startled, when a man's voice said rather shyly: "Just walk away. A goanna won't do anything unless you trouble him, like."

The old man, I saw, was sitting by himself in a canvas chair, behind a clump of flannelflower.

I walked straight back to the road. When I looked around again the old man was following me out of the field. He had come halfway when he stopped in his stride, listening. High up on the ridge a mile away, I heard a rumbling sound. At first it was all mixed up with the din of the cicadas, but it soon resolved into a loud rattling which I couldn't place. It meant something to the old man, though, for he pulled out a watch and looked at it carefully. When the noise died away, he dropped the watch back in his pocket and came up to me.

"Thanks for setting me straight back there," I said.

"You're an American?" he said. "Well, now! You might walk the suburbs of Sydney for a month and not see another goanna these days."

Apart from the Ogilvies' place where I'd just been visiting, the only house in sight was a nearby cottage with a red-painted iron roof. I asked the old man if he lived there, and he said, with an unexpected somberness: "Live! Have you ever tried to live with a nagging woman? Half the time I sit out in the bush to get a bit of peace."

The ice was broken now. He told me he had made his canvas chair himself; I found he had retired from his work as a telephone lineman years ago. He talked on with the eagerness of the lonely man—in fact, with a little more than that. After a while I felt he was trying to lead the conversation around to something, but I didn't know what it was. I was still wondering, when I heard the noise on the ridge again.

Once more the old man pulled out his watch; he wore it on the end of a leather strap which ran from his lapel to the handkerchief pocket of his coat.

"What *is* that I hear, anyway?" I asked him.

"Train," he said, "electric suburban train from Hornsby to Wynyard. Hear that—the loud, hollow noise? That means it's near the bottom of the hill from Turramurra, going real fast, before the driver pulls up for Pymble station." He gave the stem of his watch a delicate fraction of a turn. "It's three fifty-six now."

"How do you know?"

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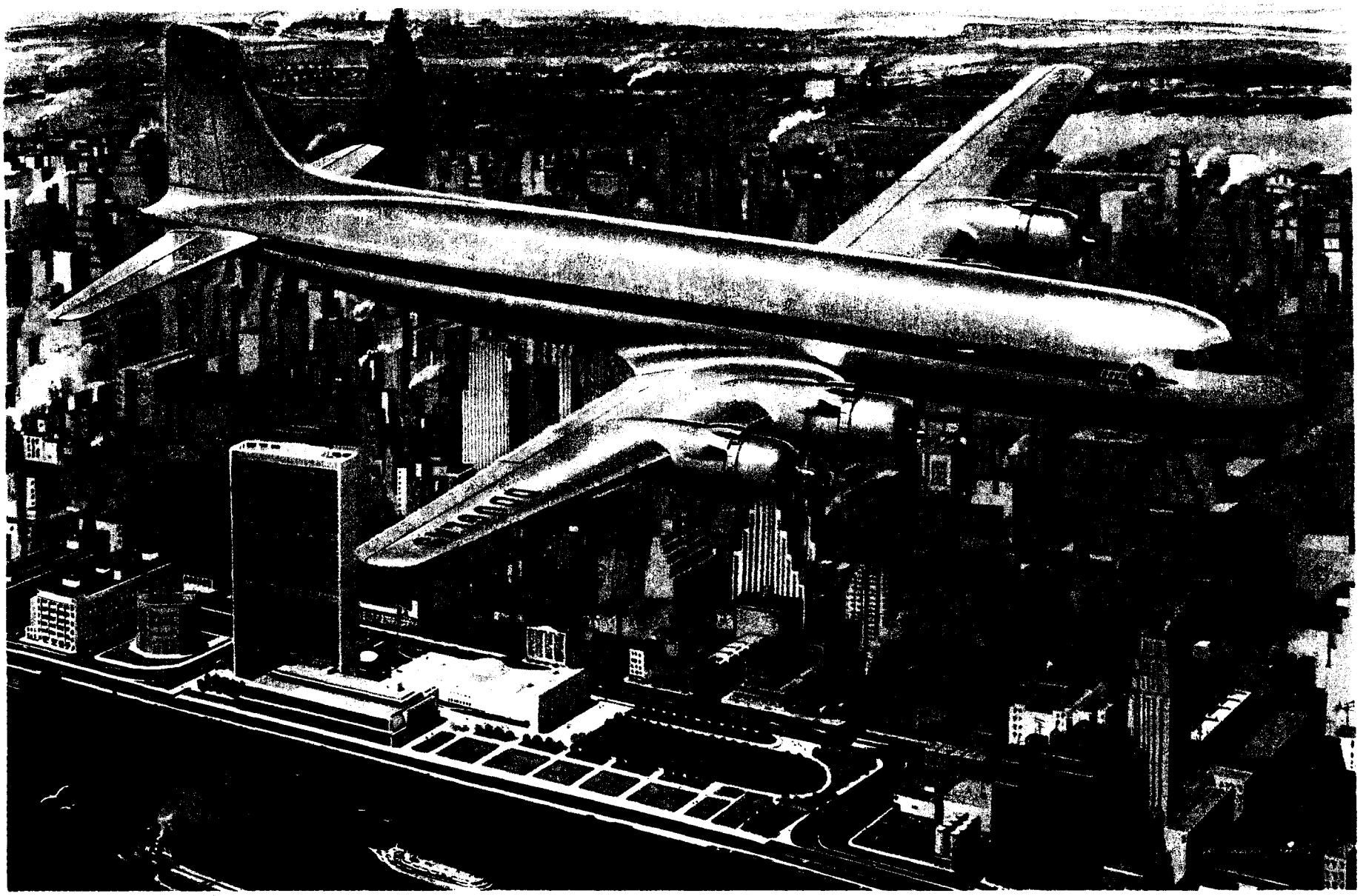

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AT SELECTED PHOTO, GIFT
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© Sawyer's Inc., Makers of the View-Master Personal Stereo Camera

"Those trains are always on time. And there's a fifteen-minute service all day."

"You seem to keep a pretty close tab on that schedule," I said.

"I do, truly," he answered with that faintly un-Australian turn of phrase, suggesting he had not been born in the country. "Long as I can hear those old trains, I know how I'm—well, no matter."

I wanted to stay and talk to him, but he'd reminded me that time, by his watch or any other, was moving on, and I thought I ought to be getting back to the ship.

"I was going to walk toward the station myself," the old man said quickly. "I need the exercise. Perhaps you wouldn't mind if we went together?"

"Why no," I said. "Come on."

"Perhaps—" he said hesitantly, as we walked along. "There's something—I'd like to show you something—if you're interested. Something about that watch of mine."

I TOLD him to go ahead. The old guy couldn't wait to take his watch out. He clicked open the old-fashioned front cover and exposed a dial marked in spidery, elegant Roman numerals. Under the *XII,* I saw the maker's name: *Jos. Meadowbank and Son, Watchmakers, Exeter, 1875.* "See something odd?" the old man asked.

"Exeter—in Devonshire? Is there something—"

"Not that. The date the watch was made."

"Eighteen seventy-five? That's a long time ago."

"It's the year I was born."

"Is that right?" I checked it in my head. "So it is," I said.

"My old mother gave me this watch the day I left home," the old man said. "We had a farm in Devonshire, do you see, but I migrated to Australia when I was nineteen. My mother, she wanted to give me something good as a keepsake, so she went into our market town and found this watch in a secondhand shop. When she saw my very own birth year on the dial—well, she felt it was the sure hand of fate. And secretly, I know, she always hoped it would remind me of the old country and bring me back one day."

"Have you ever been back?"

"No, I never have. But I'll tell you something. That watch has never stopped since I've had it, and that's fifty-nine years."

The old man stood still. He was staring at me so intently I knew we were coming to the crux of the business now. "Fifty-nine years in my pocket," he said. "Watchmakers have stopped that watch to clean it, of course, but that doesn't count. What I mean is, it's never stopped going of its own accord, not once. So here we are, this watch and me, just the same age—and do you know what?" He swallowed. "You're a man of the world. If I said I believe that when this watch stops, then I'll stop—if I told you that, would you think I was daft, now?"

"For Pete's sake," I said.

"Well, I believe it," he said. "Call it superstition or anything you like. If it wasn't for the date—that's what I can't get over. Truly it's like a sign. Born together and—then what?"

"Don't talk like that," I said.

"Talk? Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and reach over quick to the table beside the bed to see if the watch is still going. I keep telling myself that I won't look at it when I hear those trains running down that hill, but I don't seem to be able to help myself now. It's not the dying I mind, or don't mind so much. It's being given notice of it, like. Suppose my old watch stops, how much longer have I got? A day? Half a day?" I could see the muscles bunching and flattening at the angle of his jaw.

"Here," I said, "take it easy."

His shoulders fell forward as he made himself calm down. "I don't get out enough now, that's half my trouble," he said. He put the watch back and wiped the palms of his hands, with

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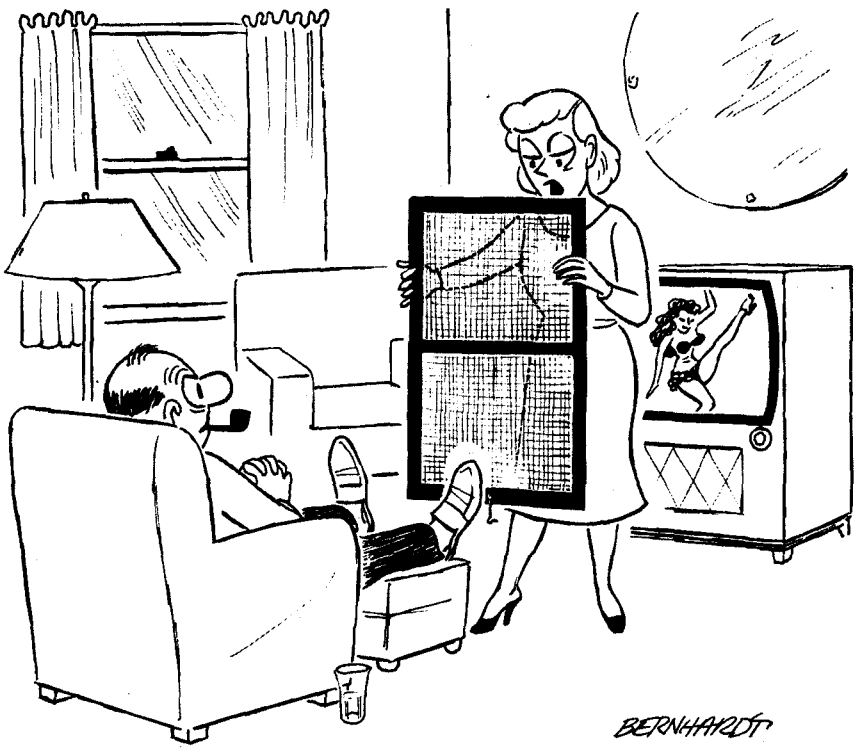


COLLIER'S **"I think it's time you gave a little of your attention to these forty-two-inch screens"** GLENN R. BERNHARDT

a downward movement, on the side of his coat. "You're just passing through Sydney?" he asked, more calmly.

I told him that I'd come out on a warship which was making a good-will cruise. As we shook hands, the next train rattled down. The old man checked the time: eleven minutes after four, on the nose.

"Of course, I came to this street a lot during the war," I said. "The Ogilvies used to ask me up for dinner quite a bit when I was commanding a destroyer based in Sydney. I've been having a kind of reunion with the family this afternoon."

I didn't tell him that Jim Ogilvie had drunk my health so thoroughly that I wouldn't let him run me back to the station in his car. Jim's a real prince, but you could hardly say he's been on the wagon since he was wounded in Libya.

I was thinking about wars in general when the old man said: "I can remember nineteen fourteen better than nineteen forty-one. Of course I was in France, that first time. But just lately, don't know why, my mind seems to be going right back, to my boyhood even. They say a drowning man's life passes before him."

"Come on," I said. "Let's get walking."

A bit later he burst out: "But I can recall my old father and his big black beard better than my last foreman! And my mother—if I shut my eyes this minute I can see her face, just as she looked when she gave me this watch."

It was in his hands again.

"I haven't seen one of those for a long time," I said, trying to divert him.

"No? They're worth a look." He began to undo the clip at the end of the leather thong. I didn't want him to do it, but he said: "No trouble. Know anything about watches?"

I told him that I knew a certain amount about marine chronometers, because I'd put in a lot of service as a navigator.

"You'd appreciate this sort of workmanship, then," the old man said, and he put that beautiful old silver watch in my hand.

The watch had a front cover plate with a glass-filled hole in its center, so that you can see the hands and tell the time in the rain without opening the plate. But to read the seconds dial, of course, you must open the lid. I opened it and, from force of habit, read off the time accurately. It was seventeen minutes and forty-five seconds after four o'clock.

I checked the maker's date again, too—eighteen seventy-fire, sure enough. It certainly was a disturbing coincidence. I turned the watch over, admiring the quality of the silver.

"And the enamel of the dial hasn't discolored at all," the old man said.

I looked back to the dial again and automatically noted the time again. That's when a cold feeling of crisis began to rise inside my stomach. "No," I said, "the dial's perfect."

The old man politely held out his hand for the watch.

"Lord, that sun's hot," I said. "I wouldn't mind resting in the shade for five minutes."

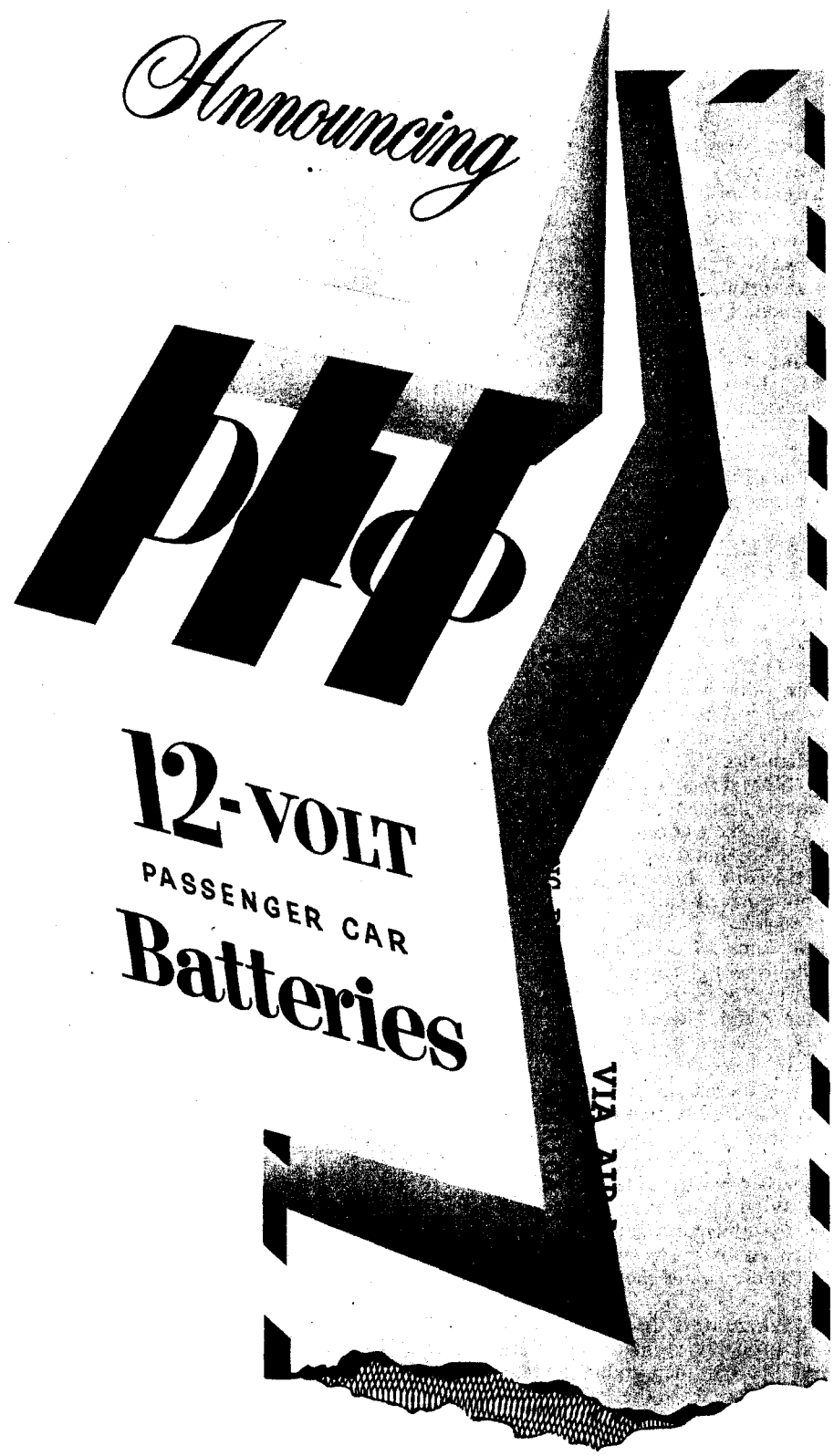
WE HAD turned the bend in the road by now and were on a road lined with red-brick bungalows, with rose beds in their front lawns; there was a row of camphor laurel trees along the sidewalk.

"It *is* hot," the old man agreed, leading the way to a tree.

Trailing behind him, I looked hard at the second hand again. Any time you take a quick look at the second hand of a watch it seems not to be moving; to be dead certain, I counted three and looked again. Then I realized it was no use trying to fool myself any longer. The watch had been going when the old man gave it to me; it might have been going day and night, guarded and hovered over and thought about, for God knows how many years; but it wasn't going now.

It had stopped, in my hands, at seventeen minutes and forty-five seconds after four o'clock.

I've often wondered, since then, what would have happened if I'd just handed the watch back to the old man. But I couldn't do it. I just could not bring myself to turn to that nice old guy and say: "Listen, you know that thing that has been haunting you all



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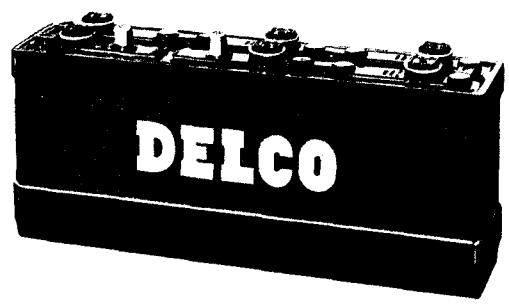

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these years? Well, it's just happened."

At first I just stood on the sidewalk, holding the watch in a frozen kind of panic. I knew that if I was going to do anything I'd have to do it quickly. I'd remembered that another of those trains was due to go down the hill soon.

I gave way to what must be an instinct of mankind and tried to get the watch going by shaking it. The old man was busy running his handkerchief around inside his collar. With my back half turned to him, I shut the front cover and gave the watch six or seven jerks by flicking my wrist, as you shake a thermometer. To see if that had succeeded, I had to look at the second hand—it would have seemed too suspicious if I'd held the watch up to my ear. I pressed the little silver spike in the stem, and the cover flew open with its loud click.

"Works smooth, that catch, even after all these years," said the old man. He was putting his handkerchief away.

HE HELD out his hand, still politely, but very definitely. I'd had his watch long enough. I tried to stall by talking about the cover hinges. He half lowered his hand.

"That's what I mean by workmanship—the small parts," he said. "It's wonderful how they stand up."

"I'll bet this watch has been in some rough places."

"That it has. I went into the quarries when I first landed in Australia."

I sneaked another look at the dial. That tiny hand was still stuck on forty-five seconds. I put my finger and thumb unobtrusively on the winding knob. "Quarries?" I asked, as I tried to wind the watch. I couldn't; it was already wound as tight as a drum.

"The quarries. We were getting out blue metal," he said.

I managed to push the winder knob down into the position in which it moves the hands, and as soon as I saw my chance I turned them a little, hoping that the rotation would free something. It was then that I heard the first sounds from the ridge.

"What's blue metal?" I asked. I knew by the old man's surprised look that I must almost have shouted.

"Those stones they use in the roads, like."

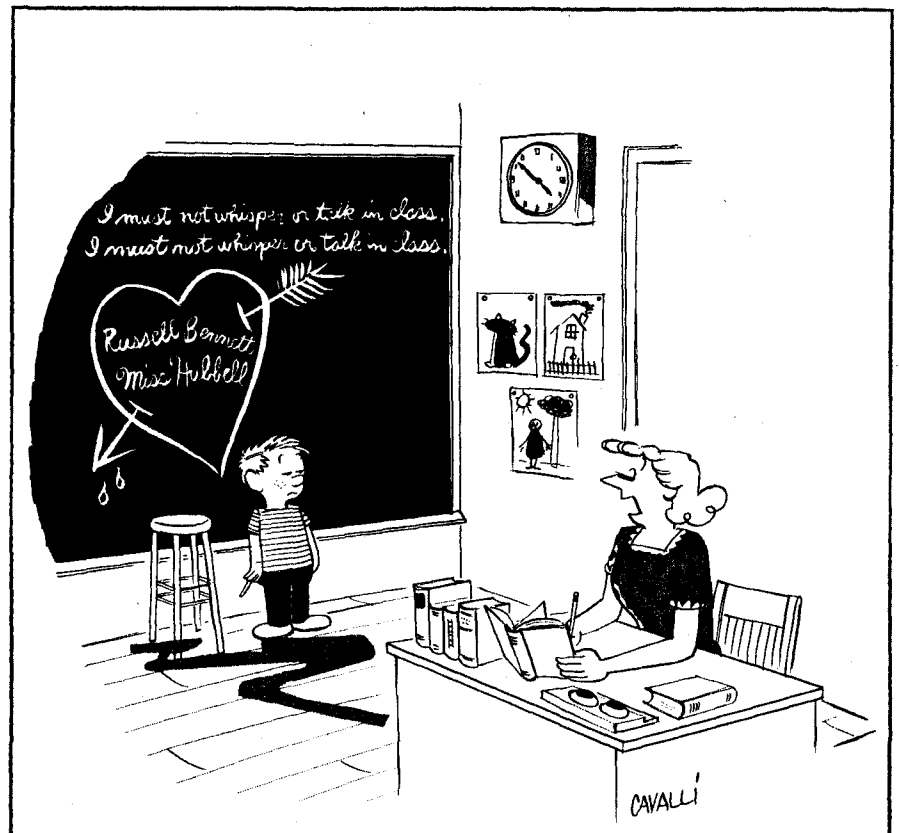
"Where were the quarries?"

I probably seemed like a crackpot, but the old man didn't answer, anyway. He'd heard the train on the ridge, himself, now. "There it goes," he said. "Twenty-six minutes past four, I reckon it is. Pass me my old watch, will you?"

I raised the watch in front of me, openly, and gave the second hand one long, last look. It wasn't moving.

You have to finish what you start. I was standing right above the concrete curb of the sidewalk; I even remember that the edge looked a little bumpy. I knew the old man wouldn't take it for a divine manifestation if some external force stopped the watch, just so long as it didn't stop on its own. So, as I reached out to give the thing back, I opened my fingers slightly a few inches short of the old man's waiting hand and let the watch slide out into thin air. As it dropped, I shouted, "Hey—look out!" and I felt like Judas Iscariot.

But I guess an old man doesn't live with a private juju like that without storing up some reflexes about it. The watch wasn't halfway to the ground before he gave a hoarse grunt, doubled himself into a crouch, and moved his hand down, fast as a baseball player moving his glove in the last split second



COLLIER'S **"And I love you, too, Russell. Now finish your assignment"** DICK CAVALLI

to meet the ball. The watch dropped into the old man's hand and bounced. He grabbed backhanded, caught it, fumbled, and let it go.

Instantly he brought his other hand up underneath, and the fist closed around the watch. He pulled that hand tight up against his chest and fell back in a sprawl on the sidewalk. Next minute he sat up, resting on one arm, his face so white I thought he was going to have a heart attack. "You damned fool!" he said, faintly.

I bent down to help him up. He gasped for breath. "You clumsy sod!" he bellowed. "Are you a half-wit? A man gives you his watch to look at and you can't even hold it in your rotten, stinking hands!"

He gasped for breath again and tried to open the front cover of the watch. His work-thickened fingers were shaking so much that the case slipped about in his hand.

"Look," I said, "I ought to tell you that—"

"Shut up!" he said.

He lifted the watch to his ear. When he lowered it, his white eyebrows were joined in a furious line across his nose. "You're lucky it's still going," he said.

"It's what?"

"No thanks to you."

At least I had sense enough to keep my mouth shut while my head cleared, and I managed to understand that of course the watch could be going again. The drop into the old man's hand had been hard enough to restart the capricious old works.

I felt a surge of relief, but it was swamped next minute by the miserable knowledge that I should still tell the old man, to warn him that what had happened once would probably happen again. My discomfort was making me touchy, too, and I said, sharply: "If it's going, what's all the shouting about?"

The old man scrambled to his feet. "I'll shout if I want to!" he said.

"Well, don't shout at me!"

I thought he was going to punch me. "What do you think I ought to be doing—laughing and joking?" he said. "I should have known better than to trust you with the watch at all. This is a lesson to me. I'll keep my own things in my own pocket in future!"

He yanked at the leather thong, fumbled for the clip, and slammed the watch back on the little metal ring. His fingers went to the stem as usual, but this time his hands were shaking with rage. Instead of giving the knob a tentative little feel, he gave it a hard twist. The ancient, perpetually fully wound and long overstrained mainspring broke with a small, clear crack.

THE old man's body gave one conclusive jerk then, as though he had bottled up a wild, sharp howl of sorrow. He shook the watch frantically with both hands; the stem wobbled a little on its shaft, like something with its neck broken. There was an expression of shock and disbelief on the old man's face. I was looking at him in profile; his face seemed to be all bone.

When his first agony had passed, he turned about and found his way to the knee-high wooden rail which was the front fence of the nearest bungalow. He sat down on the fence for a long while, leaning forward, resting his elbows on his thighs and letting his hands fall free between his knees. When he felt better he beckoned me to come over. I could smell the hydrangeas growing in a clump just behind him.

"I had no right to be raging at you," he said.

"Forget it," I told him.

"I'd like to ask you to forgive me."

"I've forgotten it," I said. "And that mainspring—it can be mended, easily."

"Thank God the watch went that way."

"Sure. Get another mainspring, and that watch of yours will go forever."

He fell silent again. After a while he raised his head. "Do you know," he said, "I've a mind not to have that watch repaired at all."

"No?"

"If it can't go, it can't stop," he said. "And it would look just as nice when it was stopped, if I put it in a drawer and didn't worry about it like I've been doing."

"Well," I said, "it's not exactly my business, but you could do worse."

"Yes, I might do that," he said, in a stronger voice. "Don't say I will, don't say I won't. But I'll think about it; yes, I very certainly will." The color was beginning to come back to his cheeks now, and when he got to his feet again, I would have said he looked quite jaunty. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S **"I'm just passing through town, Ed, and thought I'd give you a ring . . . Come out and spend the night? Well, if you're sure I won't be putting you out . . ."** BOB PAPLOW

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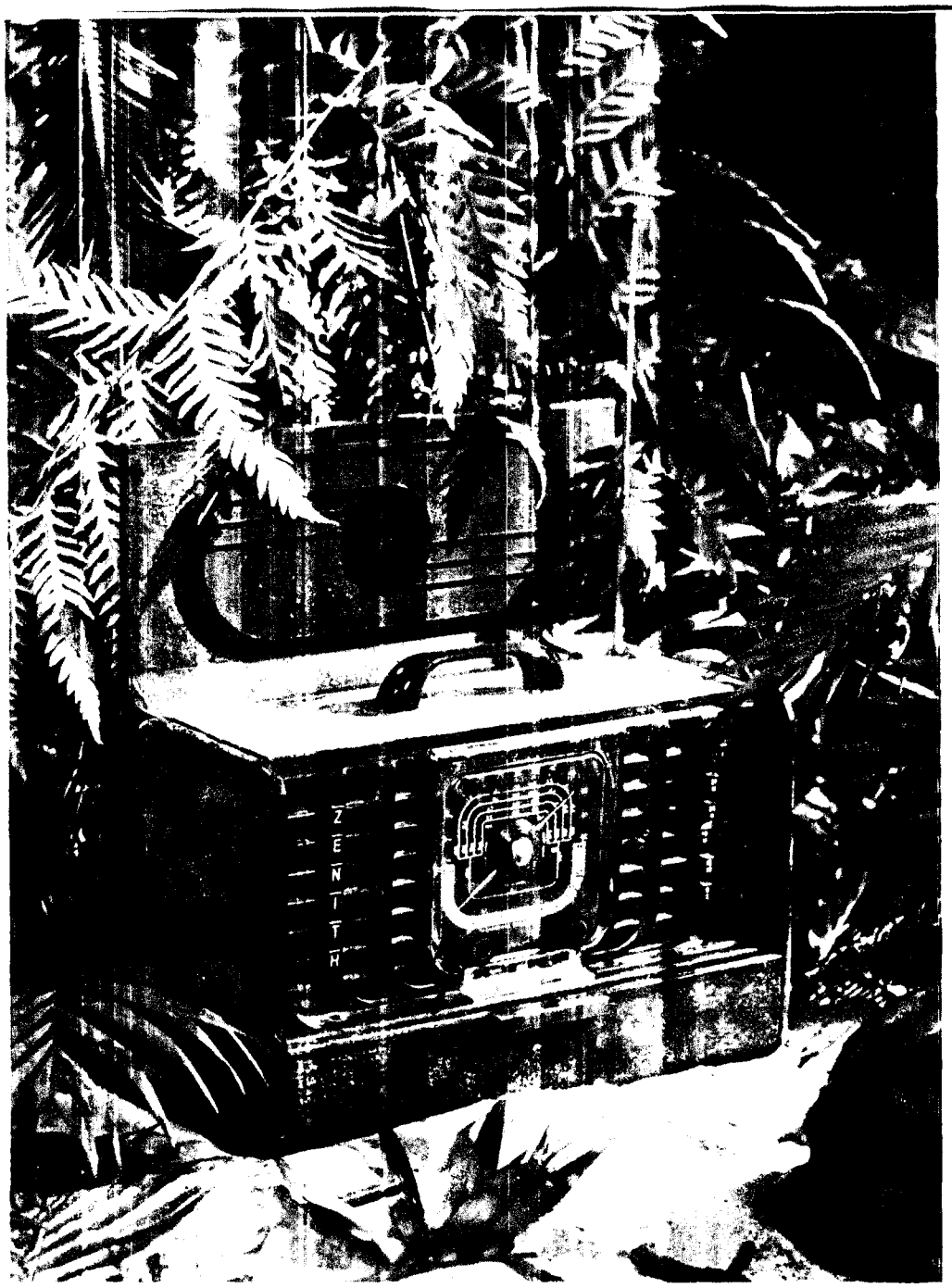

Thick green mold covered a clue to a better television receiver

American Marines stationed in the pestholes of the Pacific frequently find their equipment covered with thick green mold.

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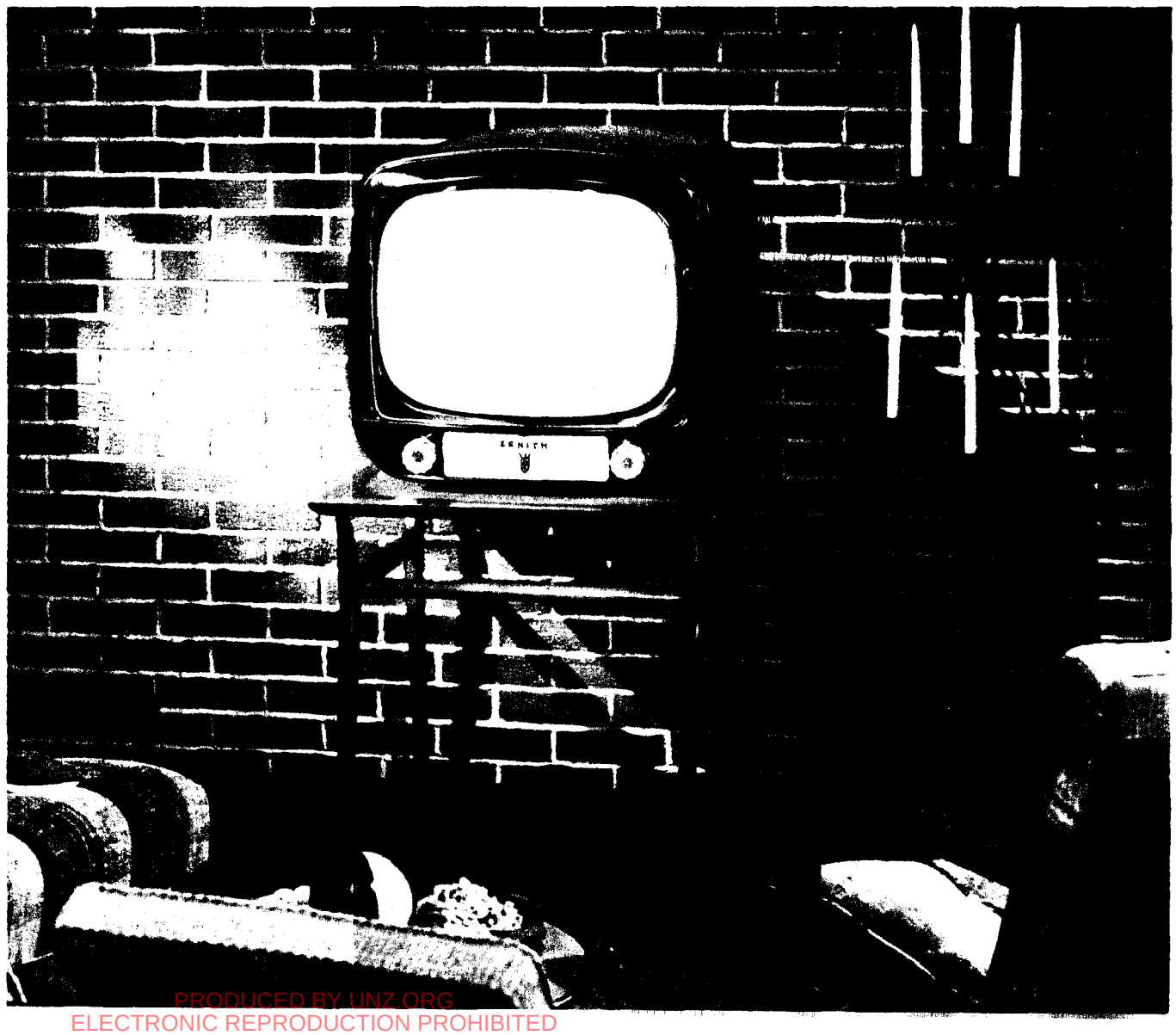

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The Day F.D.R. Died

By RUTH STEVENS with ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

The President was looking forward to a pleasant afternoon at a barbecue that sunshiny April 12th eight years ago. Guests gathered, but he was late. They began to worry . . .

WIDE WORLD

Ailing President was so pleased with barbecue idea that he upped guest list from 12 to 45

APRIL 12, 1945, was to be the most exciting day of my life. I was going to entertain the President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt and I had been friends since that long-ago day when I had baked his favorite black nutcake and he had driven over to the Warm Springs Hotel to thank me personally. But I had never had the honor of entertaining him.

It had come about in an offhanded way. To be honest, I had not intended to let myself in for any such tremendous undertaking.

Before the arrival of the President and his party there was the usual bustling in our small village, whose population is 470. Signal Corps and telephone men by the dozen poured into the hotel, of which I was manager. Secret Service and newspapermen milled about in the lobby. Somehow, as always, word got around that the President's train was due, and so the town was jammed to overflowing with sight-seers too.

It had been several months since Franklin Delano Roosevelt had last visited his second home, the Little White House. When he left the train and was wheeled out onto the observation platform, to be lowered to the ground by a small elevator, the usual warm smile, the uplifted hand of neighborly greeting were missing.

A sudden hush fell over the assembled crowd. More than one heart must have swelled with sorrow. How tired and worn he looked! The long war years had taken their toll. Yet we, his neighbors, felt that our sunshine and blue sky, the smell of our tall pines soon would restore Mr. Roosevelt to health. He loved it so here. He loved the simplicity. He said he wanted to make this visit a long one.

Soon the familiar sight of the President taking his daily drive with Fala, his beloved Scottie, on the seat beside him, renewed our faith. Our wonderful Georgia sunshine and air had worked miracles before. But on Easter Sunday when Mr. Roosevelt attended service in our beautiful little chapel, everyone noted again how poorly he looked. Once he dropped his hymn book, again his glasses, and he stared straight ahead and did not smile or speak to anyone.

It was a few days after Easter Sunday that I was asked by the Little White House to give a birthday party for one of the Navy physicians attending the President. I wanted it to be typically Southern, so I served Country Captain and wild rice, a favorite dish of Mr. Roosevelt's consisting of boiled chicken simmered in a sauce of tomatoes, green peppers, mushrooms, nuts, raisins, seasonings and herbs. It was during the talk that went on around the table, after this birthday party, that Merriman Smith, a United Press reporter, said, "Ruthie, I wish you'd fix us a Brunswick stew someday—now that's real Southern cooking."

I said I would gladly make one any time, adding that I wished the President also could come to enjoy it. I don't know what impulse prompted me to express such a wish as I knew that the President was not well enough to attend any such affairs.

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Bill Hassett, the President's secretary, shook his head. "I am afraid the President would not be up to it," he said. "But we'll see."

I told him just to forget what I had said. And I didn't give it another thought until the following day when Bill phoned me.

"You'll be happy to know that the President has accepted your invitation, Ruth," he told me. "He said to tell you he could not think of anything he would enjoy more than an old-fashioned Brunswick stew and barbecue."

I nearly dropped the receiver and I guess when I turned from the telephone I must have looked peculiar. Frank Allcorn, who owned the hotel and was mayor at that time, asked me what was the matter. When I told him, he said it was certainly fine the President was coming, but had I ever cooked a big barbecue?

I replied that I never had cooked one for the President of the United States. And I began to realize, with a sudden sinking in my middle, that it would be more of a job than baking a nutcake.

I consoled myself that the party would be small. Bill Hassett had told me not to invite any outsiders, and when he came over to discuss plans, he said there probably would be around 10 or 12 guests from the Little White House. Thursday, April 12th, was set for the party. A day or so later I received another call saying the guest list had grown to "about twenty."

I was beginning to go around in circles, and that sinking sensation was no better. Why had I had to speak up and ask for all this? I was proud, of course, that I was to entertain the President, but now I was not at all certain I could cook a barbecue half good enough for such a momentous occasion.

Mr. Allcorn offered to let me hold the party on the mountain so it could be cooked and served out of doors. He had a small summer log cabin there. It had been closed all winter. I knew it would require a thorough spring-cleaning. In fact, I knew the whole mountain would have to be combed and brushed and made tidy.

I spent several days just driving all over the countryside trying to get the right hog. It had to weigh around a hundred and fifty pounds and be fresh-killed. The hog's head had to be cut off first and cooked until it was like jelly.

Almost a Whole Day in the Kitchen

I was not going to trust anything to the cooks. Every single job connected with this barbecue I would see to myself. On Wednesday, the day before the great day, I baked cakes: nutcakes, chocolate cakes and poundcakes. I cooked the chickens and the lamb for the Brunswick stew. I spent from sunup, all that day, and almost until the break of the next, in the kitchen. I was in the kitchen Wednesday wearing a big apron, spattered grease and dabs of flour besides, when I got a summons to come out into the lobby. I sent word that I couldn't see anybody, no matter who it might be. Once before I had been caught looking just such a sorry sight—the day I had had that personal call from Mr. Roosevelt to thank me for the nutcake.

Word came again that I must come out front and at once. After whisking off the apron but with signs of honest labor still on my hot face, I appeared to find the lobby filled with Marines and newspapermen and photographers.

The Marines snapped to attention, the bugler blew his trumpet and Major De Witt Greer informed me I was being honored with a Little White House serenade. Merriman Smith handed me an envelope; it was addressed: Mrs. Ruth Stevens, the Duchess of Meriwether County. It contained the list of guests, which had expanded from that first 12 to 45 names.

Of course it was all in fun, but I was almost overcome, especially when I was told that Mr. Roosevelt had sent word that he had been hearing stories about the fine hog I had got and that he was indeed looking forward to the barbecue.

"Well, boys," I said, "you can tell the President he'll have his barbecue. I'm going to tie my head up in a red bandanna and cook it myself in the big iron pot. And tell Mr. Roosevelt, too," I added,

JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Ruth Stevens, who had planned the barbecue, stands on site of party which never took place

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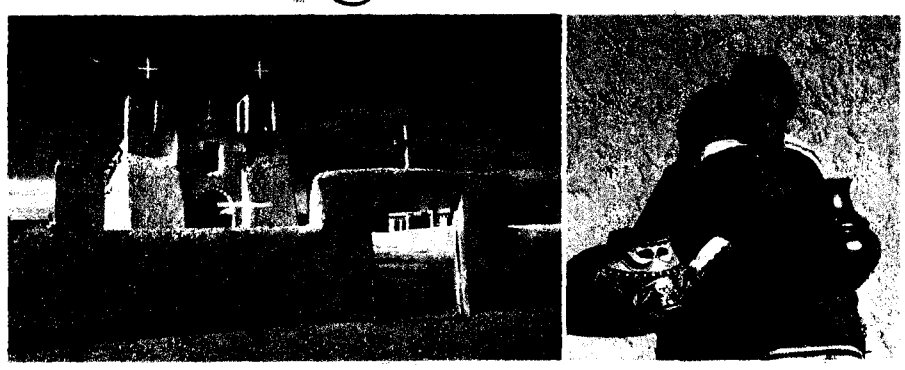

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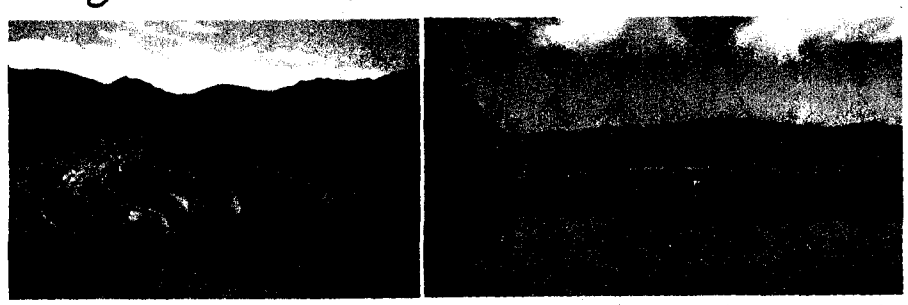

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"Stop everything, Ruth . . . the Boss is dead"

"that I send him a kiss, one for each cheek."

I did not get one wink of sleep that night when I finally crawled into bed. I could not help but wish that I could call off the barbecue: I was so fearful that all would not go well. I was up before daybreak to go up the mountain to oversee the building of the fire. I had rounded up hickory trees the right size—it takes a hickory fire to make a good barbecue—and the pit, a long shallow well about two feet deep and six feet long, had been dug.

Ideal Setting for the Feast

Around five o'clock that morning of April 12th we were ready to put the big hog on the wire rack. The hens and stew meat and hog's head already had been cooked. I had prepared 36 jars of home-packed tomatoes and corn, all put through a chopper. The tables had been set up and arranged in a U shape around the chair in which the President would sit. He wanted to be a part of the gathering, not apart from it. Large clusters of wild white azaleas and sprays of green huckleberry gathered from the mountainside served as decorations. Wooden bowls and trays were to hold the Brunswick stew and barbecue, and colorful Mexican pottery was used for the dishes.

The setting was beautiful beyond words. The woods were lovely with the warm spring sunshine streaming through the tall stately pines; the flowering delicate pink quince was in blossom and there were masses of white dogwood. The pine straw underfoot had a tangy scent. And it was a busy day, I can tell you.

The Signal Corps came up to set up the short wave and walkie-talkie for communications; another group from the Little White House came to go over every last detail. Even Monte Snyder, the President's chauffeur, drove up to find the best approach to the mountain. And friends from the village kept coming throughout the long day to see how everything looked.

It was all so perfect that I recall wondering if preparations were not going almost too smoothly. I prayed that nothing would happen to spoil such a wonderful day. The fiddlers from The Cove had arrived to furnish the music; the President was fond of mountain music. He used to enjoy driving over to The Cove to see the fiddlers and listen to them play Comin' 'Round the Mountain, Cacklin' Pullet and The Fiddler's Dram.

The air fairly sparkled with excitement, and tense anticipation bound everyone as the hour, four o'clock, drew near. The guests had begun to arrive and all were in gay spirits.

I finally noted that it was after four thirty and the President had not arrived. But when I mentioned the time to Major Greer he said not to worry, that no doubt there had been some last-minute delay.

Then a flash came requesting the major to report back to the Little White House. We were startled a bit, but we had no premonition that anything serious had gone wrong. Soon another call came from Washington for Don Fisher, of the National Broadcasting Company. By this time the President and his party were quite late. Rumors began to go around that something must have happened. It must be something of importance. Perhaps, some of us said, the war was over—Germany might have surrendered.

Wouldn't that make the barbecue a

COLLIER'S "I AM washing behind my ears!" JANE SPEAR KING

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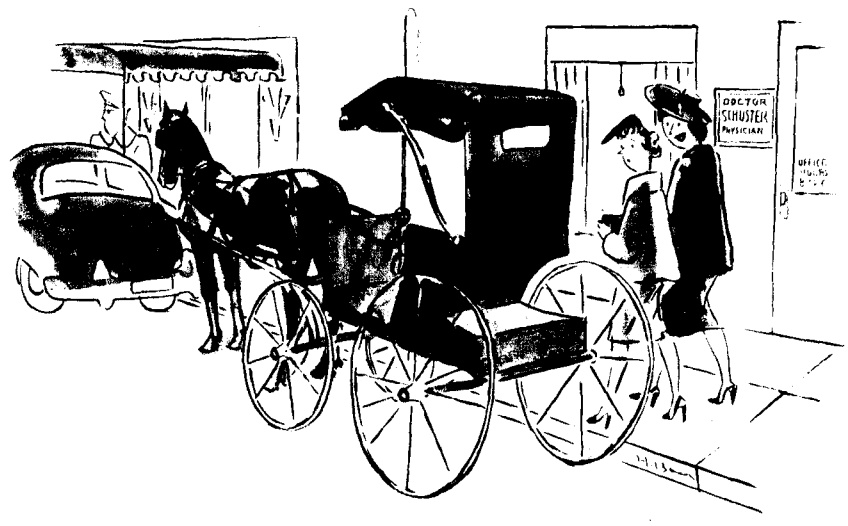

COLLIER'S **"He's a real old-fashioned doctor"** HOWARD BAER

cause for celebration, I thought, with a thrill of pride. Yet I could not help hoping that, whatever it was, it would not prevent Mr. Roosevelt from coming to my party.

Major Greer returned. I saw immediately from his grave expression and the fact that he was alone that something was wrong. He hurried over to where I was standing with Mr. Allcorn and a few other guests. He drew us aside. For a moment it seemed as though he could not say what it was he had to tell us. Then he spoke quietly: "Stop everything, Ruth." He placed a hand on my shoulder. "I am afraid we cannot go on with the barbecue. The Boss is dead."

It was such a shock that no one could find anything to say. No one could comprehend the meaning, or accept it.

Aftermath of the First Shock

Then the old fiddler, Bun Wright, removed his weather-beaten felt hat, laid aside his fiddle and, with tears rolling down his withered face, began to repeat, over and over, "Such a good man to leave us . . . such a good man to leave us . . ."

I broke down then and wept—not at the disappointment that my party was ruined but at the terrific impact of what this meant to all of us, his neighbors here at Warm Springs, the whole wide world. Soon, nearly everyone was crying unashamedly, men as well as women.

Someone turned on the radio and we heard the announcement that the President of the United States was dead. Later there followed another announcement about the barbecue Mr. Roosevelt was to have attended and the final words that Warm Springs, the President's second home, and its people, along with the rest of the nation, was in mourning over the shock of his sudden death.

Yes, I thought, my heart heavy with a great personal loss, we, his neighbors, who knew him as a simple man, a farmer, a friend, a man who, because of his own physical handicap, had built a memorial here in the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation to give help and hope to others—we would mourn him longer than his admirers anywhere else. People all over the world would miss his leadership and pay tribute to his memory. He had died as he had lived, a soldier, a great humanitarian and a good neighbor. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S **"The trouble with Fred is, he's just like all the others who are different from the rest"** LEO GAREL

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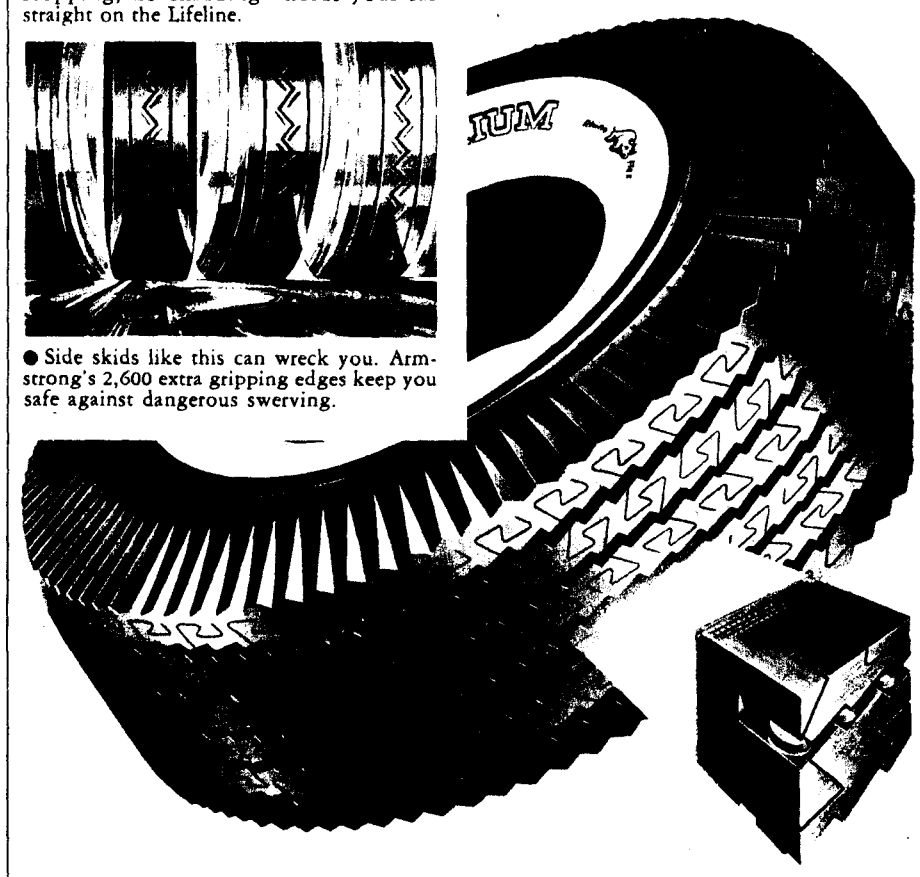

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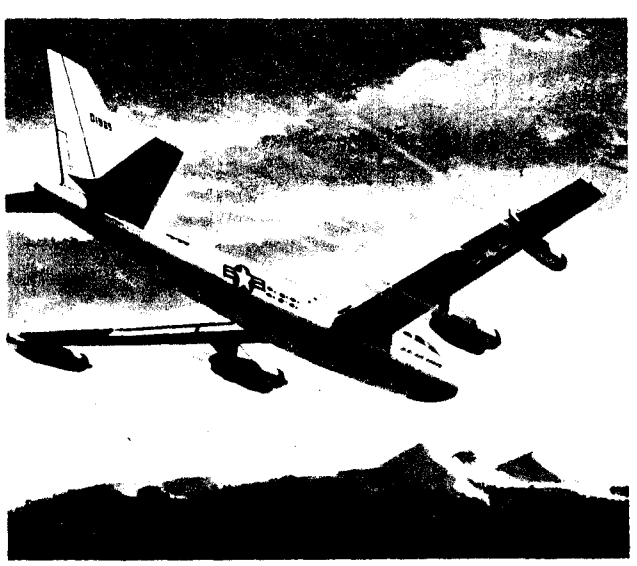
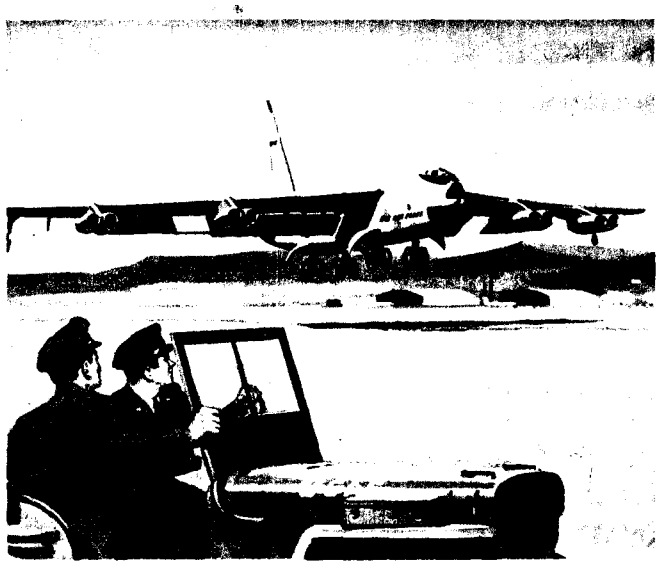
SINCE THE OUTBREAK of war in Korea, America has been working against time to build up its Air Power. *Only our military leaders and Congress* can decide how *much* Air Power we should have at any given time. Yet, as a leading manufacturer, we feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft . . . and why a "happy medium" level of production must be maintained in peace so that we can expand quickly to meet emergencies. Second-best Air Power is not enough in war. America's future security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as in emergencies.

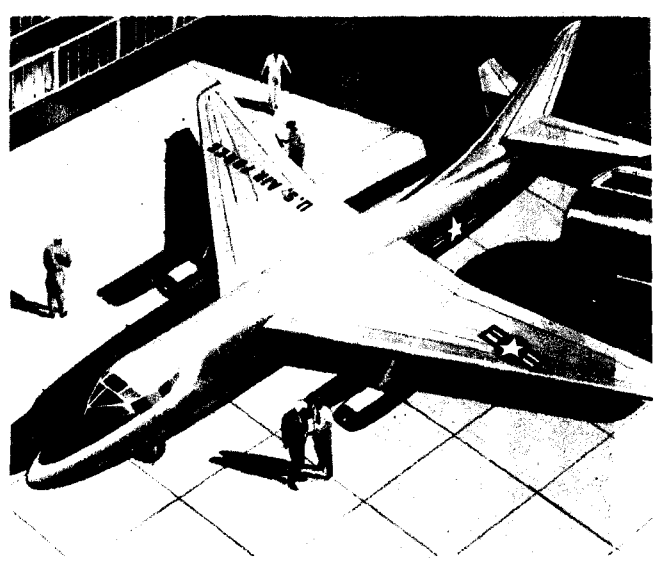
INTERCONTINENTAL CONVAIR B-36s, POWERED BY SIX PRATT & WHITNEY 3800 H.P. ENGINES AND FOUR JETS, CAN FLY FARTHER THAN ANY OTHER BOMBERS IN THE WORLD.



NINETY-TWO-TON MEDIUM BOMBERS, 600 M.P.H. BOEING B-47s, ARE JOINING U. S. AIR FORCE UNITS IN QUANTITY.



ALL-JET GIANT OF THE FUTURE . . . THE BOEING B-52, REQUIRED ABOUT 8 MILLION MAN-HOURS TO DESIGN.



FAST, LIGHT DOUGLAS RB-66s HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY THE U. S. AIR FORCE FOR RECONNAISSANCE MISSIONS.

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TWICE THE RANGE

BUT 4 TIMES HARDER TO BUILD

Mighty intercontinental bomber fleets are now ready —9 full years after initial production began

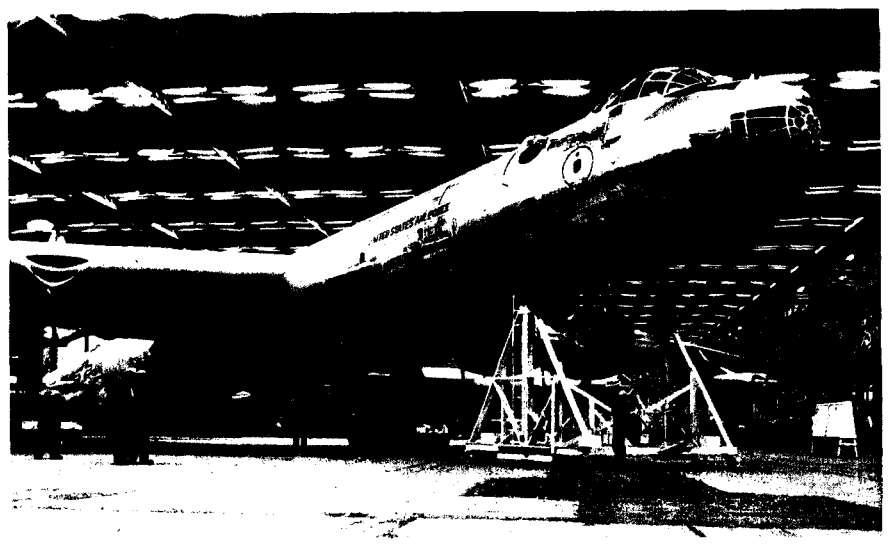
The giants are ready! At guarded bases across the land, fleets of B-36s are poised to retaliate immediately if any enemy should start a global war.

The ability of these aircraft to deliver atom bombs to any major target in the world has given this nation a priceless advantage in long-range striking power . . . and precious time in which to begin rebuilding *overall* air strength. But building B-36s has been a hard, exacting job.

Their size and complexity are staggering. So big are they that their fuel alone, at capacity, weighs more than a fully-loaded bomber of World War II. Their complexity is illustrated by equipment like the radar bombing system. This alone weighs almost a ton, compared to a mere 50 pounds for the famous bombsight of 1945.

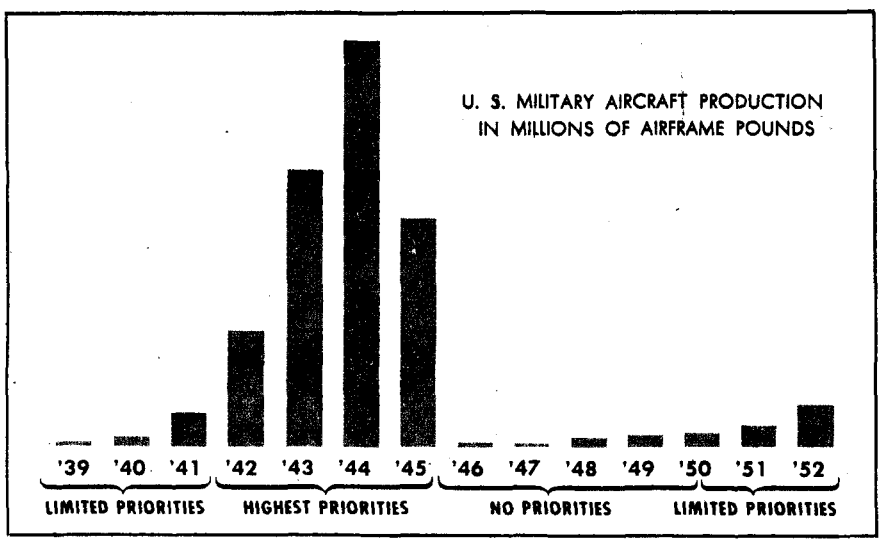
You can well imagine the problems involved in the design, development and production of these giants—and of the even newer types that are well under way. Everything about them takes more time and costs more money. But America can be grateful that military leaders, nearly a decade ago, authorized their production . . . and that the country's aircraft industry had the skill and capacity to deliver them.

For today your Air Force has bombers with twice the range, 1½ times the speed, 3 times the bombload, and the ability to fly much higher than World War II's biggest, the B-29. And despite the problems involved in the production of these planes, and others relatively as complex, the American aircraft industry has increased its production rate 5 times since the outbreak of war in Korea in June, 1950.

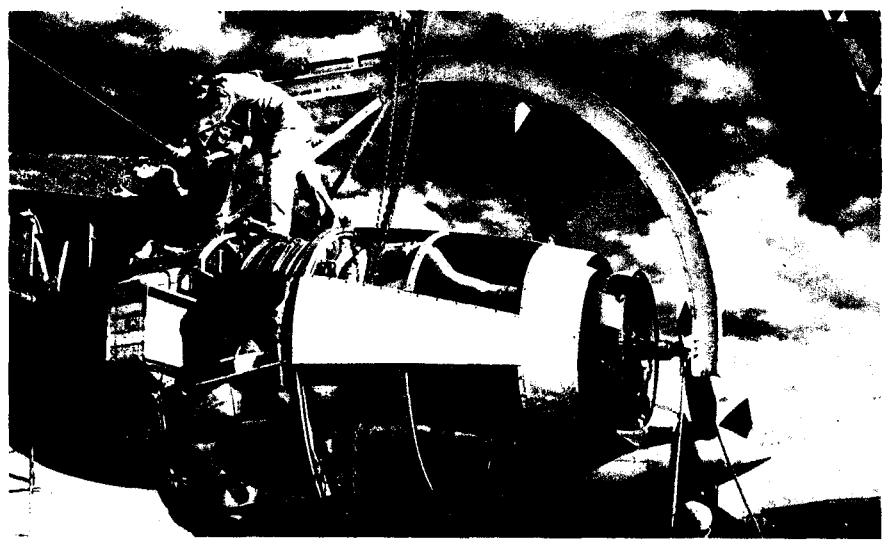


EVEN SUCH FACILITIES as Convair's 4,000,000-square-foot plant are taxed by today's mammoth planes. Here, a B-36 is hoisted so that the 4-story tail will drop and clear the factory roof. This giant contains 68,000 shop-made parts, not including bolts, nuts, rivets, any of the parts in its 10 engines or any of the complex equipment furnished by the Government. This plane called for over 87,000 "custom-made" tools.

RADAR BOMBING SYSTEMS, weighing 40 times more than 1945 bombsights, are an example of complex equipment in modern bombers. At today's high speeds and altitudes, electronics systems are necessary to solve combat problems far beyond human abilities. Such systems—still under security wraps—required years to design and build. But with them, major targets can be hit from 40,000 feet, in darkness or foulest weather.


U. S. MILITARY AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION
IN MILLIONS OF AIRFRAME POUNDS
'39 '40 '41 '42 '43 '44 '45 '46 '47 '48 '49 '50 '51 '52
LIMITED PRIORITIES
HIGHEST PRIORITIES
NO PRIORITIES
LIMITED PRIORITIES

AS YOU CAN SEE by the above graph, even with war raging, it took 5 years from 1939 to reach peak production of 96,369 planes. In 1946 output was cut to less than 2% of peak, and America's productive capacity was allowed to deteriorate. No one advocates all-out production in peace, but it is apparent that if the nation is to meet emergencies such as occurred in 1941 and 1950, it must have a sustained airpower program.



SIX BIG PRATT & WHITNEY WASP MAJORS provide almost 23,000 h.p. for the Convair B-36—more power than three diesel-electric locomotives. Together with four jets, they push the 178-ton bomber to stratospheric altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher. These precision-made, 24-cylinder Wasp Major engines required about 730,000 man-hours to design and more than 11,000 special tools, jigs and fixtures to build.

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I'll Bring Home

He was a hero to Julia's people and a coward to his own.

By ROBERT RICHARDS

SOMETIMES Julia sat on the porch steps in the early evening with her face in the shadows and with her eyes on her father and with her heart up there beside him in the rocking chair. Abner Dale would rock and rock, and the warped boards beneath him kept complaining and sighing and begging for a rest. Then Abner would ask, "Who is coming, Julia?"

"Why, Papa, I don't know. They're not down by our house yet. I'll tell you in a minute."

But Julia knew who it was all right; Julia knew who it had to be, because her father always asked the same question at the same time every day. It would be James Barto, on his way home from work, coming along the sidewalk with his older brother, Tom. It would be Jimmy Barto, with his wavy hair and his smiling eyes and his courteous call: "Good evenin', Major Dale."

"Good evenin', James." And Major Abner Dale, late of General Forrest's command, would come to attention in his chair. He would smile a happy remembering kind of smile. "Why don't you stop and visit a while, Jim?" he would say.

Jimmy Barto would look up at Julia, at the calico and ribbons; and Jimmy, as he tipped his hat to her, always replied, "Not right now, sir. I've been to work. I'm dirty, and I need to clean up. I'll come to visit you one of these nights."

"You do that, Jimmy. We'll be here to tell you hello."

And Jimmy Barto and his brother would continue walking, disappearing into the growing twilight until only the sound of their leather heels was left, like a marching song, behind them. Tom Barto seldom said anything to anybody. Tom was a somber man with a long scar down the side of his face that everyone in Memphis knew had been picked up at Shiloh. Tom had gone into the battle on the Tennessee River after only eighteen short years of living, and some people claimed that he had aged another eighteen years, then and there, before it was ended.

Jimmy Barto had been only fourteen at the hour of Shiloh. Jimmy had tried to fight, but nobody would let him. They said, "Go home, boy. Get out of here." And Jimmy had been wandering back in the general direction of Savannah, Tennessee, when he came upon a Confederate officer, wounded in the face and bleeding all down the front of his fine gray coat. "James Barto was the last thing I ever saw," Abner Dale would repeat, over and over, in later years. "I caught a glimpse of his bright, young face. And then I was blind—blind forever." It was Jimmy Barto who had led the sightless major to safety.

Now here it was in Memphis, in eighteen hundred and seventy-one, and General Forrest was the president of a railroad and a long way from any shooting or the jingle of cavalry. Jimmy was twenty-three and Tom was twenty-seven, and Major Dale had to turn his head backward to see fifty again. The major would never see anything else at all—the flowers and the grass and the tall oak trees were all shut away from him, but he would never forget that last quick look at the face of young Barto.

"He's a fine boy, Julia," the major would say. "A mighty fine boy for a girl to know."

"Yes, Papa. Jimmy is nice, and I like him."

The words tasted like dust in the mouth of Julia Dale, and she wanted to cry because of them. She wanted to get up and to put her arms around her father's shoulders. She wanted to say, "Forgive me, Papa. I know what you want, and I know how badly you want it. But can I help it if I am plain? What can I do to change the fact that I am strong and sturdy, and not pink and white like the pretty girls? Jimmy Barto looks at me, Papa, but he

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a Hero

Why did we have to love him?

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

doesn't see me and he doesn't think about me. I'm much too plain. Jim Barto will never ask me to marry him."

Julia wanted her father to be happy and she would do anything to make him happy, but she couldn't do this. It wasn't in her power to do it. Jimmy Barto had no time for the stanch and the sturdy; his eyes were always on the hunt for the lovely and fragile, the pink-and-white women.

But such was the dream of Abner Dale. He sat in his rocking chair while all Memphis was changing; the old was gone, gone forever, and he knew very little about the requirements of the new. He knew only that the Dale name was a proud one, and the Dale blood was good and clean, and fit for the veins of leaders. He knew that James Barto was brave and a fighter, with courage enough for the uncertain future. Major Dale never mentioned it aloud, never even whispered it in the privacy of his bedroom, but the dream was always there, just the same: the dream of a marriage between young Barto and his Julia.

"You must always look your best when you appear in public, girl," said the major. "Even here on the porch. You must always look pretty and always be friendly."

"Yes, Papa."

Then Abner Dale would drop into a half doze and dream about his wife, Jane, and about their happy time together in the days before Jane had died of typhoid fever.

"Tell me something, Julia."

"What is it, Papa?"

Julia forgot that she was a woman and that a woman was supposed to stay out of men's affairs. "Stand up to him, Wilby," she cried. "I'm here with you. I'll fight them with you"

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"Do you look anything like your mother?"

"Why, I can't say for sure, Papa. Mrs. Lane Bishop saw me down on Front Street the other day, and she said, 'Julia, you're looking more like your poor mama every day.' But others claim I resemble your side of the family, Papa."

"Certainly hope not," said Major Dale. "My side of the family had wit and courage, girl, and I won't deny it. But your mother's folks had all the beauty. Why, there never was another girl who could hold a parasol alongside your mother. Dainty, she was, Julia, light-stepping and dainty."

Julia knew for certain that she herself was the opposite of dainty. Her hands were strong and firm, and so were her arms and the rest of her body. Julia could work around the house, and she never felt really tired; she was always alive enough at the end of the day to wish that someone would invite her to go dancing. But no one ever did. They all went looking for the pink-and-white women, the soft women with the soft laughter and soft voices.

Major Dale tapped his cane against his shoe. "Getting back to James Barto, Julia," he said. "He's a man that even the general can be proud of."

"I guess so," said Julia.

Of course, there was only one general in the mind of Abner Dale: General Forrest.

"I know so, girl. I've heard the general speak mighty well of young Barto."

It was the highest praise that Major Dale could give to any man. Dale was still a fanatical admirer of Forrest. The general came around to see the major about once a month, sometimes more often, and Abner had to be dressed in his neatest coat. And his hair had to be combed, and his short beard trimmed.

JULIA was a little afraid of this great man Forrest. The general never had much to say to her. He studied her face briefly with his fierce eyes, and now and then even tried to joke with her in an offhand manner, but most of the time he seemed eager to get away from her; he did his talking to the man who had made his sacrifice at Shiloh.

"Well, Major Dale," he would say, "you're looking dandy, man."

"It's the sound of your voice, General Forrest. It does me more good than a swallow of spring water. It stirs my blood like a bugle call."

The two of them would stand with their hands caught up in a tight handshake, and there would be quiet, understanding laughter between them; and there would be more than laughter. There would be memories of those who had fought and of those who had died, and perhaps even memories of one or two who had turned in the heat of it and run away. There would be dreams and sighs about how events might have happened, but no talk about it, no such talk at all. Both men were realists; and they accepted the present, and they thought into the future.

"This'll be a great state again, Abner, if we're brave and wise enough," the general would say. "It has to be."

"You're right, General. Absolutely."

Julia would stare at General Forrest, standing there on her front porch like a man from the history books, and Julia always thought: He doesn't notice me because I'm not pretty. I'm plain, and the general knows right off that I'm plain. He knows that I'll never marry any of the men that he wants to see married and settled down, and raising families in the South.

Perhaps this was why Julia was afraid of Nathan Bedford Forrest. But she never told her father.

SHE was standing among the flowers in her front yard one afternoon when there was a sound of the gate opening.

"I beg your pardon, miss."

"Yes?"

Julia turned and saw a young man of slight build standing before her. He wore eyeglasses with thin metal rims. He looked worn and tired, and perhaps a little uneasy. He looked as if he would run away if she made any sudden move.

"What can I do for you?" Julia said.

"I'm new in the city. And I'm confused a bit. I'm looking for the store of Charles Harris. Can you tell me how to find it?"

"Why, yes," answered Julia. "We trade with Mr. Harris and have for many years. His store is only a short way down the street. Keep walking and you can't miss it."

"Thank you. I'm very sorry to have bothered you."

There was something in the stranger's voice that made Julia wonder. "You aren't from the South, are you?"

"Oh, no. I've come from Ohio, north of Cincinnati."

"Well," said Julia, "I hope your visit is pleasant."

"But I haven't come to visit. No, ma'am. I've come to live here. I'm an apothecary, you see. I've come to help Mr. Harris compound his medicine."

"Well—good day," Julia said, a little awkwardly.

The young man seemed a little regretful that the meeting was ending. "Do you think there'll be any resentment because I'm not a Southerner?"

"I don't know," replied Julia. "I hope not."

But she knew that there were men around, like James Barto, who carried hatred with them everywhere and who never forgot for a moment that their side had lost the war. They would do anything they could, any time, to bring discomfort to the victors. They would be happy to destroy an invader from Cincinnati.

It was never proved, but people whispered that there was a club of such young men in Memphis, and that its members were sworn to drive out all jobholders from the North and all newcomers who voted Republican; to use any means to set them running—slander, ridicule or even clubs and fists.

Julia thought of all these things, but said nothing more. She turned and went into the house, because it was not a good thing to keep talking to a stranger, especially a Yankee.

Julia thought about this meeting for several days, and her reaction was always the same. He looked at me differently from other men, thought Julia. I know it and I felt it. He looked at me as a man looks at a woman he likes and wants to know. A little song started up somewhere inside Julia—a song that seemed to keep growing with every hour. It made her housework lighter; and it made her almost happy.

It wasn't more than two weeks later that Charlie Harris appeared on the Dale front steps, all dressed in his Sunday suit. Julia was in the parlor, but she heard Charlie say: "Major Dale, I want you to meet a friend of mine. A young man just down from Ohio."

"Oh," said the major, and he turned instinctively toward the visitor. "You're quite a way from home."

"My name is Wilby Evans," replied the stranger, standing and shifting from foot to foot, and blinking his eyes behind his glasses. "You're right, Major; I'm a good way from home, sir, but I'm hoping to make a new home in Memphis."

"Well," said the major, always courteous. "Welcome, sir. Welcome."

Julia opened the screen door and stepped out on the porch.

"Julia."

"Yes, Papa."

"Come over here beside me, Julia. Mister Harris has brought a young friend of his for us to meet. Mister Wilby Evans from Ohio."

"How do you do?" said Julia.

SHE stared through his glasses into the dark, wistful eyes of Wilby Evans, and Julia knew he was thinking, suddenly, about how far he was away from home and, golly, wouldn't he like to set eyes on that broad Ohio River again. And Julia knew that maybe his heart was beating faster beneath the dull, brown coat, and that maybe Wilby Evans wished that he could go to the Mississippi at the foot of the bluff and climb aboard the next steamboat going North; or maybe even take the next train out of town. Wilby wasn't sure of himself in the way he stood or in the way he talked, as James Barto was sure. Wilby spoke in bursts, as if the words had just piled up and then spilled from him.

"May I come to call on you, Miss Julia?" he asked.

It happened so unexpectedly that Julia hardly knew what to reply.

"Why, yes, Mr. Evans," she said, "if you wish."

"I wish it," he said. "I wish it more than anything else that I know about."

Wilby Evans had lowered his voice, but it was still loud enough for Charlie Harris and Major Dale to hear; Wilby's words came across the short space with the bounce of a rabbit, and the older men paused in their talking to listen.

Charlie said, "Well, Wilby, I guess we don't want to let the grass grow on our welcome, do we?"

"No," replied Wilby.

But he lingered long enough to whisper to Julia: "May I come about this time tomorrow night?"

"All right."

Major Dale sighed, as if he were tired and had just realized it. He said, "Now you folks don't want to be hurrying off."

"We only came to say hello," answered Charlie Harris. "It wasn't our aim to do any long-time calling."

"I'm always glad to greet you, Charlie."

"I know it, Abner. I sure know it."

THE blind man put forth his hand, and Charlie Harris grabbed it and squeezed it. Charlie was happy; he was proud to be the good friend of Major Dale.

Harris and Wilby Evans went down the porch steps into the yard and through the gate into the street again. Abner Dale leaned back in his chair and listened to their going.

"That young man likes you, Julia," he said.

"Nonsense, Papa."

"But he does. I don't need eyes to see it. I could hear it. I could hear it in every word that he said. And he seemed a very nice young man. I'm sorry for him, truly sorry."

"Why're you sorry, Papa?"

Abner Dale whistled a little of the love song called Lorena, the song that he had known as a fighting soldier. "A man can see a lot even when he has no eyes, Julia," he said.

"Yes, Papa."

"I can see many things about this town. I can see that we'll need brave men in the South for a long time, Julia. The very bravest. We're going through hard times and anxious times. We'll always need good blood to lead us."

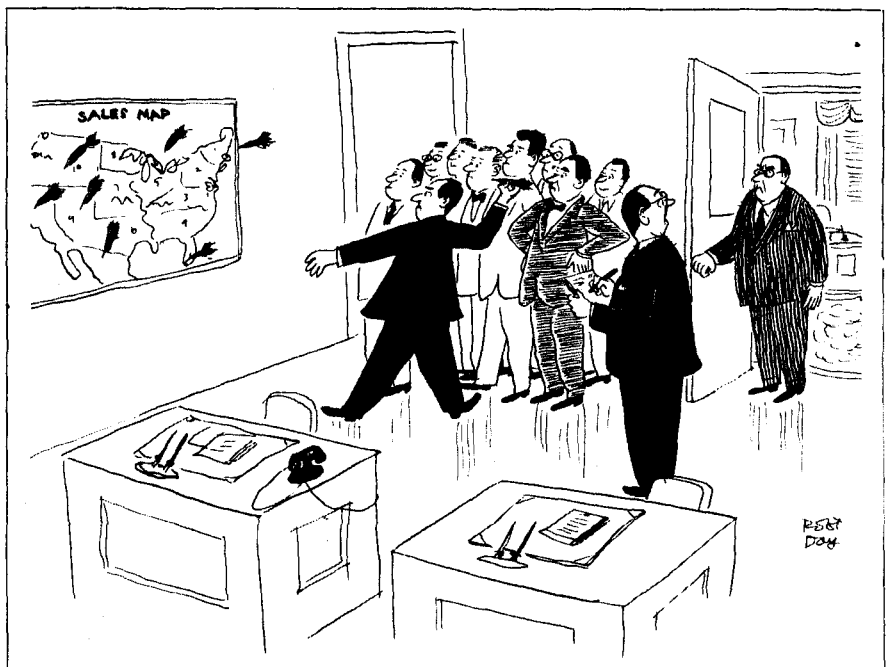
"Of course, Papa."

"So a girl wants to be careful when she marries. A girl needs to do a lot of thinking and to make the best match that she can, so she'll have brave children and eager children. That's what we must keep remembering, Julia."

Julia understood what her father was saying: You must not fall in love with this stranger, Julia. He hasn't the courage or the brains or the understanding to get along in the South. You must marry a Southern boy. A man like Jimmy Barto. Why not marry James Barto?

A girl must marry a man that General Forrest could be proud of, Julia thought; Forrest, with his beard and his flaming eyes, and with his wise, knowing way of looking at you.

Julia said, "A girl doesn't marry every man that she talks to, Papa."



COLLIER'S **"This way, anyone who gets a poor territory has only himself to blame"** ROBERT DAY

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"That's right, girl. There's no harm in your talking to Wilby Evans or in allowing him to come here. Only it would be a cruel thing if he fell in love with you, Julia. Have you thought of that?"

"Why should I think about it, Papa? No one has ever loved me but you."

"But they will, girl. Wait and see. Always be dressed as well as you can manage, and always be friendly. You'll see it happen before you can catch your breath. There'll be a man who'll love you, Julia."

Julia wanted to reply, but she could not. She wanted to say: "But I'm plain, Papa. I'm so very plain. I'm not like the pink-and-white girls."

It was difficult enough for her father to be blind; she couldn't add to his troubles. Julia said nothing at all.

Wilby Evans came, as he had said he would, and he brought along an old guitar; and Wilby sat singing soft ballads that he had learned in Ohio. Sometimes even Abner Dale sat listening and rocking and asked for one or two tunes he remembered out of his past.

A WHOLE year went by, and one day Wilby asked Julia: "Do you know why I came back to see you that night with Charlie Harris?"

"Why?"

"Because I never knew any girls like you at home in Ohio. Sure, I knew lots of girls, but none like you. I like to hear you talk, Julia. It's music when you talk. And I remember what people said to me back home when they knew I was coming to Tennessee. People said, 'You'll meet some girls down there, and they'll talk to you like some fine bird singing, or they'll talk to you like a violin, but they won't be good for you, Wilby. You better stick to Ohio. Southern girls don't take to keeping house. They want a servant for this, and they need a servant to fetch that. They're poorly too, Wilby. Seems like they're tired all the time.' "

"They may be right," said Julia.

"For some of the others maybe. Some that I've seen. But not right about you, Julia. You've got the voice and the music and a nice way of laughing down in your throat, but a man can look at you just once and see you'd be ready and willing to take care of a home. If you found the man who suited you, that is. You were made for a home, Julia."

Julia thought about Papa and about General Forrest. She said, "Sing us another song."

And once she asked, "What about the war, Wilby? What did you do in the war?"

Julia had wanted to ask this, almost from the beginning, but she had been embarrassed. After all, Wilby was from Ohio; he had been one of the enemy. John Hunt Morgan must have raided almost in his neighborhood.

Wilby said, "It's a thing I don't like to talk about."

"No reason why you should," answered Julia, and she was glad that she had not spoken of it sooner; it might have made Wilby quit coming to see her. "I only asked because I wanted to know everything that I can about you."

It's funny how life is, thought Julia. Why, you can never tell a blessed thing about life. Here she was, falling in love with a man from the North. It didn't seem possible, but it was true all right.

Of course, nothing could come of it; nothing at all. It would break the heart of Abner Dale if she should marry Wilby Evans; it might even ruin his friendship with General Forrest.

Julia knew for certain that nothing could come of her love for Wilby after the visit of James Barto. It was in the late afternoon when young Barto was walking home from work. As always, he was with his brother, Tom. The sun was still shining and there was a smile on Jimmy's face, but there was no smile in his mind or in his heart.

"Good afternoon, Major Dale," Jim Barto said.

"Why, hello, Jimmy. Glad you've stopped by."

Tom Barto waited down by the gate, staring into the street as if he didn't want to be a full partner to this crisis brought on by his brother.

"I'm here for a reason, Major." James Barto stared at Julia, giving a half salute with his hand.

Julia felt cold all over, and she understood why young Barto finally had stopped at the Dale house.

"What is it, Jim?"

"It's about this Wilby Evans, Major. This apothecary who comes from Ohio, and who often visits in your home."

"What about him?"

"You shouldn't allow him here, Major. He isn't the kind of man you want around. You must believe me, sir. You and I have known each other for a long time."

"Since Shiloh. Since bloody Shiloh."

"That's why I had to tell you."

"But tell me exactly what? What is it you find so wrong with Evans?"

"What? Why, sir, the election is to be tomorrow. We all know that. And he plans to vote for the Republicans, sir. He has said this in public many times. I've heard him myself."

"He won't be the only Republican in Memphis, Jim."

"But, sir, this Wilby Evans is different from the others. He's not from Shelby County, or even from Tennessee. He has lived in the city only a little more than a year. He came here from Ohio with a Republican vote in his pocket. He aims to be one of those who'll see to it that the real South stays licked forever. He's a symbol of all the rest of them, sir. He's got to be chased out. If we let him live here, if we let him vote, it will only encourage others to come down and do the same. If we set him to running upriver, maybe it'll start some of our folks around here to thinking. Maybe, sooner or later, things will be almost like they were before the war."

"Is that all, son?"

"All?" asked Jimmy Barto; his face turned red, and the smile disappeared.

THIS is his ugly side showing, thought Julia. His evil side. If only my father could see him.

"It's not all by any means. I know that this Evans never had the courage to fight for his own side, sir. He hired a man to take his place. He paid out some three hundred Yankee dollars, sir. And the man didn't come back. He died in battle."

"How can you know that for a fact?"

"It was told to me by someone who knows Evans well."

"I cannot pass on hearsay," replied Major Dale, and he reached over to touch Julia's hand. "As for the rest of what you say, I'll think it over."

"I've thought it over," replied Jimmy Barto, and he looked directly at Julia. "I'll tell you this: Wilby Evans will never vote in Memphis. I'll stop him if he attempts it. I'll make an example of him for all the other Yankees who hope to come creeping down on us. And General Forrest will stop him too."

"Forrest? Does he know of this?"

"Not yet, sir. But he will. General

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Forrest is an election official in the Fourth Ward. I plan to tell him all about Evans. You know as well as I do what he'll say. He'll say, 'Give it to him, Jim.' "

Jimmy Barto turned and stalked down the steps to where Tom waited, and the two started away together.

JIMMY paused when he had taken about three steps. He looked up at Abner Dale, and there was a softness in his voice. He said, "When I see the general, I'll have to tell him about our conversation."

"I know it, boy." Major Dale pulled himself out of the rocking chair and stood erect, with his thin hands clasped behind him. There was a wild look, but a brave look, in the way that his chin was thrust out above the old-fashioned collar.

Julia came and stood beside him.

"I'm mighty sorry for you, Julia."

"But why me, Papa? Why not you?"

"I know you love Wilby Evans. I've known it for a long time."

"And what do you think of him now, Papa?"

"He isn't like us, is he?"

"I guess not."

"And what about hiring another man to do his fighting? What can you say to that, Julia?"

"I can only say that I love him."

Both of them were thinking about someone else—about General Forrest. What would the general say about a man like Wilby Evans?

"I've got to tell you something, Julia."

"Yes, Papa."

"I don't like to say it. I'd rather lose my right arm at the shoulder than say it, but you'd better go and find that young man, Julia. You better tell him to get out of town before election time tomorrow. You know what a temper General Forrest has."

"You think General Forrest might hurt Wilby?"

"He might. The general can get worked up fast."

"But what about Wilby? He might get angry too. He might fight back."

Abner Dale laughed and shrugged. "Now, Julia. What chance do you think Wilby Evans would have against Bedford Forrest? A man who is a Yankee and a man who didn't fight for himself in the war?"

"I don't know, Papa. Maybe no chance at all."

"Go find him, Julia. Tell him to get out of town fast. Or, if he won't do that, tell him to stay away from the Fourth Ward polls tomorrow."

"I can't do it, Papa."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I won't do it. I'm not going to tell Wilby to run away."

Julia made her hands into two tight fists. "Maybe you're right and maybe I'm wrong, Papa, but I'm going to find out. Maybe Wilby Evans is a new kind of hero. I don't know."

"Are you crazy, Julia?"

"You don't understand, Papa. Maybe the time has come for peaceful men like Wilby to take over, to fight for their right to live in the present and not be always fuming about the past. Maybe Jimmy Barto knows this better even than I do, and maybe that's why Jimmy hates Wilby so and is so determined to run Wilby out of town."

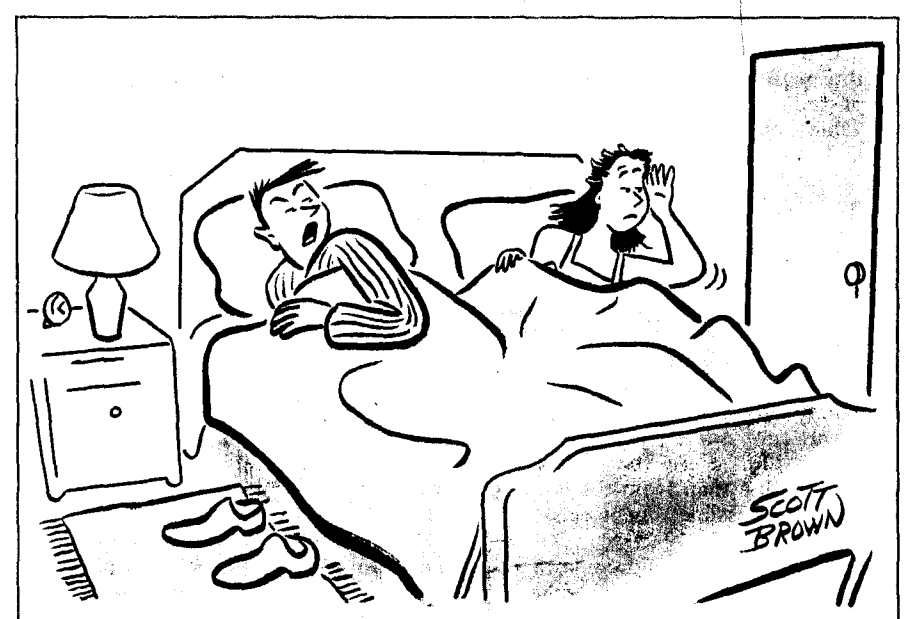
"You're talking wild, Julia."

"I know it, Papa. And I'm feeling wild, and even a little odd inside, but I won't go to Wilby Evans and ask him to run. I can't do it, no matter what happens."

Abner Dale remained alone on the porch long after Julia had gone in. And Abner wished that he had eyes to watch the night and to search the stars—and he wished that he had the mind to understand his daughter.

Abner sat, gently rocking, and he kept whispering to himself: "Lord, I sure hope she's doing right."

ELECTION DAY came, in eighteen hundred and seventy-two, and people in Memphis said Mr. Horace Greeley, the New York editor, didn't have much chance against General U. S. Grant in the contest for the Presidency; but few got really excited about it. Everyone was more stirred up about the race for congressman-at-large from Tennessee. It was a three-horse race. Andrew Johnson was running as a kind of independent Democrat—the same "People's Andy" who had followed Mr. Lincoln into the White House, by golly; but he wasn't in the White House now, and there were many who didn't want Andy back in Washington at all. Then there was General B. F. Cheatham, who was a true Democrat and who had led Confederate troops. The third man was Horace Maynard of the Republicans. Maynard of Knoxville was a sour personality with an acid tongue, and he was the one whom those like James Barto feared the most—and hated most to see win.



COLLIER'S "If you're hearing such funny noises why don't you laugh at some of them?" SCOTT BROWN

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Julia took her father's arm and directed him along the way to the polls in the Fourth Ward. "I hear sounds of a crowd, Julia," the major said.

"It is a crowd, Papa. In front of the polls."

Julia's heart took a dip, and she didn't have the strength to look.

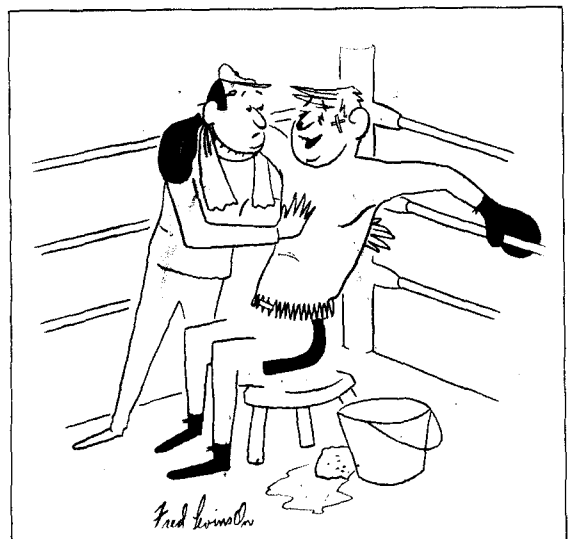
"What is it, Julia?"

It was Jimmy Barto, big and strong, and smiling mean. Jimmy was standing in the middle of the sidewalk, blocking the natural path to the polls. And there was General Forrest, not too far behind Jimmy, with a wide, flat board in his huge hands and an angry look on his face. His eyes were on young Barto, but he wasn't saying anything at all, he was just watching.

"Two against one," said Julia. "Father, it isn't fair."

"I told you to warn the fellow, Julia. You should have made him stay away."

But Wilby Evans had not stayed away. He was standing on the sidewalk, too, a few feet from Jimmy Barto. He looked nervous and almost afraid.



"I think I've *really* got him worried. They hang guys for murder in this state."

COLLIER'S — FRED LEVINSON

Julia forgot that she was a woman and that a woman was supposed to stay out of men's affairs. "Stand up to him, Wilby!" she cried. "I'm here with you. And I'll fight them with you."

There was a gasp, and everybody stared. Even General Forrest seemed a little startled and shocked.

"Julia," said the major. "Have you gone completely mad, Julia?"

JIMMY BARTO refused to allow the outcries to bother him. He knew what he had come to do. "What d'you want here, Evans?" asked Barto.

"I want to vote, like everyone else."

"Why don't you go back to Ohio and vote?"

"Because I live here now. Memphis is my home."

"It'll never be home for the likes of you," said James Barto, and he took a step forward. "For the last time, will you get out?"

"I'm going to vote," answered Wilby Evans. He took a step forward, and there was a low moan from the crowd. Julia was proud of Wilby—very proud.

Jimmy's Barto's fist shot out, and it caught the smaller man on the jaw. Evans dropped to one knee on the sidewalk, and there was blood on his shirt; but he was up in an instant, and he charged into Barto. But he was unable to do any damage; Barto was too expert, too experienced.

"I'm going to lick you good," shouted Barto. And he leaped upon the Yankee, knocking Wilby into the gutter, sending his eyeglasses flying and pounding Wilby's head against the stones.

At first, the crowd couldn't believe it. What on earth was happening?

The wide board flashed through the sky, and it dropped with a flat, ugly smack against the backsides of Jimmy Barto and sent him tumbling like a barrel into the middle of the street.

GENERAL FORREST had moved swiftly; his voice was like a roar. "Young idiot," he said. "You have no idea of the wrong you're trying to do. Now you get away from here."

Jimmy Barto picked himself up, bewildered. This was his hero talking, the man he had admired above all other men in life. Jimmy turned, and some people claimed later that he was weeping when he left.

Forrest, the fierce Forrest, was gentle when he helped Wilby Evans to return to his feet. "I wouldn't have let Jimmy Barto go so far," he said, "but the lad needed a lesson in some good, sound thinking, and I had a great curiosity to see what you aimed to do. You're a brave man, sir, a mighty brave man. And I would like to be the first one to shake your hand and to present you with a proper ballot."

They shook hands while the watchers gaped. Wilby Evans was as surprised as the others.

"Please don't misunderstand anything, General," he said. "I still plan to vote Republican."

"Well, go ahead," said General Forrest, and he laughed. "You're a brave man to tell me about it, son. I repeat, you're a mighty brave man."

Charlie Harris came up beside Julia and Major Dale. Charlie was so proud that he was about to bust wide open. "By Godfrey, I knew Wilby was brave," said Charlie, "but I didn't figure him to be that brave."

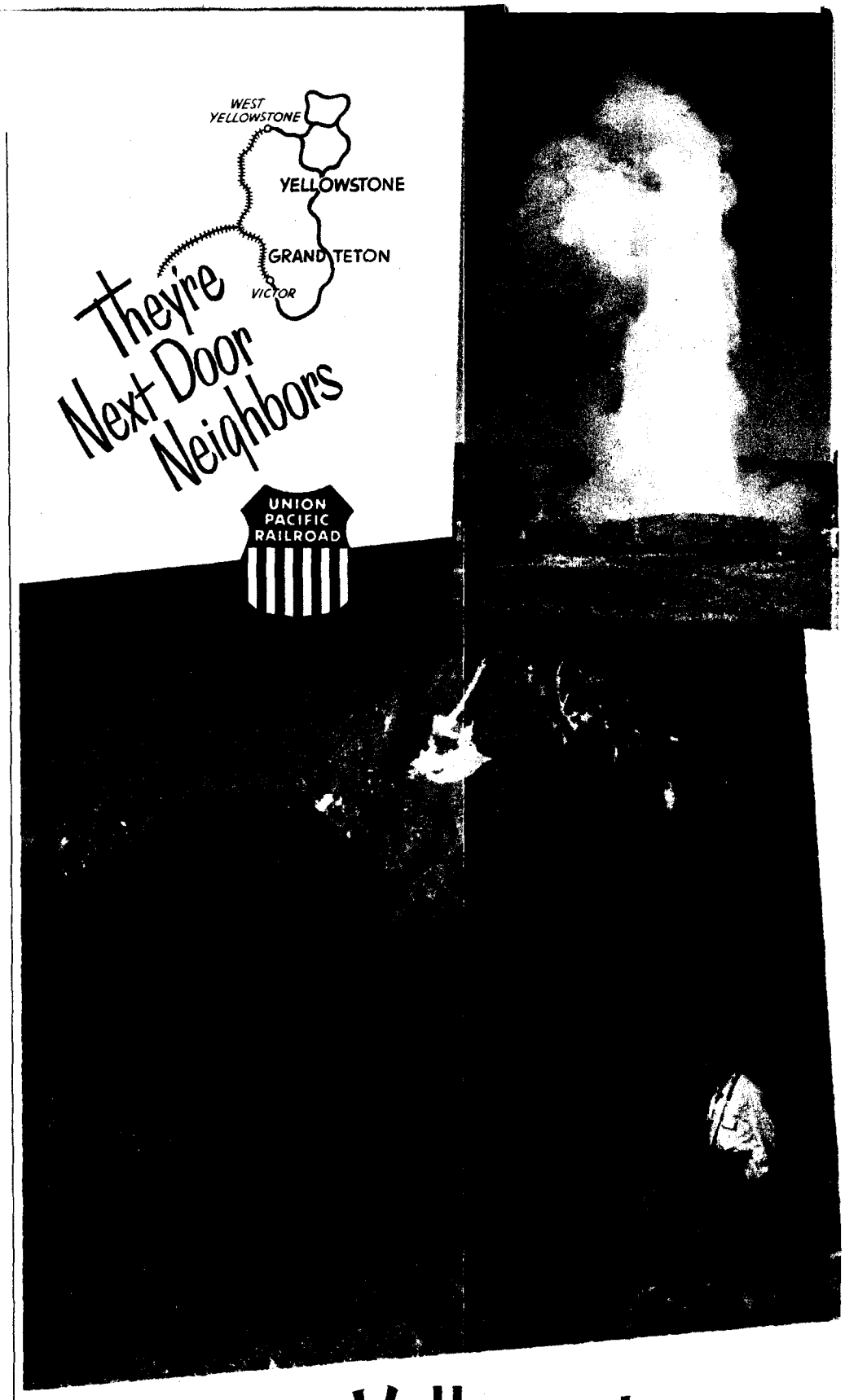
"How could you have known he was brave?" demanded Abner Dale. "Didn't he hire someone else to fight for him in the war?"

"He did not," answered Harris. "You know why Wilby didn't want to talk about the war? Because he was wounded with Sherman's troops at Shiloh, that's why. He knew that you lost your eyesight in that battle, Abner. He didn't know how you might feel about it."

Julia started crying then. She just couldn't help it; she just started in crying.

General Forrest came over and took her hand. "I've known you all of your life, but today is the first time that I've really seen you," he said. "Why, you're more than just pretty, Julia. You're something new to us, I think. A flower with fire in its roots, and a touch of iron. A woman who uses her mind as well as her heart. I'm grateful and I'm happy because I know that you and that young man over there will be giving us the kind of children we'll need so badly in the South."

Even after Wilby Evans came over and put his arms around her, Julia kept right on crying. But for the first time in her life, she was proud not to be like the prettiest girls—all pink and white. She had a quality of her own to be proud of. ▲▲▲



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A Spring Walk with Kieran

Come for a stroll in the springtime woods with a man who's in love with nature

By JOHN KIERAN

SIMPLE honesty compels the warning that reading these words may possibly do you good and, therefore, you had better give some thought to the matter of dropping it right here. From this point you continue reading only at your own risk and peril.

Henry Thoreau, the American essayist and philosopher, once said: "If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life." Quite right, too, but don't start running immediately because I herewith disclaim any conscious design of doing anybody any good.

I am merely setting down some reflections on a habit I have formed of walking at least two miles, if possible, every day. However, walking has been highly spoken of as a healthful exercise. In fact, many sedentary physicians prescribe it for patients, alleging that "a walk will do you good." Now, I view the matter in an entirely different light. I walk because I like to walk. I enjoy the exercise and I am entertained by what I see and hear along the way. It may be that the doctors are right in saying that "walking is good for you," but the only opinion I have to offer from a medical standpoint is that I have been taking daily walks for some thirty years and I conclude that, though habit-forming, the practice is not quickly fatal. If amiable mention of some of the enjoyments of walking stirs a reader to going for a walk which, as the weight of medical opinion has it, "will do him good," the blame lies on his own head and I wash my hands of it.

One thing about walking is that it costs practically nothing, which is an important item these days. It is also a highly respectable diversion—especially in the springtime—and often looked upon with admiration if the walker wears tweeds and carries a blackthorn stick, though that isn't the way I take to the road myself. Old clothes and a pair of field glasses with which to spy on birds are my equipment.

Walking is time-honored, hallowed by footprints famous in history. Plato expounded his philosophy while walking up and down an olive grove in an Athens park some 2,300 years ago. Peter the Hermit went on a walking tour of France and Germany in 1095 A.D. and stirred up the First Crusade, which eventually led to the others and a vast amount of long-distance walking.

There is no reason for boasting of walking as though it were a special talent or virtue possessed by an endowed few. Everybody who isn't bedridden walks to some extent every day. But to set out deliberately for a walk is another matter, and any discussion of it must include mention of relevant matters such as time, place, distance and weather conditions. Edward Payson Weston walked all the way across the United States. Dr. Livingstone walked across Africa. Admiral Peary finally reached the North Pole on foot, and Roald Amundsen arrived at the South Pole in similar plodding fashion which, I think, was going to extremes. I merely hope to get in my modest two miles or more a day, preferably over open and friendly country.

John Kieran, author and walker, says: "Even if I start out alone, I meet many friends along the way"

Often it takes me some hours because I so frequently stand around watching birds through my field glasses or stop to peer through a pocket magnifying glass at buds, leaves, flowers, seed pods, insects or other interesting items encountered en route. If it is good country, I never tire of going over the same ground and heartily concur in the opinion of the naturalist John Burroughs: "To learn something new, take the path today that you took yesterday."

There is a neighborhood swamp that I have been visiting since boyhood, and it still keeps turning up something new for me. There the skunk cabbages, brazenly poking their noses up through the snow and frozen ground in January, start the spring push. There the early birds from the South arrive in late February and the spring "peepers" sound off in March. It's in the swamp that the fresh greenery of the young year first catches the eye. Here is the home of the wood duck and the bittern, the spicebush and the marsh marigold, the speckled alder and the red maple.

Since I walk at all seasons, I encounter all sorts of weather, some of which I do not approve. I like walking in the spring rain when I am properly dressed for the occasion, but I never met a man, woman or beast who really enjoyed walking in a drenching downpour. Personally, I'm against high winds, too, by land or sea, especially at low temperatures when they cut like a knife. Tennyson moodily mentions "blasts that blow the poplar white" and such strong winds that "rooks are blown about the skies." Picturesque and poetical, to be sure, but Aeolus can put those winds back in the bag so far as I am concerned. Rain needn't bother a walker unless it is overdone, in which case it makes hard going. A curious thing that soon becomes apparent to one who is not easily balked of a daily walk is that, whether it is raining or blowing, the weather is never as bad outside as it looks through a living-room window.

I have good friends who share my liking for cross-country work and they double the enjoyment of a fine walk. But even if I start out alone, I meet many friends along the way. Eyebrows may be raised, or there may be some significant tapping of the forehead, when I mention some of these friends. One is a red-tailed hawk that I have come to know because it has several primary feathers permanently missing from its right wing.

Other friends are an assortment of painted turtles that sun themselves on a half-submerged log in my favorite swamp. Before we became well acquainted they would slide off into the water at my approach, but now that we know one another they acknowledge the friendship by remaining undisturbed as I go by. On several occasions, indeed, one or two have winked at me. Other firm friends are three tall tulip trees that stand on a roadside above a river, their great trunks looming up like Greek columns. Every time I meet these trees I feel the better for it.

Comfortable footwear is at the bottom of every enjoyable step along the road. If the shoe doesn't fit, no sensible walker would think of wearing it. Woolen socks are best. Dress optional, depending upon the weather. When in doubt, play it safe.

Take to the woods on windy days. It's quieter there. Keep your ears open. You can always hear more birds than you can see. Keep your eyes open. There are flowers in bloom through most months of the year, and trees are as interesting even in early spring as they are in summer. These are not sinister suggestions to stir up nonwalkers but merely my own rules of conduct. I have a few more. Take the sun over your shoulder for the best views. Avoid slippery footing as you would the plague, and don't sit on damp ground. Keep walking. ▲▲▲

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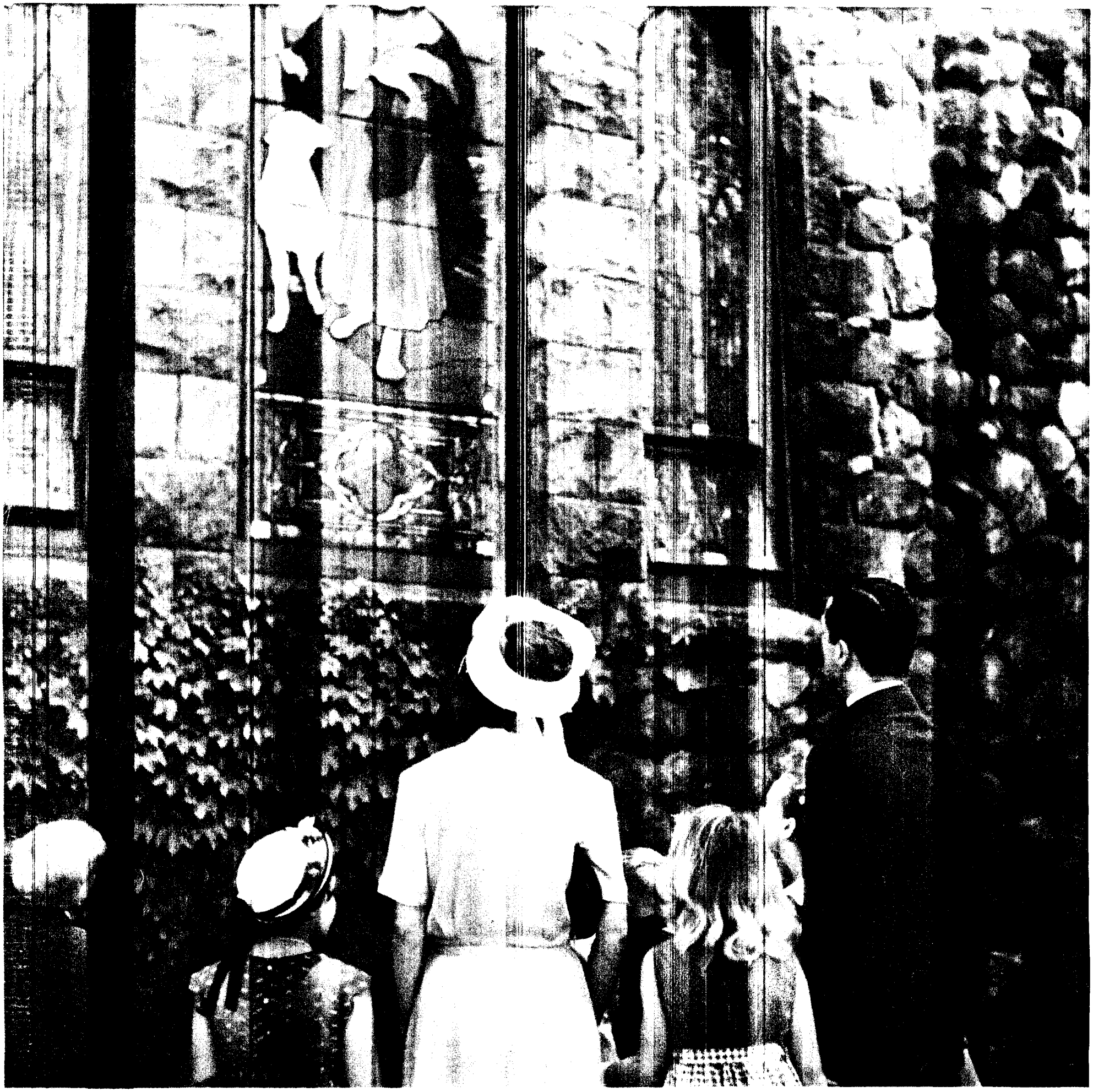

With teacher Anne Munger Forsman and Rev. R. Benjamin Garrison, Sunday-school pupils view stained-glass window at Bishop Janes Methodist Church, hear story of Jesus and stray sheep

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER

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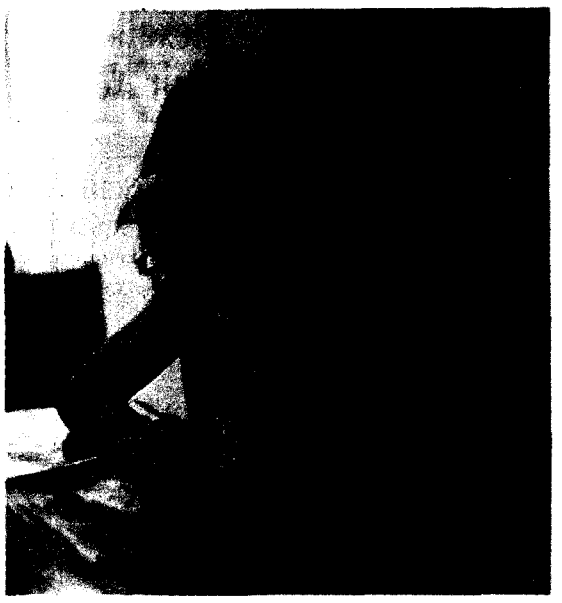
Teacher discusses a Bible story with Karen Schroeder (left), Sydney Smith, Sally Pentico

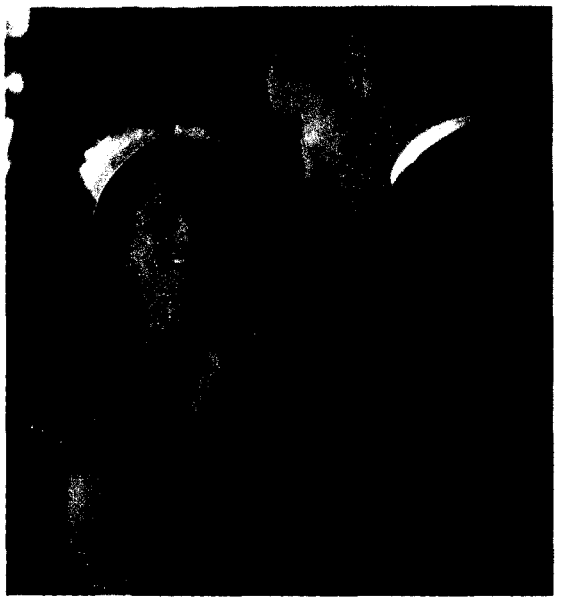
Like all kids in school, Sally Pentico finds time for a little tomfoolery with a classmate

At Sunday-school outing held on church grounds, Mrs. Forsman's son, Dale, puts trimmings on hot dog as she sets 'em up. John Lytle IV (l.) and Dean Forsman (r.) await their turn

Sydney Smith draws Bible characters, a device teacher uses to intensify interest in religion



Karen Schroeder shaves crayon stub onto wax paper, preparing to make stained-glass window



On church steps Mrs. Forsman and Reverend Mr. Garrison plan for the next Sunday's work

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teachers are dedicated people. They give their time, their thought and their hearts to the job of bringing the inspirations of religion to children. But all too often they are taken for granted, like the Sunday papers. The week of April 13th is National Sunday School Week. The teachers, however, will not be sitting back awaiting tributes; their hopes go beyond that. What they want is to see more youngsters on Sunday mornings.

Mrs. Anne Munger Forsman is a typical Sunday-school teacher. She teaches second grade at the Bishop Janes Methodist Church Sunday School in Basking Ridge, New Jersey. Although she is married and has two young children, she devotes over 400 hours a year to her Sunday class—78 hours to teaching, 92 to administrative meetings and about 300 hours to preparing her lessons. Bishop Janes, like most Sunday schools, can't afford expensive teaching aids, and teachers must use their ingenuity to make school easy and fun for the children.

Mrs. Forsman keeps her seven second-graders interested by dramatizing their schoolwork. Instead of listening to her read Bible stories, they get to know Bible people by acting in little plays. Instead of simply being told about such religious symbols as the figures in stained-glass windows, they make drawings of the windows and discuss them in class. They sing songs and hear poems and legends about Biblical characters. And they bring them to life with jolly homemade puppets.

Such activities help the children come away with a lasting feeling of joy in religion. If they learn to love God and the Bible, Mrs. Forsman has earned her reward. Like the 2,500,000 other Sunday-school teachers in the country, she hopes she is teaching the young not only how to think and act, but how to live. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EVE ARNOLD

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REXALL 1¢

Twice as Much for a Penny More

STATIONERY SAVINGS

- ☐ **Graylyne Letters,** white, 36 sheets, 30 matching envelopes, regular $1.00 box . . **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Sculptured Letters,** white vellum, orchid or gardenia design embossed in 3 colors, 36 sheets, 24 matching envelopes, reg. $1.00, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton,** 24 white flat sheets, watermark design, 24 envelopes, 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Gossamer Text,** 36 blue fabric-finish sheets, 20 white paper-lined envs., reg. $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Dainty Sheer,** 36 sheets, 24 with design, 24 paper-lined envs., reg. $1.50 box, **2 for $1.51**
- ☐ **Floral Notes,** cello pack of 12 notes in choice of floral designs, 12 envelopes . . 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Thank You Notes,** 10 engraved notes with envelopes . . . . . 50c **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Flower Show Folded Notes,** 16 French-fold notes with designs in full color, 16 envelopes . . . . . $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore White Vellum Notes,** 20 notes, 20 envelopes . . . . . 65c **2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Mechanical Pencil** . . . 69c **2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **Lead Pencils, Old Colony,** No. 2 lead . . 5c **2 for 6¢**
- ☐ **Filler Paper,** 2- or 3-punch, 10c pack . . **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **Commercial Envelopes,** No. 10 . . . . . 15c **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ **Elite Linen Ink Tablets,** plain or ruled . . . **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Elite Linen Envelopes,** 20c pack . . . . . **2 for 21¢**

ADRIENNE BEAUTY AIDS

- ☐ **Bath Powder,** scented, 7½ oz. . . $1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Compressed Face Powder** . . . . . $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Face Powder,** 4 flattering shades . . 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Cold or Cleansing Cream** . . . . . 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Velour Powder Puff,** 3-inch . . . . . 15c **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ **Cologne,** subtle, dainty, 4 oz., $1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Hand Cream,** softens, protects, 4¼ oz., 85c **2 for 86¢**

SHAVING SAVINGS

- ☐ **Rexall Ready-Shave Shaving Cream,** press tip for luxurious instant lather, 10 oz., **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion,** 4 oz. . . 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Shave Cream,** Brushless or Lather, **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **Rexall After-Shave Lotion,** 6 oz. . . . . 49c **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Bay Rum,** astringent, pint . . . 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Shaving Bowl** . . . . . $1.10 **2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **Lather Brush,** Klenzo, 2-tone plastic handle . . . . . $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Permedge Blades,** 20 double or 18 single edge; extra-sharp, long-lasting . . 49c **2 for 50¢**

DENTAL BARGAINS

- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder,** 3 oz., 55c **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Plate Cleanser,** 4 oz., 50c **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder,** 3 oz. . . **2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **Dental Floss,** acetate vial, 30 yds., 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Sodium Perborate,** flavored, 4 oz. . . 55c **2 for 56¢**

BUYS FOR BABIES

- ☐ **Rexall Stork Nurser,** 8-oz. bottle, nipple and cap complete, easiest to use, 35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Quik-Swabs,** 100 sterile, cotton-tipped applicators, ideal for nursery . . . . 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Hall's Borated Talc,** full pound . . . . 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Stork Double Tab Nipples** . . . . . 3 for 25c **6 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Nursery Castile Soap,** pure, mild, 19c bar **2 for 20¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Polymulsion,** high potency Vitamins A, C, D, B_1, B_2; pleasantly flavored, 4oz., $1.15 **2 for $1.16**
- ☐ **Baby Bottle Brush,** nylon . . . . . 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Baby Rattles,** assorted styles . . . . . 25c **2 for 26¢**

REXALL REMEDIES

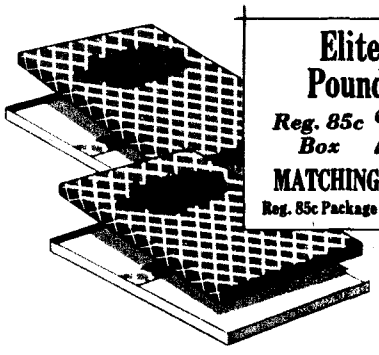
- ☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia,** mild, creamy-smooth, less "earthy" taste, pint, 39c **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **Fungi-Rex Greaseless,** effective ointment for relief of Athlete's Foot, 1½ oz. . . . 63c **2 for 64¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Eyelo,** soothing, cleansing, refreshing eyewash, half-pint with eye-cup, 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Foot Powder,** 4-oz. tin . . . . . 33c **2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **Rexillana Cough Syrup,** 4 oz. . . . . 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Rex-Rub,** muscle ache relief, 6 oz., 89c **2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **Monacet APC Compound,** time-tested pain-relief formula, 25 tablets . . . 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Pile Ointment,** 1-oz. tube . . . . 65c **2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **Gypsy Cream,** soothing, stainless lotion for relief of skin irritations, 8 oz. . . . . 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Diuretic Pills,** kidney stimulant, 60's, 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Aspirex Cough Drops,** contain aspirin, 10c **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup,** 8 oz., 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Pabizol,** for simple diarrhea, 4 oz., 55c **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Little Pills,** laxative, 100's . . 35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Mentholated White Pine & Tar Compound,** soothing cough remedy, 8 oz. . . . . 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Analgesic Liquid,** rubbing liniment, 65c **2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Antacid Gas Tablets,** 40's . . . 35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cold Sore Lotion,** ¼ oz. . . . . 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Nose Drops,** aqueous, 1 oz., 43c **2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Orderlies,** flavored laxative, 60's, **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **Rex-Salvine,** antiseptic burn salve, 53c **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets Special,** 30's . . . 39c **2 for 40¢**

Rexall Aspirin
None finer or faster-acting. 5-grain, 100's.
Reg. 54c **2 for 55¢**

Rexall Rubbing Alcohol Compound
Our very finest quality
Reg. 69c Pint **2 for 70¢**

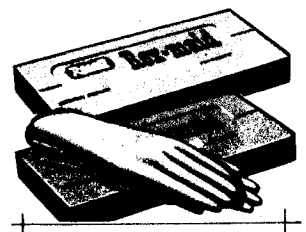
Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic
The only ruby-red antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.
Reg. 79c Pint **2 for 80¢**

Rexall Mi-31
Antiseptic, amber mouthwash, gargle, breath-deodorant.
Reg. 79c Pint **2 for 80¢**

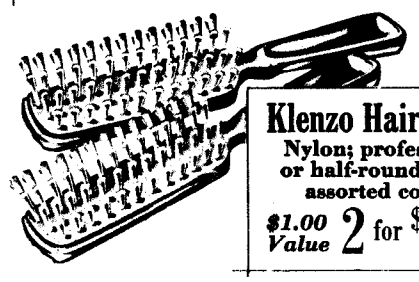


Elite Linen Pound Paper
Reg. 85c Box **2 for 86¢**
MATCHING ENVELOPES
Reg. 85c Package **2 for 86¢**

Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape
Less irritating. 1" x 5 Yds.
Reg. 35c **2 for 36¢**



Rex-Maid Household Gloves
Natural latex rubber ... non-slip finish.
Reg. 79c Pair **2 for 80¢**



Klenzo Hair Brush
Nylon; professional or half-round styles; assorted colors.
$1.00 Value **2 for $1.01**

- **Glycerin Suppositories,** *adult or infant, 12's* . . . . . *43c* **2 for 44¢**
- **Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol Compound,** *pint, 49c* **2 for 50¢**
- **Ball Point or Fountain Pen** . . . . . *$1.00* **2 for $1.01**
- **Helen Cornell Bobby Pins,** *black or bronze, 24's, 10c* **2 for 11¢**
- **Victoria Hot Water Bottle,** *2-quart* . . . . . *$2.19* **2 for $2.20**
- **Victoria Fountain Syringe,** *2-quart* . . . . . *$2.59* **2 for $2.60**
- **Billfolds,** *Men's and Ladies', assorted styles in durable plastic* . . . . . *$1.00* **2 for $1.01**
- **Rexall Saccharin Tablets,** *½-grain, 1000's* . . . *$1.26* **2 for $1.27**
- **Ladies' Plastic Scuffs,** *shirred vamps, colorful; assorted sizes* . . . . . *59c* **2 for 60¢**
- **Lavender Bath Powder,** *fine-textured, 9-oz. box* . . . . . *$1.25* **2 for $1.26**
- **Rexall Petrofol Mineral Oil,** *fine quality, full pint* . . . . . *59c* **2 for 60¢**
- **Helen Cornell Soap,** *Toilet or Bath, regular $1.19 box,* **2 for $1.20**
- **Commercial Envelopes,** *6¾ size, white, reg. 10c pack,* **2 for 11¢**
- **Theatrical Cold or Cleansing Cream,** *1-lb., $1.00* **2 for $1.01**
- **Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide,** *USP, 3%, 10 Vol., full pint* . . . . . *45c* **2 for 46¢**
- **Hair Nets,** *Nylon, French Mesh or Regular* . . . . . *10c* **2 for 11¢**

CHECK THESE MONEY-SAVERS

- ☐ **Medford Facial Tissues,** 300's . . . . . **2 for 39¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Beef, Wine & Iron,** tonic, pint . . **2 for $1.41**
- ☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Paste,** 3¼ oz. . . **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Sugar-Free Tooth Paste,** 3¼ oz. . . **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Witch Hazel,** astringent, pint . . . . **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Epsom Salt,** medicinal, pound . . . **2 for 41¢**
- ☐ **Cannon Wash Cloth,** assorted colors . . . . **2 for 18¢**
- ☐ ***Rexall Puretest*** **MINERAL OIL** Pt. **2 FOR 86¢** Qt. **2 FOR $1.26** Extra-heavy . . . colorless, odorless, tasteless . . . non-fattening and non-habit-forming.
- ☐ **Swim Kap,** triple seal, assorted colors, **2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **Monreale Olive Oil,** imported, 12 oz. . . **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Tiny Tot Pops,** cluster of 7 lollipops . . . . **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **Jumbo Chocolate Bars,** plain or almond, **2 for 37¢**
- ☐ **"$50,000" Chocolate Syrup,** 7-oz. tin . . **2 for 23¢**
- ☐ **Tumbler,** 11 oz., Libbey Safedge . . . . . **2 for 13¢**
- ☐ **KLENZO NYLON TOOTH BRUSH** Assorted medically approved styles—tufted, convex, oval—medium or hard. Also popular fine textured model. **2 FOR 40¢**
- ☐ **Scout Flashlight Battery,** standard size, **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ **No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant,** full pint . . . **2 for $1.10**
- ☐ **Boric Acid Ointment,** white, 1-oz. tube . . **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Castor Oil,** U.S.P. purity, 3 oz. . . **2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Analgesic Balm,** 1-oz. tube . . . . . **2 for 58¢**
- ☐ **Cascara Compound Tabs.** (Hinkle) 100's, **2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **"84-80" Nail Polish Remover** . . . . . **2 for 36¢**

You can depend on any drug product

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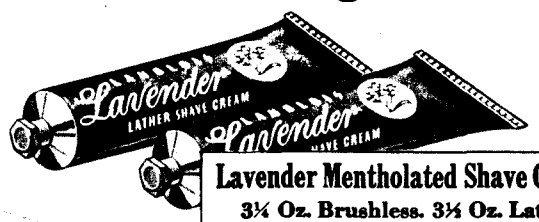
SALE

SALE DAYS

Wednesday	April 15th
Thursday	April 16th
Friday	April 17th
Saturday	April 18th

USE THIS AD AS YOUR SHOPPING LIST AND ORDER IN ADVANCE. **Your Rexall Family Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the sale.**

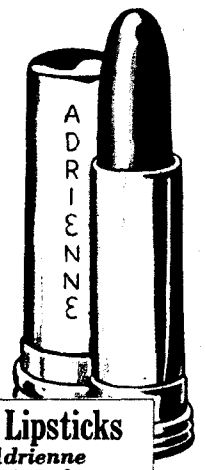
...at Rexall Drug Stores Everywhere



Lavender Mentholated Shave Cream
3¼ Oz. Brushless. 3½ Oz. Lather
Reg. 59c Tube **2 for 60¢**

Men's and Ladies' **Sun Glasses**
Certified safe Ful-Vue lenses; meet US Bur. of Stds. requirements CS 79-40.
Reg. $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
Children's Sun Glasses, 29c, 2 for 30c

Stick Colognes
Garden Spice or Lavender Fragrances. Convenient... spill-proof.
Reg. $1.00 **2 for $1.01**



Indelo Lipsticks
by Adrienne
Choice of glamorous shades
Reg. $1.00 **2 for $1.01**

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Don't Miss these Bonus Buys

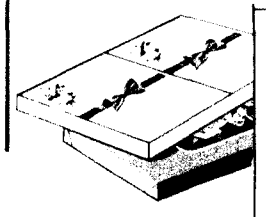
Rexall Chlorophyll Tooth Paste
Sweetens the breath as it cleans.
Giant 69c Tube **3 for 99¢**

Rexall Plastic Quik-Bands
27's Reg. 39c **27¢**
Elastic adhesive bandages that stretch and cling.

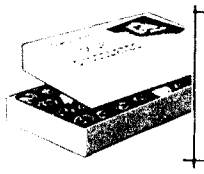
Everyday Greeting Cards
$1.40 Value Box **59¢**
14 all-occasion cards & envelopes.

Cape Cod Picnic Jug
Half Gallon.
$1.98 Value **$1.49**

Cannon Bath Towels
3 for $1.49
$2.07 Value
20"x40" size; new "deep-tone" colors.



Rose Trio
Smart Social Stationery **59¢**
$1.25 Value
24 rose-lithographed, 24 plain sheets; 24 envelopes.



Homemaid Chocolates
$1.59 Value 2 lbs. **$1.19**
Milk chocolates; tasty, assorted centers.

Elkays Aerosol Insect Killer
$1.29 Value
79¢ **Push-button spray; easy-to-use.**
12 Oz.

- ☐ **Playing Cards,** Bridge, Poker, Pinochle, **2 for 96¢**
- ☐ **Aga-Rex,** gentle laxative, pint .....**2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **Dainty Mist Deodorant,** in 1½-oz. plastic squeeze-bottle, quick and easy to use, **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Zinc Oxide Ointment,** 1-oz. tube ..**2 for 26¢**

☐ **SPUNTEX NYLONS**
2 PAIRS $1.51 First quality Dupont Nylons; 51 gauge, 15 denier; popular new Spring shades.
$2.50 Value

- ☐ **Rexall Camphorated Oil,** liniment, 4 oz., **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tablets,** ½-grain, 100's, **2 for 46¢**; ¼-grain, 100's.....**2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Elkays Insecticide,** with 6% DDT, pint ..**2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Carica Bile Tablets,** 100's .....**2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Rex-Seltzer,** effervescent alkalizer, 25's, **2 for 59¢**
- ☐ **Tiny Tot Baby Oil,** antiseptic, 6 oz. .....**2 for 58¢**
- ☐ **Tiny Tot Baby Lotion,** antiseptic, 6 oz. ..**2 for 58¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Tincture Benzoin Compound,** 1 oz.,**2 for 41¢**
- ☐ **Adrienne Velour Powder Puff,** 4" size ....**2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets,** 36's ...**2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Elkays White Shoe Polish,** 6 oz. .....**2 for 29¢**
- ☐ **Dental Floss,** acetate vial, 100 yards ..**2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cod Liver Oil,** high potency, pt., **2 for $1.61**
- ☐ **Rexall B Complex Capsules,** 100's ....**2 for $2.60**
- ☐ **Rexall Brewer's Yeast Tablets,** B-Complex, 250's, **2 for $1.01**; 100's .....**2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Polycaps,** child's multi-vitamins, **2 for $2.01**
- ☐ **Dicalcium Phosphate Capsules with Viosterol,** especially for expectant mothers, 100's, **2 for $1.36**
- ☐ **Rexall ABDG Capsules,** 100's.....**2 for $1.66**

☐ **REXALL PANOVITE**
100's 2 FOR $3.20 One capsule a day supplies all vitamins with known daily minimum requirements.

- ☐ **Rexall Polymulsion,** child's vits., pt., **2 for $3.60**
- ☐ **Rexall Beta-Caps,** Vitamin B, 100's ..**2 for $2.11**
- ☐ **Vit. B_{12} Conc.,** 5 mcgs. caps., 100's, **2 for $2.01**
- ☐ **Rexall Percocod,** A & D Vitamins, 110's, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Rexall Yeast & Iron Tablets,** 100's .....**2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Rexall A & D Tablets,** children's, 100's, **2 for $1.21**
- ☐ **Rexall Wheat Germ Oil Capsules,** 50's, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Rexall Halibut Liver Oil Capsules,** 50's, **2 for $1.11**

that bears the name Rexall

Right reserved to limit quantities. Prices subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Items, prices and dates may vary slightly in Canada. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 48, California.

MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

- ☐ **Rexall Aspirin for Children,** 50 orange-flavored, 1-grain tablets.....35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Boric Acid,** powder or crystal, 4 oz., **2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder,** spray or gargle, **2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Aspirin Tabs.,** 36 in handy tin, 27c **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **Cascara Aromatic,** fluid extract, 4 oz., 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Spirits of Camphor,** 1 oz. ....37c **2 for 38¢**
- ☐ **Ascorbic Acid Tabs.,** 100 mg., 100's, **2 for $1.99**
- ☐ **Rexall Glycerin,** skin softener, 3 oz., 75c **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Tincture Iodine,** 1 oz. with applicator, 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Epsom Salt,** medicinal, 4 oz., 17c **2 for 18¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Soda Mint Tablets,** 140's ....35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Tincture Green Soap,** 8 oz. ....65c **2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **Glycerin & Rose Water,** lotion, 4 oz., 49c **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Toothache Drops,** large size, 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Essence Peppermint,** 1 oz. ....47c **2 for 48¢**
- ☐ **Toilet Lanolin,** soothes skin, 1 oz...27c **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome,** ½ oz. .....25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Cascara Sagrada Tabs.,** 5-grain, 100's, **2 for 82¢**
- ☐ **Thiamin Hydrochloride,** Vitamin B_1, 10 mg. tablets, 100's.....$1.51 **2 for $1.52**
- ☐ **Rexall Spirits Ammonia,** aromatic, 1 oz., **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Hydrogen Peroxide,** bleach, 4 oz....21c **2 for 22¢**
- ☐ **Corn Solvent,** painless corn remover, 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution,** 4 oz. ....25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Iron, Liver & Bone Marrow Compound,** tonic for simple or nutritional anemia, 8 oz., **2 for $1.30**
- ☐ **Peptona,** tonic and appetite stimulant, pint.....**2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Calamine Lotion,** soothing to rash and skin irritations, 4 oz. .....35c **2 for 36¢**

HAIR GROOM BUYS

- ☐ **Helen Cornell Cream Shampoo,** 4 oz., 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Maximum Hard Rubber Combs** .....29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Cocoanut Oil Shampoo,** 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cream Hair Tonic,** 5 oz. .....53c **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Hair Oil,** scented, 4 oz. .....29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cocoanut Oil Shampoo,** 6 oz., 53c **2 for 54¢**
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The Wild Man of COUNTY GALWAY

A telegram to Hollywood, California! How absurdly far would these women drive a man?

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

A LARGE and elegant car halted on the roadway outside the post office, in the little seaside village of Praiseach, some distance west of Galway on the Connemara coast. It was a sky-blue American convertible of the latest model, bearing a New York license plate. Its three passengers, two women and a man, all looked as smart and gay as the car itself. Arm in arm, they crossed the road and entered the post office. "God save all here," the young man said in Irish.

It was old-age pension day, and the room was full of people who stared with their mouths open at the young man. He certainly looked very odd in that extremely primitive neighborhood. He was a fine, handsome fellow in early youth, with luxuriant dark hair and a sun-tanned face that had regular features and good, strong bones. His blue eyes looked extremely intelligent, and a mocking smile played continually about his half-opened mouth. He was dressed like a Breton fisherman, in a pale-red suit, except that the material was of very fine quality and had obviously never come in contact with sordid labor of any sort.

It was not his dress, however, that astonished the local people. What they found really odd was the fluency with which he used the local dialect of the Gaelic language. Even though he had only spoken a few words, they could see that his pronunciation and his tone were perfect. They were fully persuaded by his speech that he was a native of the district. Yet his dress and his manners were those of a rich Dubliner or of a foreigner.

"What is the meaning of it?" many of the poor creatures said to themselves in wonder, as they gaped at the elegant fellow. "In the world today, good Irish like his is only spoken by poor people and a few government officials. This man is not poor, and he looks too decent to be a government official. What class of man can he be, in God's name?"

It was the postmaster, Martin Conlon, that finally answered the salutation. He was a middle-aged man of great size, a good part of which lay in the region of his stomach. His face always wore a sour expression due to chronic indigestion. Owing to the heavy load of fat that he carried, the poor fellow was always short of breath. At first glance, his little gray eyes looked clever. At second glance, however, it became obvious that he was a stupid person, constantly worried by the fear of losing his post.

"It's a fine day, sir, thank God," he said in English.

"Have you no Irish?" said the stranger, with his habitual, mocking smile. "I thought everybody in Praiseach spoke Irish."

True or false, it is said west of Galway that government spies go about trying to discover whether

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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The young man and the two women, who were in the flower of their beauty, were whispering together and grinning

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local officials are loyal to the national language. Martin got afraid that the genial young fellow might be one of those spies. He began to fawn at once like a dog that is begging at the foot of a table.

"Indeed, sir; I have Irish and lashings of it," he said, shifting hurriedly to Gaelic, "only it was how I thought you spoke in English, and since you are a stranger—"

"Never mind that," the young man interrupted. "Whether I'm a stranger or not, you shouldn't judge me by my cover."

Smiling broadly, he then looked about him at those present. Now it was obvious that he was a mocker by nature. He winked at the people and then faced Martin Conlon once more. "Listen, my good man," he said. "Is it possible to send a telegram to America?"

Martin started violently and gripped the edge of the counter with both hands. His face looked horrified. "A telegram?" he gasped.

A FEW of those present burst out laughing; others bit their lower lips, in order to restrain their merriment. They all knew that the postmaster had a bitter hatred of sending a telegram. It seemed to be too much for him. Indeed, it was customary for people to collect from all parts of the parish, when it became known that Conlon had a telegram on hand. They would rather listen to him than to a fiddler, while he was engaged in that work.

"Yes," said the stranger gently. "A telegram to America."

"To America?" said Martin.

"To Hollywood, in California," said the stranger.

"To Hollywood?" said Martin angrily.

"Those women over there," said the young man, nodding over his left shoulder, "want to send a telegram to a friend of theirs that lives in Hollywood."

Martin looked at the two young women, who were now seated on a wooden bench to the right of the door.

"Those two women over there?" he asked.

"That's right," said the stranger. "If you have the means of sending a telegram, please give me a form."

Martin did not reply to this request. He and the local people were gaping at the two women fixedly, like a crowd of cats sitting motionless before a pair of exquisitely plump birds. Indeed, it was difficult to blame them. The two women were in the flower of their beauty, without any visible defect in their features or in their limbs or in their figures. As the saying goes, either one of them was capable of inspiring a corpse with desire for marriage. Like the young man, they were wearing red trousers and *espadrilles*. Unlike his, however, their toes were exposed, and their dainty little toenails were painted a bright pink. From the waist upward, they wore only sleeveless blue shirts, that were skintight and open at the throat. Every roundness known to feminine beauty was modeled in most becoming style by their clothes, without reticence or deception. One of them had dark eyes and hair. The other one was uniformly fair. They both wore jewels in their earrings, and on their wrists and fingers. They didn't take the least notice of the people that were staring at them, but kept up an animated conversation in French while they used their lipsticks.

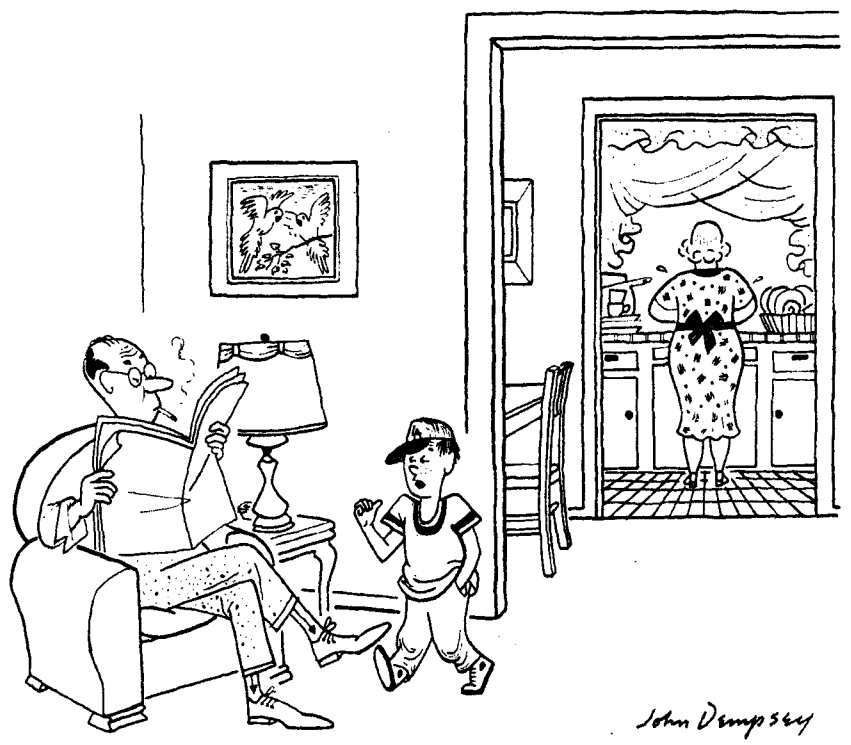
"Listen," the young man said to the postmaster after a little while. "We are rather pressed for time. Could you possibly tell me whether a telegram can be sent from here?"

Martin gave a start and looked at the young man. "What queer language are those women speaking?" he said in a very inquisitive tone. "Would it be American English? Devil a word of it can I understand."

"They are speaking French," the young man said.

"They are French, then?" said Martin. "Ha! Indeed, it was easy to guess that from their—"

"They are not French," the young man interrupted. "The fair-haired lady is American, and the dark lady is Spanish. I'll tell you why they are speaking French. The Spanish girl doesn't speak English and the American girl doesn't speak Spanish. I've been teaching them Irish for the past week, but they are not quite ready to use our language as a medium of conversation. Since they both know French from childhood, they still



COLLIER'S

"You'd better grab a dish towel. Mom's lips are getting tight"

JOHN DEMPSEY

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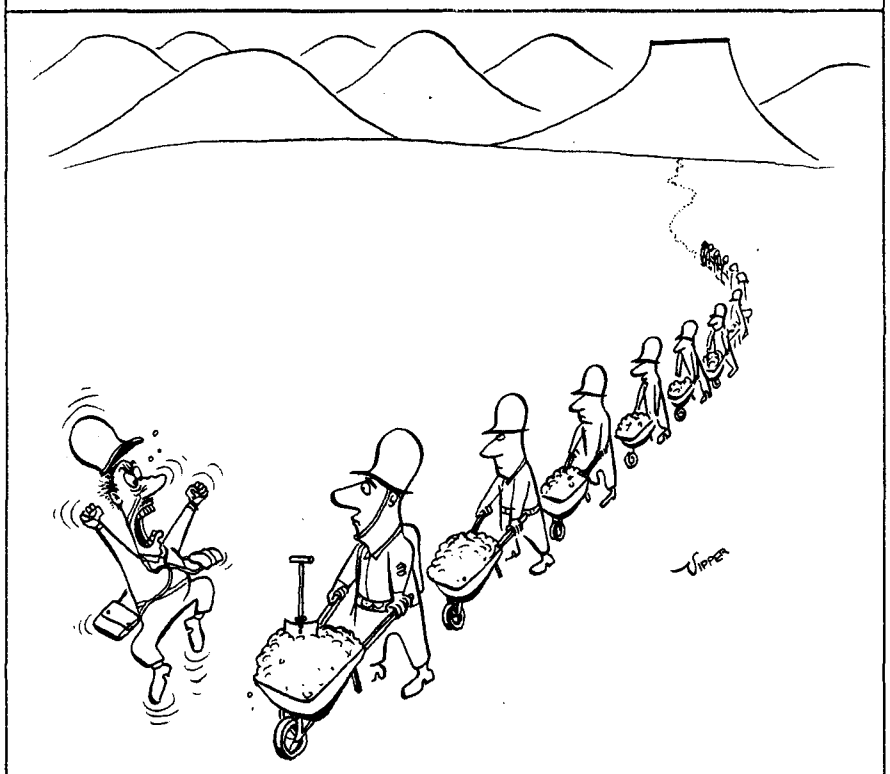
VIP'S WAR



"I didn't *want* the top of the hill! I said to *take* it!"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

use that tongue as a means of normal communication together with German and Italian, both of which they also know fluently. You understand what I mean?"

Martin gaped once more at the two women and began to scratch his head in a ruminative fashion. His small eyes looked angry.

"Blast it for a story!" he said in a sudden rage, as he glared at the young man. "I can't make head or tail of your story."

HIS outburst brought a tremendous peal of laughter from those present. When the laughter had subsided, Martin struck the counter a mighty blow with his clenched fist.

"Ye should be ashamed of yourselves," said he, "for making fun of a poor man that's working for you day and night. I have more to do here than any three men in the parish, and small thanks I get for doing it. There's the pension money and the dole and letters and parcels and official forms to be filled for every department under the government; people asking me to do this for them and that; writing to Dublin and London and Manchester and Glasgow for every sort of newfangled object that foolish people read about in almanacs and newspapers. They all come and ask me to write for them. Those devilish telegrams, and the telephone—that is worst of all; upstart people wanting to ring Galway and even Dublin and to send cables to foreign countries at the time I am most busy. I declare to God it would break the heart of a saint, running back and forth the way I do, with a score of foolish notions shouting in my head, like a Tower of Babel. I would not mind it so much all the same, if loafers like you people didn't spend their days here making fun of me. Loafers without shame!"

An old woman came over to the counter, and struck it a sharp blow with her knuckles. A huge black shawl covered her whole body down to her bare heels, which were almost black with dirt.

"Loafers!" she cried angrily. "So that's what you call the people now! Musha, you miserable creature, may the plague not go past you! The best day you ever were—and that's not yesterday or the day before—you were only a clumsy brute, without intelligence or skill. If people are wasting their time in this place, it's your fault. An infant would be quicker than you, in mind and body. I've been two hours here, waiting for my pension money, but the devil a bit I have yet."

"Shut up!" Martin yelled, as he struck the counter another mighty blow. "Don't ye see that I'm entangled in this fellow that wants to send a telegram?" Then he glanced at the young stranger in a hostile fashion, blew out his red cheeks, and forced an enormous quantity of air out through his mouth. "I'll try to persuade him," he said to himself, "that it's a waste of time to send a telegram from here."

He turned about and walked to the window that lay behind the counter. Then he put his hands behind his back and looked at the elegant car that was shining in the sunlight out on the road.

"Oh, you devil," said he. "There's a machine for you! That's the king of all motorcars. I'm telling you that it wouldn't be long going to Galway. Doesn't it look queer in this ugly place and itself so lovely? It does, 'faith. It looks rich and out of place, setting there unhappily among all these gray stones and the dirty black bogland."

He turned suddenly, came back, and leaned over the counter in front of the young man.

"Is the car yours?" he said.

"No," said the young man. "It belongs to the American girl."

Martin looked at the two women, who were now powdering their faces. Each one of them had a little mirror in her left hand and a puff in the right. The local people were wildly interested in this occupation. They kept moving nearer to the two foreign women, at whom they stared with their mouths wide open.

"Which of them is the American girl?" Martin said.

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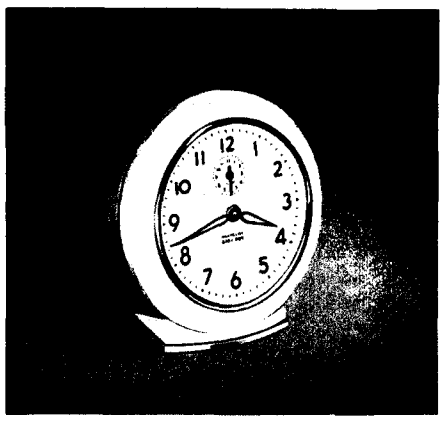

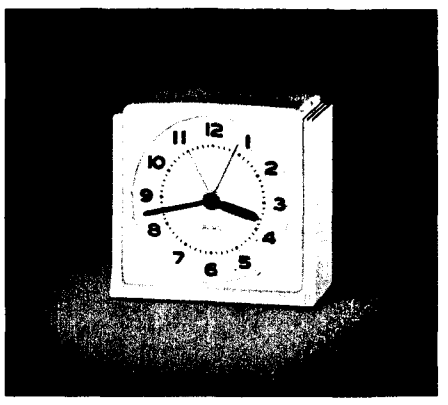

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"The one on the right," replied the young man.

"The one with golden hair?" Martin asked.

"That's right," said the young man.

"Upon my soul," said the postmaster, "she's a fine girl, God bless her. Indeed, she is as handsome a girl as any man could desire, and she appears to be sensible into the bargain, in spite of the terrible way she is dressed. Listen. Go on over and ask her to send this telegram from Galway. With a car like that one outside, she wouldn't be half an hour going into the town. If she sends the telegram from here, it will take her an hour at least. You see, I have to telephone the message to Galway. There's half a dozen towns on this same line, and there's no telling how long—"

"That wouldn't do," said the young man.

"Why not?" said Martin. "She seems to be a kindly person by all appearances. Tell her she'll be causing these poor people great hardship if she insists on sending her telegram. They are half dead waiting already. If they—"

"It's not she who is sending the telegram," the young man interrupted. "It's the Spanish girl."

"The dark one?" said Martin.

THE young man leaned far over the counter, looked about him furtively and said in a dramatic whisper: "She is the daughter of a duke."

Martin Conlon was so surprised by this information that he made the sign of the cross on his forehead. "The daughter of a duke?" he said out loud.

"Don't speak so loudly, good man," the stranger said in pretended fear. "She doesn't like being talked about or noticed in public."

"Oh, you devil!" said Martin, lowering his voice and staring wide-eyed at the Spanish girl. "A duke's daughter! Straight from the factory, so to speak! Begob, she has the cut of it, right enough. I never before saw such a proud face on a woman or as well-shaped a mouth or such splendid breasts or such lovely, long fingers. As for the eyes! No jewel on earth can shine as brightly as the light that sparkles in them with every word she speaks. A duke's daughter! Musha, may we live to see another wonder as great as this!"

"She is not a girl that is easy to hinder, either," said the stranger, "once she has decided to do something. The hot blood of Spain is running madly through her veins."

The local people were now pushing as closely as they could against the stranger, with their ears cocked. They were breathless with curiosity. Some of them seemed to be in severe pain, with their mouths distorted and their eyes dilated.

"Yes," added the stranger, "and this is another fact that you should bear in mind, good man."

The smiling fellow now cast a sidelong glance at the people who were hungrily listening to him, and he raised his voice slightly, as if taking pity on their inquisitiveness.

"She has been invited to dine with the President of the Republic," he said in a very serious tone, "and she's going back to Dublin tomorrow morning to sit at the table with the most important people in the Irish government. It might very well happen, indeed, that the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs would be seated next to her. So that, if you annoy her in any way about sending this telegram, she might whisper a wicked little word in the great man's ear, between drinks. Then where would a poor man like yourself be? You understand what I mean?"

"Oh! You have said enough, sir," Martin muttered gloomily. "I can't understand, though, for the life of me, why a duke's daughter should want to send a telegram from here, instead of sending it from Galway."

"I'll tell you the reason," said the young man. "Her friend's great-great-grandmother came from Praiseach."

"What friend?" said Martin.

"The man that lives out in Hollywood," said the stranger. "His great-great-grandmother was one of the O'Gruadain family that went out to America at the time of the Great Famine."

"It's a foolish thing for a duke's daughter to concern herself with miserable people like the O'Gruadains," said Martin angrily. "The O'Gruadains! Musha, bad luck and damnation to their bogtrotting legs!"

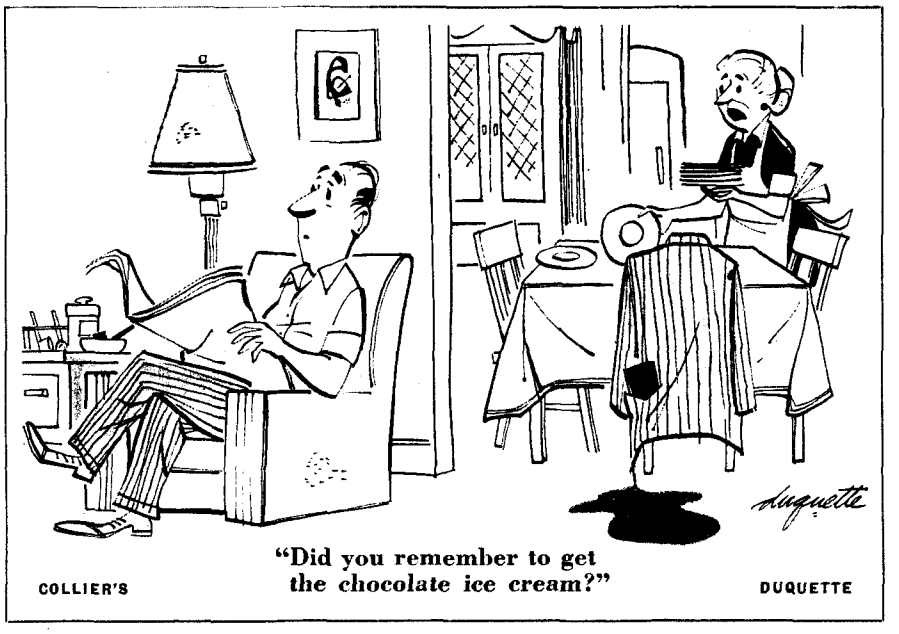
"Never mind the O'Gruadains," said the young stranger genially. "I tell you, good man, that her friend is very famous."

"What friend is this?" Martin shouted in a rage.

"Luis Miguel Gonzales," said the young man, "the greatest dancer in the world today."

"A dancing man?" said Martin.

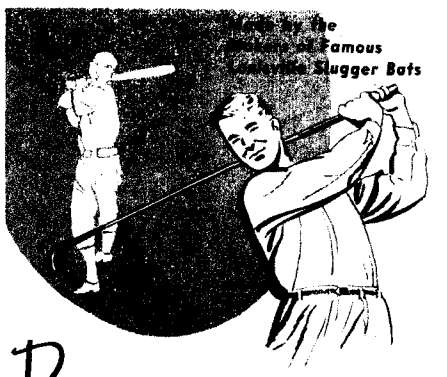
"He is at present in Hollywood," said the young man, "making a film. When the duke's daughter told him that she was going to Ireland, he made her promise that she would visit Praiseach and send him a telegram from there. Now do you understand the story?"



COLLIER'S

"Did you remember to get the chocolate ice cream?"

DUQUETTE



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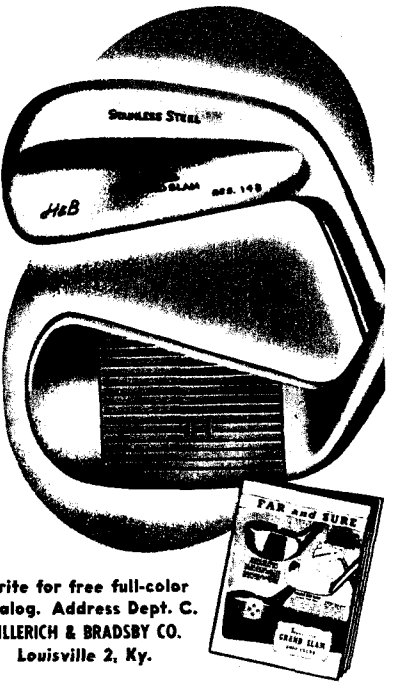

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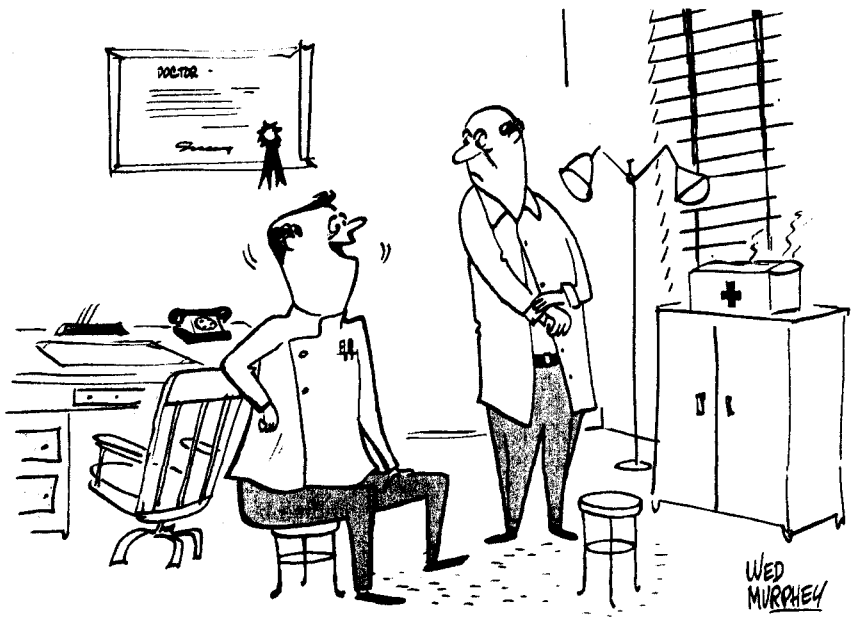

"There's no reason you can't be like other people. Simply worry a little more, get tensed up, and spend a little more money than you make"

COLLIER'S — WED MURPHEY

"To hell with him and his dancing!" cried Martin, as he struck the counter. "I never in my life heard such a foolish story. Do these gentry think that I have nothing better to do than to—"

"Come now," said the young man. "Hand me the form; and don't keep the duke's daughter waiting any further."

Martin glared savagely at the young man. Then he threw a telegraph form on the counter. "There it is," he muttered, "and be damned to it!"

"Thank you," said the young man politely.

He went over to the two women, who had now put away their powder boxes and lighted cigarettes.

"Qu'est-ce que se passe, Brian?" said the Spanish girl.

The young man handed her the form and said: *"Ça marche, finalement. Je lui ai dit que ton père est duc."*

AT THAT moment, the parish priest came in. "Anybody see my little dog?" he said.

Everybody became silent out of respect for the priest. The women curtsied and the men touched their headgear.

"Your little dog, Father Rom?" said Martin, scratching his head. "Is that the little dog you got from the Potato Man?"

"It is," said the priest. "He ran out into my garden when old Sara Matthew opened the kitchen door. Then he jumped the wall and away he went. I'm afraid he might get hurt, on account of all the motorcars that are on the road."

The priest was almost as big and stout as Martin Conlon. He was gray-haired, too, and his thick lips were drawn far back from his big teeth.

"Begob, I didn't see it," said Martin. "Maybe he took the bog road."

The priest noticed the three strangers sitting on the bench. "Who are those people?" he whispered.

Martin looked at the three tourists. The Spanish girl was now writing on the telegraph form, while the other two were laughing and giving her advice. Their merriment infuriated the postmaster. "They are just a pack of blackguards out for a day's sport at the expense of honest, hard-working people," he said bitterly. "That big car out there belongs to them."

The priest looked at the elegant car. "That's a powerful car," he said.

"It's the king of all cars," said Martin.

The priest looked again at the three strangers and frowned. "Lord save us!" he said. "They are dressed in very indecent and outlandish style. They wouldn't be thinking of staying here?"

"According to what I heard," said Martin, "they are not."

"Thank God!" said the priest. "We don't need people like them around here. Oh, Lord! The women of today have no shame in them. They get wilder and wilder every day. How are they going to end at all?"

"Naked," said Martin, "if they have their way."

"What are these people doing in here?" asked the priest.

"Sending a telegram to Hollywood," said Martin.

The priest's eyes looked merry as he looked sharply at Martin. Like everyone else in his parish, he knew that the postmaster would rather walk twenty miles on his bare knees, in winter's heaviest frost, than dispatch a telegram.

"Musha, you poor creature," he said in a sympathetic tone that was not very convincing, "you are to be pitied, sure enough. I'm sorry for your trouble. I have to go now and try to find my dog."

He had gone only a few yards away, headed for the bog road, when he burst out laughing. He had a powerful voice, so that the sound of his merriment easily reached those in the post office. Very naturally, they followed their parish priest's example. Again the place resounded with the sound of their glee.

"Stop that, you pack of insolent gougers," Martin shouted, "or you are all going to be thrown out on the road. With whom do ye think ye are dealing? I'm the man for ye." He stamped on the floor with both feet, one after the other, and shook his fist at his tormentors.

"Here," said the young man at that moment, as he came over to the counter with the completed form. "Here is the telegram."

Martin put on his spectacles, looked at the message, and started violently. Then he glared at the young man. "What's written on this paper?" he bellowed. "What language is this?"

"Spanish," said the young man politely.

"Spanish?" shouted Martin.

"Yes," said the young man gently. "It's Spanish, and please don't try to

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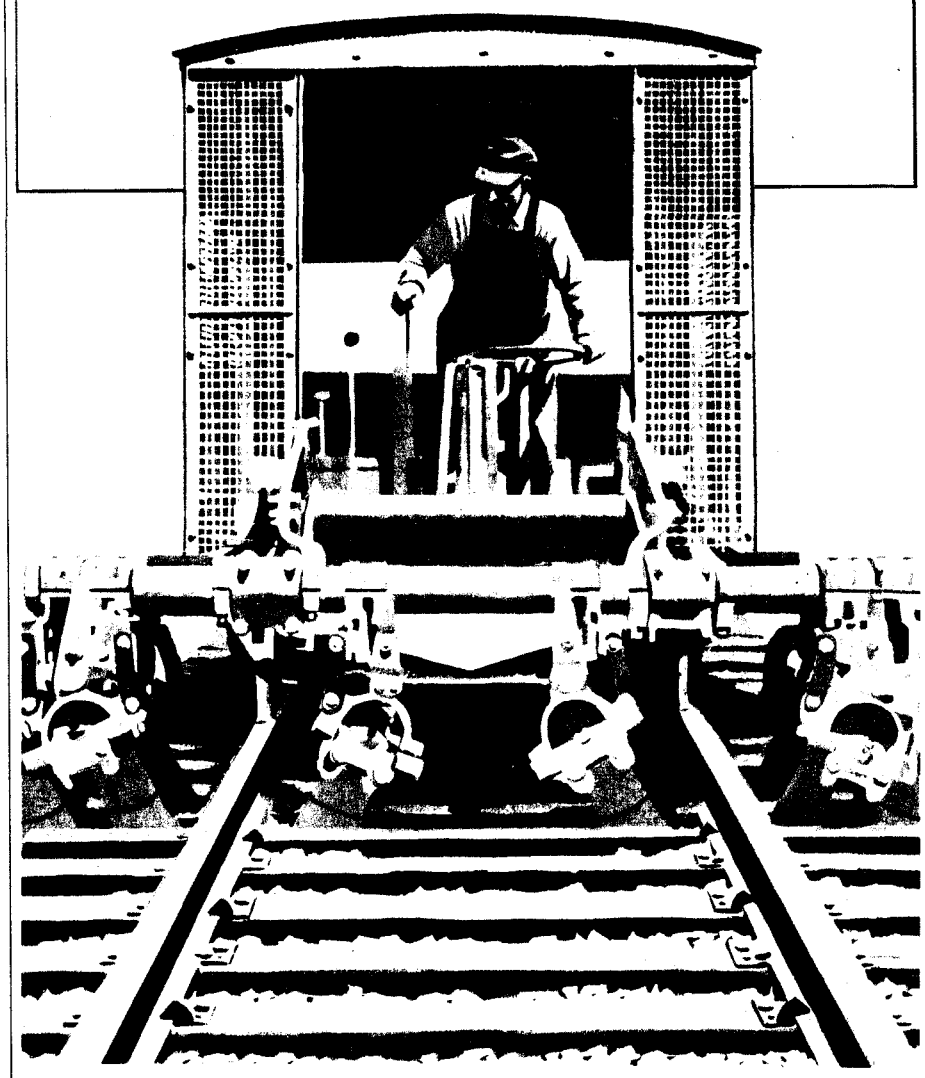

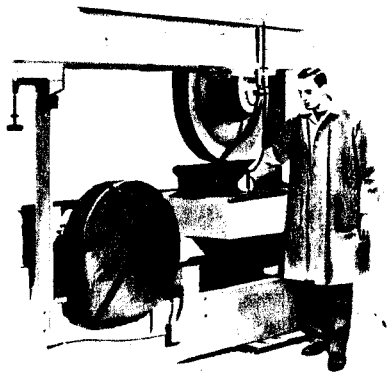

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tell me that it's not legal to use that language in a telegram, because I know perfectly well that it is."

Martin threw the form down on the counter and looked at it with horror, rather like that of a woman that sees a mouse running toward her skirt. "Spanish?" he cried. "Do you think that Galway would accept a message written in that language?"

"Why not?" said the young man sharply. "They've got to obey the law."

Poor Martin quivered like an ass that's struck with a stick. He had suddenly got afraid of losing his job, owing to this elegant stranger and his Spanish telegram. He took off his jacket and doubled up the sleeves of his shirt.

"Let's go, in God's name," he said, "and get rid of this nuisance." His shirt was wet with perspiration, and he was breathing like a man in his last agony.

"Good man, Martin!" cried one of those present. "Come on now and give hell to that old telephone. We'll all give you a hand, if you need one."

The postmaster was now so subdued that he took no notice of the fellow's taunting. He moved over slowly to the telephone that was attached to the wall behind the counter. He seized the handle on the side of the box, cursed under his breath, and began to turn with all his energy. After a while, he dropped the handle, picked up the receiver from its cradle, and put it to his ear.

"Are you there, Galway?" he yelled into the mouthpiece.

THOSE present were now desperately anxious to keep silent, lest they might miss any of the fun. Even so, they had to keep their fingers and handkerchiefs in their mouths in order to restrain their laughter. Nothing at all happened for a little while. Martin just stood there listening, with the receiver to his ear and his mouth wide open.

"Do you think it needs a little oil, Martin?" a man said at length, in a melancholy tone. "The heat may have scorched its insides."

The man had barely finished speaking when Martin gave a start. Then he uttered a ferocious yell, rather like a pig whose throat is being cut. "Is that Galway?" he cried.

Alas! It was not a solitary voice that he heard coming from the extraordinary apparatus, but at least threescore. As for noise and hullabaloo! Thousands of people seemed to be challenging one another to mortal combat in most bloodthirsty anger.

"Galway," Martin shouted into this din, "answer me. Are you there, Galway? In the name of God, why don't you answer me?"

THE thunder of furious voices came to a sudden end and gave place to a musical sound that was rather like the whisper of gentle waves breaking slowly on a pebbled beach. That also came to a sudden end, and Martin heard a chaotic series of exceedingly sharp sounds, like bottles being smashed against a metal wall.

Finally, the angry voice of a single man made itself violently manifest to the drum of Martin's ear. "Listen to me, you twister," said the man in a savagely hostile and menacing tone. "Speak out fair and square, or it's going to be the worse for you. Come on now. Tell me without any more lies and prevarications what you want for the fish."

"What fish are you talking about?" cried Martin in astonishment. "Are you out of your mind? Sure, it's well known that I've no fish for sale."

"You're a liar," said the man. "Pat Lenihan told me—"

"I don't care what he told you," Martin shouted. "I've no fish!"

"If I find out," shouted the angry man, "that you gave Tom Joyce—"

Something odd happened to the angry man's voice at that moment. It changed into a merry little tinkling sound, like a spoon striking the side of a glass. Then there was nothing to be heard.

"Blast it!" said Martin bitterly. "I hope the fellow that invented this instrument is roasting in hell."

"To get back to the application, Miss Gates, I repeat: 'Are you a fast worker?' "

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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He put the receiver back on its cradle, and he looked at the tourists. "Do you see now?" he said.

That was all he had time to say before the telephone began to ring in a most turbulent and insistent fashion. Again he picked up the receiver and put it to his ear. "Hallo!" he shouted. "Yes? This is Praiseach."

"Martin?" said a woman's voice.

"Good day to you, Kate," he said. "Listen, I have a—"

"Hold on there, Martin," the woman said, "I have bad news for you."

"That's too bad," said Martin. "I hope there's nothing wrong with you, Kate."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Thank God, there's nothing wrong with me. It's little Tommy Lydon, the poor man."

"Little Tommy?" said Martin. "The poor creature! What happened to him?"

"Lord have mercy on his soul!" the woman said. "He died at noon today in the County Hospital, where he went under an operation this morning."

"Lord have mercy on the poor creature!" said Martin. "He was a very decent and kind little man. What ailed him, Kate?"

"It was some disease they found in his stomach the other day," the woman said, "when they examined him with the X ray and the doctors told him that an operation was his only hope. As for the doctors of today! They are no better than butchers. They cut him up wrong, the poor devil."

"Ah! The poor little creature!" said Martin. "Did they cut him up wrong, the harmless little fellow?"

"They cut him to pieces," said the woman.

"Ah, God help us!" said Martin. "Did they make mincemeat of him? Listen to me, Kate. A man is crazy nowadays to let the knife-men loose in his stomach. Those blackguards have no more respect for an entrail or a sinew or a vital organ, than if they were gutting dogfish. They just hack away and they laughing like madmen at all the grand fun they're having."

"Listen, Martin," said the woman, "tell his people the news, like a good man. Send somebody over to his nephew's house."

"I'll do that, Kate," said Martin. "I'll send somebody right away."

"God spare your health!" said the woman.

"Listen, though," said Martin. "I have a—" A merry tinkling again came from the instrument. "Blast it!" said Martin. "I've lost her. She went away unknown to me. Begob, she was in a great hurry."

HE PUT the receiver back onto its cradle and looked at the people, who were gaping at him like half-starved fledglings. Their mouths were open from ear to ear through curiosity.

"Ah!" said he, with a deep sigh. "Everything is longer lasting than the human being. Poor little Tommy!"

Everyone shouted questions at him savagely: "What Little Tommy is that? Is it Little Tommy of the Bottles? Is it Little Tommy of Bohermor? Is it Claddagh Tommy? Which Tommy do you mean, man alive?"

Good Lord! Judging by the expressions on their faces, they seemed to be in mortal danger of death through curiosity. Yet Martin was in no great hurry to relieve them. He sighed deeply several times before he spoke. "Little Tommy Lydon," he said at length.

"Ah!" said one, in great relief. "Little Tommy of the Gurnets!"

"It was a clumsy way he died, poor fellow," said Martin, "and they scraping about in his stomach with their knives, like blind men prodding for something that couldn't be found."

"Is Tommy Lydon dead?" another one said.

"The doctors didn't leave a drop in the poor fellow," Martin said.

"Ah! God help the creature!" several people said.

"It was in the County Hospital," said Martin, "that they did for him, today on the hour of noon."

"Ah! Bad cess to them!" cried a fellow in the crowd. "They did for poor Little Tommy Lydon?"

"They were the lads that could do it, too," said Martin.

"With their knives?" cried another fellow.

"They didn't leave a drop of blood in him," said Martin, "that they didn't draw."

"What? Not a single drop?" said someone else.

MARTIN finally gave them the full story as he himself had heard it. Then he spoke to a lad that was standing by the open door. "Listen, Pateen," he said. "Go on away over to the Lydons and tell Colm that his uncle, Tommy, is stretched out dead above board in the County Hospital. Hurry on over, like a good little fellow."

As the lad was running headlong out the door, he almost knocked down an old man that was coming into the post office at that moment. "Look out, you awkward little devil," said the old man angrily.

The old man was called the Soldier, because he had fought in the Boer War. He still had a very military bearing, although he was nearly eighty years old. He was as lean as an old goat and as straight as a rod. His blue eyes were very sharp. His clothes were neat and he was clean-shaven. A blue, knitted cap covered his head, and he had a red woolen scarf around his neck. He lived alone, all his children having gone to America. He was feared in the district for his sharp tongue, but he was highly respected also for his honesty and for his skill as a Jack-of-all-trades. He did everything at great speed.

"God save all here," he cried, approaching the counter. "The eastern sky looks like rain. Who owns that car out on the road? Where was little Pateen Conneely going? Who are these strangers?"

Without waiting for an answer to any of these questions, that were uttered at frantic speed, he took a letter from his pocket and gave it to Martin.

"Read that for me," he said to the postmaster. "Since I lost my spectacles, I'm not able to read anything at all. The schoolmaster read it for me the day before yesterday, but I've forgotten half of it already. Read it out, Martin."

Martin had just finished turning the handle again, and he had the receiver to his ear, waiting to get in contact with Galway. He turned on the Soldier venomously. "Leave me alone," he growled. "Don't you see that I'm trying to send a telegram to America?"

"Be damned to you!" cried the Soldier. "You sour old billy goat! You're getting too big for your boots. You lazy lout!"

"Shut up!" Martin yelled in fury, as he stamped on the floor. "You were the scum of the earth, all you fellows that were in the Connaught Rangers. The dirtiest scum of the earth!"

"You're a rotten liar," shouted the Soldier. "We were the finest and the bravest regiment in the British army."

"Nice time you chose for casting as-

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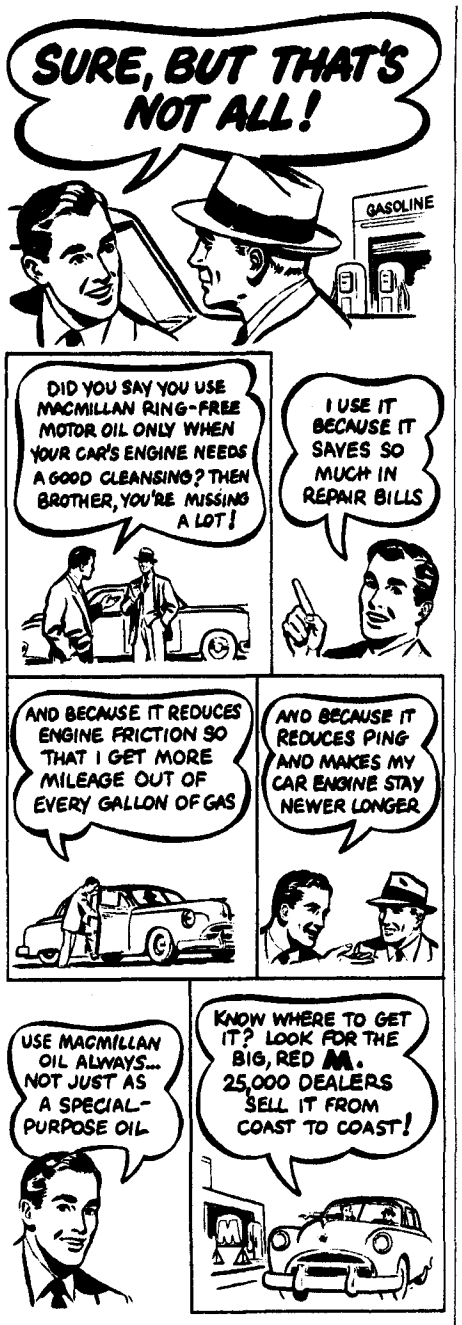
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persions," shouted Martin, "and Little Tommy Lydon just after dying over in the County—"

He heard a peculiar noise in the telephone apparatus at that moment and began trying to establish communication with Galway. "Is that you, Kate?" he screamed. "Do you hear me, Kate? Speak out."

The Soldier turned to the people and asked them: "Was it Little Tommy Lydon he said?"

WHILE the people were telling the Soldier about the sad end of Little Tommy Lydon of the Gurnets, Martin got into conversation on the telephone with some strange woman that had a grievance. Judging by her remarks, she was in charge of some new industrial school up in the remote mountainous district north of Praiseach.

"You should look into the matter at once," she went on. "Do you hear me?"

"I hear you all right," Martin said, "but I haven't any idea—"

"Never mind that," the woman said. "If you can't come here yourself, let somebody be sent down from headquarters in Dublin. A school without tools or materials! Sure there are only the bare walls and a large-scale map of Ireland. These are mountainy people. They are pretty shrewd, and there's no use—"

"Listen, sister," Martin interposed. "I'm not the man—"

"—trying to teach any kind of craft to people like them," the woman continued, "unless the proper equipment is provided. As it is, they looked upon the whole thing as a joke. I'm quite worn out for the past two months begging for this and—"

"Shut up," Martin yelled suddenly, "and let me call Galway!"

"Glory be to God!" cried the woman, in a frightened tone. "Who are you? Have you been listening the whole—"

"Praiseach," said Martin. "I'm Praiseach."

"Good God!" said the woman.

"Amen!" Martin said. Then he put the receiver back on its cradle and struck his skull with his clenched fists several times. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "I wish I were breaking stones on the road."

He looked with hatred at the tourists, who were whispering together and grinning. Then he seized the handle once more and began to turn.

The Soldier turned and addressed the three tourists.

"Can any of ye read English?" he said to them.

"I'll read your letter for you," said the mocking young man.

"Thank you, sir," said the Soldier, as he gave the young man the letter. "I'll tell you something about this letter before you read it. It's from my daughter's son, Michael. He was tiny when Brigid brought him home for a visit from Chicago, ten years ago. You'd hardly believe it, but that little creature is now a soldier, out in Korea. Begob he is, too, and he has a squad of men under him already. Here, sir. God bless you! Read it out."

"Dear Pop and Mom," the young man read, "I guess you've been worried these last months, on account of not hearing from me, but I'm okay all the same. Just couldn't get around to mailing any letters, on account of the way we were fixed. You know what I mean? *'Na bac leis sin,'* as old Grampy used to say. 'God is good.' Everything is just fine and dandy now. I hope to—"

"Is that Galway?" Martin shouted into the telephone just then.

"I wish it were," said a man's voice from the receiver. "This is Carna, and I'm trying to talk to Bearna."

"Bearna?" said Martin.

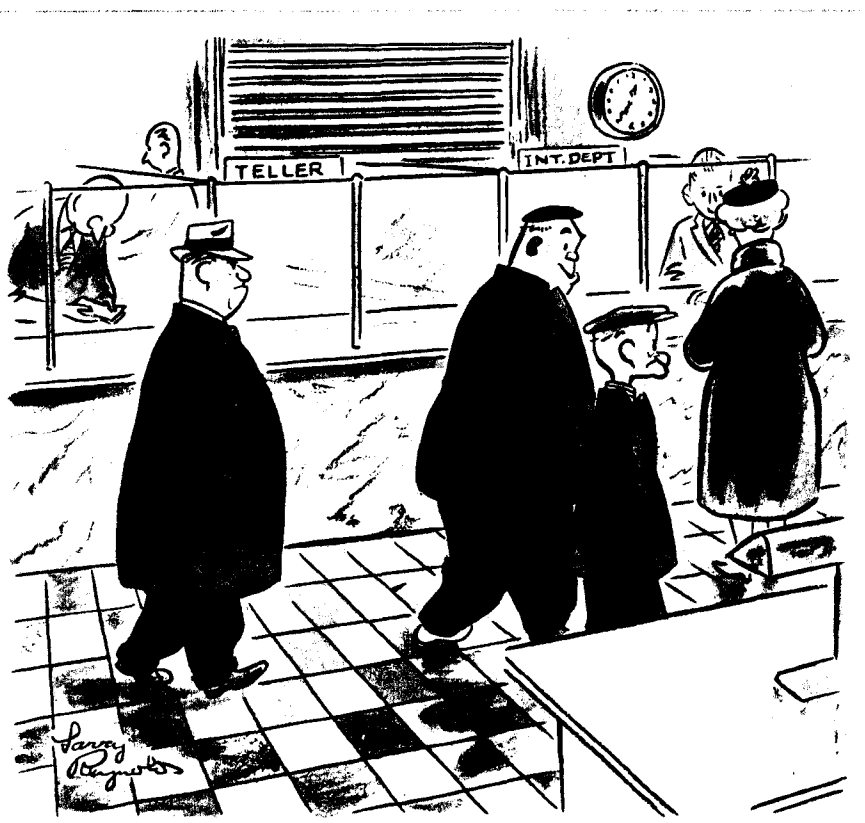
"Yes," said the man. "Where are you?"

"In Praiseach," said Martin.

The other man laughed and said: "We are all in it, as far as I can see."

Here it must be admitted that the word "Praiseach" is Gaelic for confusion, disorder and shapelessness.

BUTCH



"Watch McHugh's disappointed look when I make a deposit"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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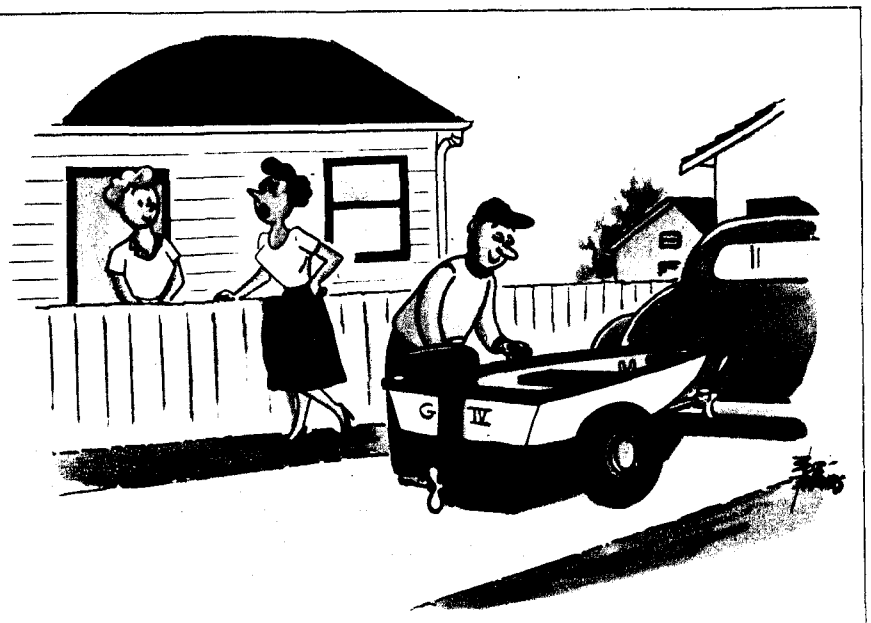

COLLIER'S

"Come see what we needed more than a new refrigerator"

BOB BARNES

"You are right there, brother," said Martin.

"Devil take these newfangled gadgets," said the man. "We were much better off, when we had only donkeys and carts and—"

Martin heard a merry, tinkling sound, as if somebody were applauding the man's opinion by striking a drinking glass on the side with a spoon. Then he put the receiver back in its cradle, sat down on a chair, and put his head between his two hands. He felt utterly exhausted and defeated. "What am I to do now?" he asked himself in despair.

NEARLY all the people in the room gathered about the young man and the Soldier, listening with rapt attention to the letter being read. The Soldier was sobbing and wiping his eyes on his sleeve. Some of the older women very politely pretended to wipe their eyes with the corners of their aprons.

"Ah, the poor little creature!" someone said when the young man had finished reading, and others said: "The Soldier's little Michael!" and, "There he is, the powerful little fellow, killing people away beyond in the Eastern world. Isn't he brave?" and, "Oh, indeed, he's a fine, hardy fellow. . . ."

While these remarks were being passed, the American girl suddenly darted behind the counter and approached the telephone. "Let me handle this," she said to Martin, as she seized the handle and began to turn it. "You must be tired."

Martin closed his eyes. "Knock down the house," he muttered through his teeth, "if you feel like it. Smash, burn, scald, maim and wreck. Steal and ravage to your heart's desire. Lay about you heartily. I don't give a damn what you do. I have no future now, at the end of my life, other than beggary and a miserable wandering from door to door."

It is simply amazing how lucky some people are. The American girl managed to get connected with the Galway office at once. Then she explained to the Galway official, quickly and efficiently, what she wanted to do. It all seemed to be very simple, really, when *she* took a hand in the operation.

"For God's sake, look at that one," someone said, as the people all watched the American girl in amazement. "God bless her, she's wonderful! Don't be talking, but the Americans are smart people. There's nothing they can't do with their hands."

The Soldier smacked the young man on the back and said: "Is that fine woman your wife?"

"No," said the young man. "I'm just taking her and the Spanish girl around Ireland for a holiday."

"Are you married?" said the Soldier.

"No," said the young man.

"Well, then," said the Soldier. "Grab that golden-haired girl. "You'll never get a better mother for your children."

"She wouldn't look at me," the young man said. "She's rich, and I'm just a poor Dublin lad studying sculpture in Paris."

"Never mind that," said the Soldier, giving him another smack. "Have a go at her. Now is your chance."

Then he looked at the American girl appraisingly and added: "She's tall and slender, but God didn't forget to give her enough depth where it's needed all the same. She has plenty of room between her hips and in the region of her bosom. That's where you need plenty of room in a mother. Her weight is nicely shared, too, without too much of it in any single place. Watch out for a woman's mouth and her eyes. This one is first-rate in those two respects. Take my word for it. She's honest, truthful and loyal. Have a go at her, man. Have a go at her without delay."

MARTIN leaped to his feet, stamped on the floor, and shouted in an angry voice at the Soldier: "Is there no shame in you, scoundrel? Is it trying to make a match you are in my post office? God Almighty! I've heard everything here this blessed day."

"Mind your own business, you fool," said the Soldier. Then he turned again to the young man and insisted: "Have a go at her while you have the chance. She's only waiting—"

"Come on over here," Martin shouted to the people, "if you want money. Thanks be to God and to the American girl, we have escaped from this blasted business of the telegram without much damage being done."

The people gathered around him merrily and began to praise him. "Good boy, Martin," various ones said, and: "God bless you! You're the best man in the west of Connaught, in spite of everything. You're the love of our hearts, darling. Ah! You are a kind, good-natured poor devil, when all is said and done. You are the funniest man on earth, into the bloody bargain. Up Martin Conlon! Up the postmaster of Praiseach!"

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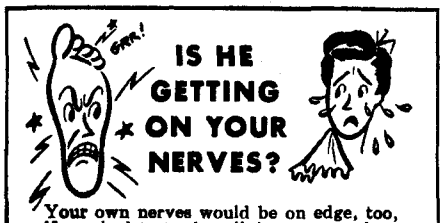

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Darkness at Eve

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

"What's the number?" Nancy said.

"Oh, sure the number," Mel said. "I carry it around in a hidden compartment in my shoe."

"Funny," Nancy said. "Funny boy."

"Funny," the little boy at the top of the stairs said. "Funny daddy."

"Funny," Melvin Williamson agreed, and came heavily up the stairs. "It's always something on a Sunday lately, isn't it? Pleasure to spend the day at home."

AS HE came up the stairs, Nancy moved away from him, and went into the kitchen. "The gas is on," she said. "We can have supper and baths."

"No baths," little Hal said in his high voice. "You'll drown Spy-Spy."

"Is that spider still in the bathtub?" Melvin Williamson said. "Didn't I tell you to get it out of there?"

"It's not a spider," little Hal said. "It's a daddy longlegs. He has nine arms. If I had nine arms I could make the dinner. One arm I would get the bread, one arm I would get the knife, one arm I would turn on the stove, one arm the milk, one arm the butter, one arm the can opener." He paused and thought. "One arm the plates, one arm the napkins, one arm the spoons, one arm the forks, one arm the glasses."

"That's twenty-four arms," Melvin Williamson said. "Why don't you get the spider out of the bathtub? Then he could get the supper."

"He's too small," Hal said. "And besides, he's a daddy longlegs. Don't you know?"

"I'm a silly daddy," Mel said, and went into the foyer where Nancy stood holding the telephone. He could hear the buzz of the busy signal. He looked past his wife and out into the street. There were no lights in any of the houses.

"Well," Mel said, talking to nobody in particular, "it's a real old-fashioned power break. How are we going to eat? By flashlight?"

"We should have some candles," Nancy said, "someplace." She thought for a moment. "But we don't."

"I have a candle," little Hal said. "With my chemistry set." He nodded his head in glee. His father became thankful, for the first time, that he had presumed to buy his son a chemistry set for Christmas. Outside of making white crystals turn to red, they never had used it. Now Hal went solemnly to his room and returned with a small white candle, a very small candle, but a candle nonetheless.

"Here, Daddy," he said. "You could light the lights with this."

"That's not the way the lights light," Mel said. "You have to have electricity."

"Then we could light the electricity," Hal said.

"You can't do that either," Mel said obstinately. "You need power."

"What's power?"

"It comes from waterfalls," Mel said. "You remember that pin wheel we got at the fair that time, and you stuck it out the window of the car and it turned around?"

"Yes," his son said. "Was that a waterfall?"

"No," Melvin Williamson said. Nancy had gone back to the kitchen, and he heard her laugh. "We'll talk about it at supper. Now we need a candlestick."

Hal said, "What's a candlestick?"

"It holds candles," Mel said. "Nancy, I don't suppose we have a candlestick?"

"We had those two," she called, "but Phil Burrows took them for his party."

"Oh," Mel said. "Phil Burrows."

She came to the door of the kitchen and said, "That's right."

"Well," her husband said, "la de da."

"La de da," little Hal said.

"Melvin," Nancy said reproachfully. "Come on, boys, let's light the candle. Mel, do you suppose they know about the lights being out?"

"Who's they?"

"The electric people. They work on Sundays, don't they?"

"Yes," Mel Williamson said tiredly. "Yes, yes, yes, and another Sunday gone to hell."

His son said, "What's hell?"

"A place," Nancy said.

"South of here," Mel said, and they went in the kitchen.

"We're having frankfurters and rolls and salad and milk and cookies," Nancy said. "I bet the refrigerator is defrosting already. Mel, do you think they'll have the current back on soon?"

"Who knows?" her husband said.

"We're jolly tonight," Nancy said. "Aren't we?"

"Forever," Mel said. "*Toujours.*"

THEY sat down to dinner. Melvin wedged the candle into a lump of Hal's clay and shoved the result down into a small glass. Then he lighted the candle and looked at his wife, sitting just out of reach of the small, brave circle of light. She jabbered lightly with little Hal, but Mel thought she looked tired, and a little sad.

He got up and went out and called the electric company again, and this time a man answered and told him they were trying to locate the break.

"When are the lights going to go on again?" Mel said into the telephone.

"Soon as we can," the man on the other end said. "But it may be a while."

"What's a while?"

"Up to five-six hours, maybe. Maybe more."

"Thanks," Mel said, and hung up and went back to his frankfurter and roll.

"Even the television doesn't work," little Hal said as he sat down again. "I couldn't see all my programs."

"Any of them, you couldn't see," Mel said, by way of correction.

"All of them," Hal agreed.

Nancy said, "What about the dog?"

"She's in the garage."

"Do you think she'll mind the dark?"

"She never has before," Mel said, "but if you'd like, I'll go out there and rub her two paws together and make a fire."

Little Hal laughed. His parents did not. They sat there and ate in silence, fretful that the darkness had forced them together, thankful that it gave them something safe to talk about.

"You go to bed," Melvin said to his son, "right after supper."

"Is it seven thirty?"

"It will be."

"Could I have a story?"

"Too dark," Mel said. "I couldn't see the pages."

Nancy said, "You could tell him a story."

"About the moon," little Hal said, "and about on a night when the clouds were asleep, you could see the earth star."

"Eat up," his father said, "we'll see."

Hal bit into his roll. "Is heaven very far away?"

"Very," Nancy said.

Mel said, "It gets farther away all the time." He knew his wife was looking at him.

"A million miles?" Hal asked.

"More," his father said.

"And could you see the Big Dipper there?"

"Yes."

"In my Bible stories there's heaven with the Big Dipper," Hal said, and bit off some more roll.

"Don't just eat the roll," his father said. "Eat the meat too."

"Okay," the little boy said. "The candle's smaller."

Melvin Williamson was not of a mind to tell stories about the moon tonight. He fretted, and after supper he refused to light a match so his son could determine whether or not the daddy longlegs was still in the bathtub.

The story went briefly and not well. Melvin tucked the quilt around Hal and his stuffed giraffe and said, "We'll have a better story tomorrow night."

"And the night after," Hal said solemnly, "and Saturday and Someday and Monday."

"All right," Mel said wearily. "Did you kiss Mommy? Have you had your drink of water?"

"No," Hal said, sitting up. "Get me the water in the peanut-butter glass."

"All right," his father said, and went and got the water. He stood there while Nancy covered little Hal again.

Their little boy looked up at them. "When are you going to bed?"

"Soon," Nancy said.

"Why not now?"

Melvin said, "Daddy and Mommy have things to do."

"In the dark?"

"Maybe the lights will come back on."

"If they come back on, I would get up and look," Hal said contentedly.

MEL and Nancy went into the living room. "You can pick up the crayons," she said. "I'll do the dishes while there's still some of the candle left."

"What am I supposed to see the crayons with? Radar?"

"They're right around the magazine rack on the floor. Pick up as many as you can."

"Yes, your highness."

"Don't mention it," she said. It was not a witty exchange, and both of them knew it.

Mel got down on his hands and knees beside the magazine rack and picked up as many of his son's crayons as he could feel. There were very few four-year-olds, he reflected, that could draw like little Hal. It was very dark. The inevitable street light out in front was black and invisible. From the open door of the kitchen came, ever so faintly, the small wavering light of the candle and the efficient sound of Nancy doing the dishes. In six years, even when Hal was born, she never had had a maid, unless you counted the woman who came in every two weeks to help with the heavy cleaning. Still, the way she did things, she always seemed to have time. Mel gazed at the door to the kitchen. Then he saw the light of the candle go out, and now the house was in complete darkness.

Nancy came in the room and said, "Where are you?"

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"In the chair. Over here."

"Did you pick up the crayons?"

"The ones I found."

"We'll probably have purple crayon on the rug in the morning."

"So we have purple crayon on the rug in the morning."

"Well," she said, and he heard her settle into the armchair across from his. "Here we are."

"Yup," Mel said, "here we are."

THERE was silence for a time. Then Nancy said, "Hal told me you made a good candlestick with his clay."

"We had to have a candlestick."

"I forgot all about Phil having the others."

"You and Phil probably had other things to talk about."

"Oh," Nancy said. It was not entirely brave, the way she said it, and Mel was not happy to have brought it on. "So it comes out," Nancy went on. "So it finally comes out."

"It's not a question of something coming out," Mel said. "You get tired of one guy, you look for another."

"Who said I was tired?"

"I've known it," Mel said. "I've known it for a year. Maybe more."

"Well, you've acted pretty funny," Nancy said.

"What does that mean?"

"I mean you've acted tired, too. Mel, tell me something."

"What?"

"Why is it people never talk to each other about . . . I mean, when they should?"

"I don't know," Mel said. "Maybe there isn't anything to say."

"There isn't if you're hiding something."

"Like what?"

"Like another woman."

So she had said it, finally and at last, and it was with a slight surprise that Melvin Williamson realized that this was the first time he had thought of Lucy since the lights went out, when he was down in the basement. Out loud, he said, "What 'other woman' did you have in mind?"

"The one at your office."

"Who told you?"

"What difference does it make? I know. So tell me about her. Tell me she understands you."

The feeling of surprise was still with him. Now it was surprise that he did not move swiftly and grandly to Lucy's defense. "Hold up a minute," he said, instead. "She understands me no better than Phil Burrows understands you. I'm vain enough to believe that you and Phil never—well, never got past the talking stage."

Nancy said, "You'd be a fool if you believed anything else."

"As for me and Lucy . . ."

"Oh, so it's Lucy."

"Yes, Lucy. As for me and Lucy, get set for the red-hot scandal. I kissed her at the office party—the Christmas one."

"Did you really?" It astounded Mel that Nancy should sound so shocked. "Did you really kiss her?"

"Hell, yes. What's wrong with that?"

"Did anybody else?"

"Everybody, including the elevator man. Prather and Lewis and Sam and old Wart-face."

Time was, Mel told himself, when Nancy would have laughed at the thought of everybody, topped by old Wart-face, kissing the doll in the office. But she did not laugh now, and, thinking about it, Mel came to the conclusion that it was not, in fact, especially funny. What was more, it left him on the defensive, in the silence that came back between them.

Finally, more for the sake of saying something than for any other reason, Melvin Williamson said, "Well."

"Well?" Nancy said.

"Well, it's complicated," he said. "It isn't simple. I just wish there was an answer."

"Do you?" Her voice seemed hollow in the darkness.

"All right, all right. Yes, I do."

Nancy sighed. "So do I."

It was both a good and a bad reply on her part—it showed she was not unwilling to talk about it; but on the other hand, somehow, it left nothing to talk about.

They were sitting there in silence

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

in the blackness when little Hal woke up in the other room. He woke up crying, and Nancy and Mel bumped into each other as they got up.

In his room, Nancy said, "What's the matter, sweetheart? Bad dream?"

Hal said, "It's so dark."

"The power's still off," Mel said.

His son said, "Why is it still off?"

"They haven't been able to fix it yet."

"I need my night light on," little Hal said matter-of-factly. "So I could see who's here."

Nancy said, "Daddy and Mommy are here."

"A wolf too."

Melvin Williamson said, "A wolf?"

"He was in bed with me," Hal said.

"You had a dream, darling," Nancy said. "There's no wolf in bed with you."

"He was," Hal said confidently. "It was a baby wolf."

"Well," Mel said, "he's gone now."

"Yes, but, Daddy—"

"What is it, Hal?"

"It's so dark."

"You musn't be afraid of the dark."

"No," Nancy said. "Lots of nice things happen in the dark."

Her husband looked at her, but could see nothing. He reached down and tousled his son's hair. "You go back to sleep."

"Daddy."

"What?"

"Do wolves have daddies and mommies?" little Hal asked.

"Of course they do."

"And they love their daddies and mommies?"

"That's right."

"They love their grandmas, too?"

"If they're good little wolves, they do," Mel said.

"Then why do they eat people?" little Hal asked.

"Well," Mel said, "sometimes they get hungry. But they never eat their grandmas."

"Honey," Nancy said to Mel reproachfully, and it came to him instantly that she had not called him that in some time. But she now was talking fondly to little Hal. "Wolves don't eat people, sweetheart."

"Sometimes they do," Hal said.

"Only bad wolves," his father said.

"But not good wolves," Hal said contentedly. "Good wolves love their daddies and mommies. I love my daddy and mommy."

"You're a good wolf," Mel told him.

"I'm a wolf," Hal agreed, and held onto his parents' hands tightly. "Arrrgghh. I'm a wolf."

"Well," Nancy, "It's time for this wolf to go to sleep."

"Arrrgghh."

"It's sleep time," Mel said. "For all wolves."

"Okay," little Hal said. "When the lights go on again, I would wake up."

When they got back in the living room, Mel said, "I wonder about him."

"Why? What about him?"

"It was an article in a magazine. You read it. The one where it said children notice things that go on between their parents—tensions—you know, even when they don't say anything about it."

Nancy said, "I don't think Hal's noticed anything."

"Neither do I."

"We could be wrong, though. The article said the parents never know."

"Well," Mel said, "maybe. It wouldn't be any good if we were taking this out on him."

"I've thought about it," Nancy said, "I didn't know you had too."

"I've thought of a lot of things," Mel said. He paused for a moment. "I think probably I've been wrong in a lot of ways. I have a house and a car and a good job and a wife and a kid who thinks he's a wolf. You lump them all together, it isn't bad at all. Maybe I've been building up the wrong set of values."

HE HEARD Nancy reaching for a cigarette, and in the light of the match he could see her face. She was looking at him as she had looked at him in other days. She said softly, "Maybe I've been wrong, too."

The light on the table next to Melvin Williamson went on. "Well," he said, "so now I see it, so now I believe it."

Nancy smiled at him. The telephone rang, and she crossed the living room to answer it. "Oh," she said, "hello, Mrs. Morrissey. How are you?"

"Mrs. Busybody from across the street," Mel said, in tones a trifle too loud, so that Mrs. Morrissey might have heard him.

But apparently she heard nothing, for the pleasant conversation continued. "Oh, yes," Nancy said. "Our lights were out." She looked at her husband, who came over and put his arm around her waist. "But they're on again now. Thank you." ▲▲▲

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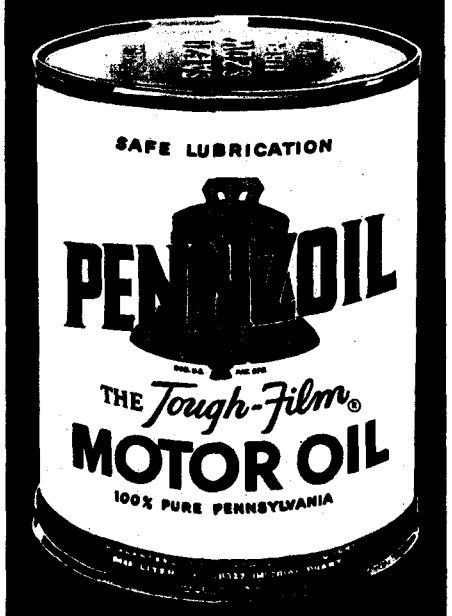

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HARRY DEVLIN

Is the Russian Bear Putting the Bite on You?

Our trade-union practices and our world trade policies, as well as our economic sins of omission, are being turned against us by the Kremlin. It's a carefully plotted scheme to strangle key markets. But we can stalemate the Reds if we stop playing into their hands

By JOHN LEAR

THERE is one vital phase in Russia's design for world domination—it could be the decisive phase—over which we Americans can exercise control. The initiative is ours. With the right combination of moves, we can stalemate the Kremlin.

How? The five restless heirs of Joseph Stalin—Georgi Malenkov, Lavrenti Beria, Vyacheslav Molotov, Marshal Nikolai Bulganin and Lazar Kaganovich—are pursuing a cold-war strategy which exploits *you*, the free and loyal citizens of the democratic West. They are proceeding confidently, in the conviction that the tradition of protective tariffs is so tightly woven into American history that it will never be altered.

To an American mind, this Kremlin thinking is at first incomprehensible. The American tradition never has supported tariff protection for reasons of international politics. The historic motive always has been domestic—to help workers here at home keep regular jobs at good pay—and to maintain in peace those industries which prove essential to defense in war. Abuses of the protective principle have been recognized; but the effort has been not to perpetuate them but to learn how to end them without destroying the principle itself.

These are the true facts as you know them. They are of no consequence whatever in the Kremlin, however. All that matters there is that the protective tariff principle still exists. In Russian hands, it becomes a deadly weapon.

How?

Let me tell you how it worked in California:

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Thanks to railroad planning that overlooks nothing where public safety is involved, "Your Unseen Friend" is close by . . . in a modern signal system that many crack lines now use to control trains more precisely than ever.

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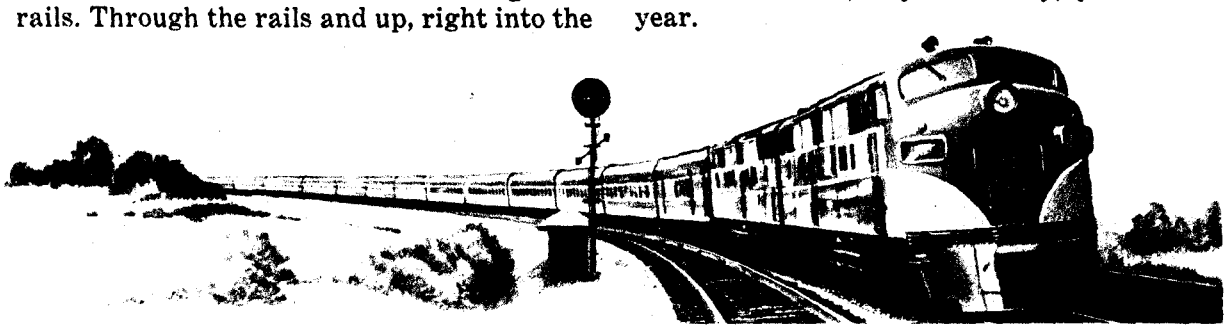

Inco Nickel...Your Unseen Friend

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"NOBODY'S paying any attention to me!"

They're all so busy planning their Ontario vacation, they haven't time for anything else. Dad says he's going to fish for two solid weeks—he says there are over half a million lakes in Ontario. Beth and Joey are going to swim and learn to sail and water-ski . . . and Mom says she's looking forward to lots of beautiful side trips on the smooth super highways. They're sure looking forward to our Ontario holiday—but *now, I'm waiting for my supper.*

Travel Tips

- Reception centres at all border crossings to help you plan your trip
- Warm days—cool nights
- Good shopping, with liberal customs exemptions

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

With an innocent assist from us, Russia won a tight grip on

Early in 1952, a man who was building a house near San Francisco Bay ordered a front door for the new place. It was handsome pine, modern, simple, with a surface absolutely flat from top to bottom and from hinge to latch. Delivery was prompt. The man was delighted. But one of the carpenters on the job looked at the door and said:

"That door wasn't made by our union. It's against the rules for us to hang it, unless you've got clearance from headquarters of the carpenters' international in Indianapolis."

Foreman Persisted in Refusal

The man who was building the house looked at the door again. It was stamped with a guarantee that it had been made by union labor in Finland. He showed the stamp to the carpenters, but the foreman said: "You've got to have clearance from Indianapolis."

The man who was building the house didn't have clearance from Indianapolis. So the door was hauled back to the lumberyard.

Throughout last year, copies of this Finnish-made door were rejected all over San Francisco and Los Angeles. Before the end of December, 18,000 of them were piled up in the lumberyards, useless to virtually everybody.

Altogether, those 18,000 doors would hardly make a respectable kindling pile in the vast lumber market of our Pacific Coast. But they mean bread and butter to hundreds of plywood craftsmen in the city of Viiala, in Finland's industrial heart.

A country can suffer an economic heart attack just as a man can suffer a physical one. At the time of his death, Stalin was trying to induce such a seizure in Finland. He was forcing the heart to pump hard by siphoning off most of its output into Russia. Malenkov and Company can stall the pump simply by stopping their purchases if they can gain effective control of the flow of the lifeblood of goods. The Finns are struggling desperately to prevent that happening. And every dollar that the Finns have lost because we won't use their doors gives the Presidium just that much tighter a hold on a country friendly to the U.S.

The rejection of these doors was a clear-cut example of how Stalin took advantage of what we did right here at home. Here, he exploited an opening unwittingly made for him by labor. Industry, government and agriculture in other ways often—although unintentionally—play the Kremlin's game.

The gambits occurred often enough, in fact, to convince Stalin that whenever jobs in the United States were or seemed to be at stake, you would support restrictions of trade with other countries regardless of the possible effect on friends or allies. Around this belief he contrived a global strategy coldly calculated to use you to help spread unemployment wherein his agents could spawn revolution.

At the time of the stroke that removed him from power, the late Red dictator was pushing his strategy toward its final phase, in which he expected to isolate the United States and so capture the West without firing a shot. Now that Stalin is gone, the grand enigma of Russia is how the men he left behind will continue his trade-strangulation scheme.

Will they feel they must intensify it by blocking off markets through force of arms?

Or will they follow Stalin's line and patiently wait in the hope that you will destroy your own way of life?

Whichever way the answer turns, you are already drafted. In the Communist mind, the only doubt about you is: How far to rely on you? It is not a new question. It was being debated in Moscow for months before Stalin died.

The famous article Stalin wrote in the magazine Bolshevik last October was plainly a reply to Communist party dissidents of sufficiently great prestige and strength to require rebuke from the Iron Man himself.

Although Stalin did not specifically say so, the article clearly implied that his opponents within the party were arguing for immediate preventive war against the West. Their grounds, as he quoted them, were "that progressive people of capitalism have learned enough from two world wars . . . to prevent them from going to war against one another" again. Consequently, it could be expected that the West would grow progressively stronger and more unified and—if the Reds allowed the time required—ultimately would attack Russia because "the contradictions between the camp of Socialism and the camp of capitalism are stronger than the contradictions between capitalist countries."

Stalin flatly denied this thesis of his home-front enemies. He said the West had had its chance to gang up on Russia in company with Hitler (whom Stalin classed as a capitalist rather than as a Socialist) and had refused the opportunity. "War with the U.S.S.R., as a Socialist country, would be more dangerous to capitalism," he wrote, "than war between the capitalist countries . . . (because it would) . . . certainly pose the question of the continued existence of capitalism itself." The intelligent course for the Reds, he decreed, was to build the satellites into an independent Russian industrial empire and wait for the West to tear itself asunder in a struggle for profitable trade.

The great danger to us in this strategy, whether it follows the Stalin line or is stepped up by Malenkov and Company, is the American people's ignorance of it. The facts of the carpenters' boycott, for instance, have not been reported by more than a handful of newspaper or radio commentators in this country, if by any. But I heard the facts well talked about on the western fringe of the Iron Curtain in Europe. It's time we in this country knew them too. The information I gathered in Vienna, Trieste, Rome, Paris and Washington is presented here as the first public accounting anywhere of how free and loyal Americans have unknowingly come to be drafted in the Kremlin's newest cause.

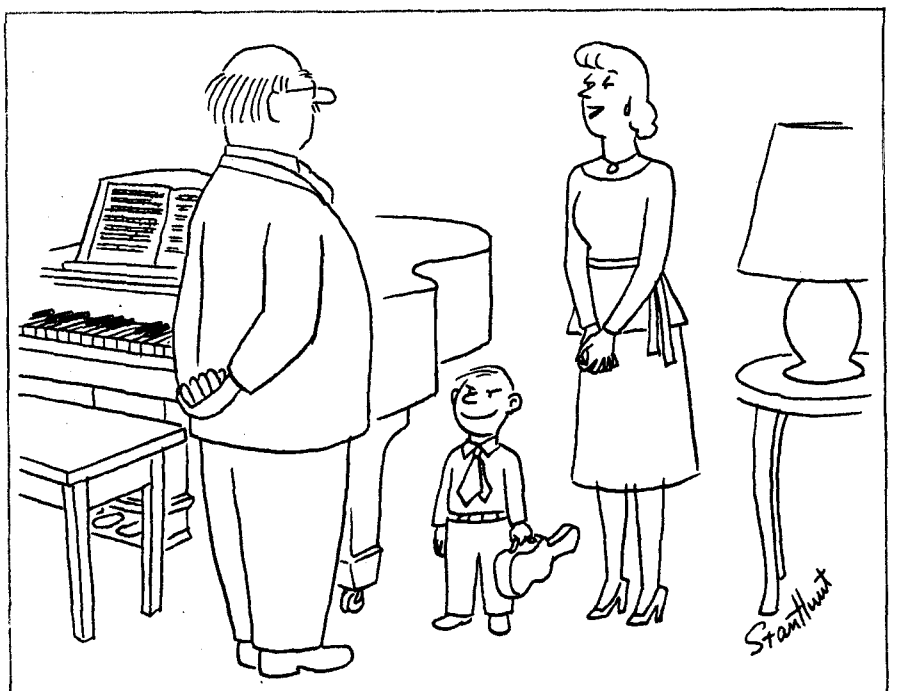
Finland, although a small nation (pop. 4,000,000), is the mainland anchor of the Scandinavian peninsula. Scandinavia locks Russia inland. To reach open water in the West, Soviets first must pass through the doorway of Finland's 793-mile border with Russia.

Stalin pushed into this doorway by force in the winter of 1939-1940. The Finns fought him off then at terrible cost to themselves (a tenth of their territory, an eighth of their wealth). After World War II, during which Finland attacked Russia in an effort to regain her lost territory, the Finns were forced to pay as reparations 300,000,000 1938 U.S. gold dollars' worth of specified goods: 1,000 portable electric-power plants, 17 prefabricated housing factories, entire sawmills, floating fish factories, railroad engines, freight cars, lumber trucks, oil tankers, and even floating docks.

How Finns Met Soviet Deadline

At least two thirds of these items had never been made in Finland. Yet they all had to be delivered within 8 years. The task looked impossible. But the determined Finns borrowed $200,000,000 from Sweden and the United States and with it bought the makings of the first heavy industry of any consequence in their history. They put each new factory to work full blast as soon as it was built, and they met Russia's deadline.

When the last delivery was made in



COLLIER'S

"We just want him to learn to play something horrible for our guests"

STAN HUNT

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innish trade. It can happen elsewhere

September, 1952, the Finns faced a new problem. What to do with the new-built factories? If the factories were shut down, where would their 50,000 workers find jobs?

"Why, that's no problem at all," said Stalin, with a smile that showed all his teeth. "You keep right on making what you have been making for us and we'll swap you our stuff for it until 1955."

The Finns looked around hopefully for other bidders who would at least pay cash. None appeared.

If the Russians Stop Buying

So the Russians, who before the war bought only 3 per cent of what Finland had to sell, almost overnight took control of about one fourth of all Finnish exports. Because purchases are concentrated in heavy industry, the Reds are in a position to create a political crisis, and perhaps an economic one, in Finland whenever they wish, merely by turning off their buying power.

There is now no way to break Russia's grip on Finland for at least three years. Its hold might be weakened if other customers could be found for that share of industrial machines and parts which the Soviet doesn't buy. But the West's real hope of helping the Finns maintain their independence springs from the fact that timber is still the backbone of the country's economy.

Normally, most of Finland's lumber goes to England. British timber-buying today roughly equals Russia's industrial purchases. The precarious balance might be swung toward the West by NATO's need to build barracks for European troops quickly. And the Finns would get a terrific boost in morale if we Americans would use their smart, modern, plywood doors.

Finland's cause is not yet hopeless. Finnish sales offices have been open in New York and New Orleans for more than a year, and a small but encouraging American trade has been built up. The Russians, however, might never have got their present trade contract with Finland, at least not on such easy terms, if the carpenters of California had not barred the Finns from our Western market for nine full months before the Kremlin pact was confirmed last September.

To Americans, a lesson to be learned from Finland's plight is that the men in the Kremlin have figured us out a lot more shrewdly than most of us realize. The California carpenters didn't fall in with Soviet tactics deliberately. They helped by following what had become the accepted course in this country.

The tariff principle on which our long protectionist tradition is based originated in Alexander Hamilton's time with the industrialists. It was adopted wholesale in Franklin Roosevelt's time by the farmers. Labor could hardly be expected to reverse the precedent without first hearing convincing reasons for a change.

The reasons for a change in attitude are known to some of our government officials, but have not been discovered by others because so many official documents have been stamped "top secret," "secret," "confidential" or "classified." The public might have been informed earlier of Russia's designs if the last administration had not, for political reasons, set aside thorny foreign problems for six months before the election.

It was not until a week after the election of President Eisenhower that NATO Ambassador Fred L. Anderson jolted the Overseas Writers Club in Washington with the first public warning that a new approach was imperative.

"The free world is entering a period more difficult and potentially more dangerous than any it has known since the early years of the last war," Anderson said. "Counteraction . . . (will) require extraordinarily constructive leadership . . . a high degree of public understanding and response, (and) . . . international co-operation and organization far beyond that which exists today.

"We do have one big advantage . . . Stalin, Malenkov and others of the Soviet oligarchy (have) . . . blueprinted for us . . . the assumptions upon which the Kremlin plots our destruction. . . . There is a lot of Marxist nonsense and dialectical rubbish (in what they say) . . . but there is also a great deal of penetrating insight. We . . . shall be guilty of gross neglect if we do not examine our weaknesses in the light of the Soviet analysis. . . .

"The men in Moscow are persuaded that the Soviet world, extending from the Elbe to the China Sea, is much better able to play a waiting game than the free world. The Soviet economy is largely self-sufficient. It is held in a tight, enforced unity by the very nature of the Soviet political system. . . .

"In the eyes of the Kremlin the Atlantic Alliance is in a far weaker position to withstand a long period of strenuous alertness. The all-embracing world market on which capitalist countries of the West formerly depended is now divided, with a large part under Soviet control. The West has not made and, the Russians think, cannot make an adjustment to this situation. . . .

"Idleness and depression in the West will, they hope, become chronic . . . (and) increasing poverty, tension and scrambling for markets and raw materials will bring the capitalist countries . . . to . . . open conflict."

Four Phases of Red Strategy

Anderson might have generated more of the "public understanding and response" he solicited if he had revealed that Russia's new strategy was divided into four phases and that it had already progressed to Phase 3.

Phase 1 consisted of industrializing the Soviet bloc, from East Germany to China, to the point where it could grow or manufacture everything its people need for daily living. For all practical purposes that goal has been reached, although the living level of the Red countries is primitively low.

Phase 2 consisted of cutting the millions of customers in this vast self-contained market off from the rest of the world, leaving the West to flounder with the problem of selling its vast stores of food and manufactured goods entirely within the West. How effectively this amputation has been accomplished can be judged in China, newest acquisition to the Kremlin's empire. Two years ago, 74 per cent of China's trade was with the Western World; today 72 per cent is with the Soviet. Except for barter deals that give the Soviet rawstuffs it wants for war, the Soviet bloc as a whole no longer trades with the West.

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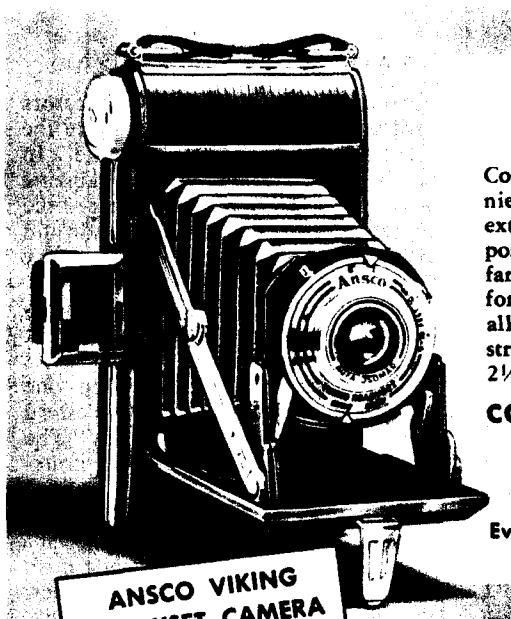

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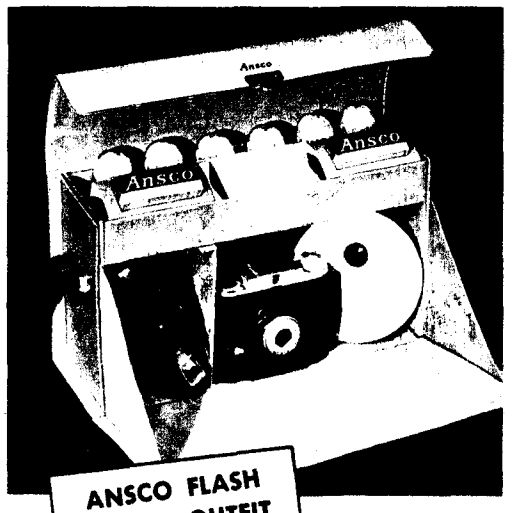

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Phase three of Russia's four-part plot: to buy what we won't

recently revealed the extreme measures Stalin adopted to make Phase 2 airtight: (1) a report of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, which shows that trade within the Soviet bloc has increased to 10 times what it was in that area before the war and (2) the record of the purge trial of Rudolf Slansky in Red Czechoslovakia. Near the top of the list of "treasons" which cost Slansky his life was an alleged attempt by him to reopen trade with the West.

Carrying On Stalin's Policies

After Stalin's death, his successors went a step further to demonstrate the importance of this particular matter. In their very first official act reorganizing the Soviet government, they merged the former Ministries of Internal Trade and External Trade into a single ministry under Anastas Mikoyan.

Phase 3 of the trade war was in progress for a year before Stalin died. It calls for selected purchases by the Soviet of surpluses that accumulate in one Western country because other Western countries cannot or will not buy. The objective of Phase 3 is to plant at strategic points around the world the idea that Russia is the only strong and true friend in case of trouble.

The general plan for this trade push was outlined by Stalin in his October, 1952, article in the magazine Bolshevik. My detailed information on Phase 3 has been confirmed from the files of the State Department. My original source was an intelligence agent who had been assigned to keep tab on the trade offensive and who has resigned his post in protest against Washington's failure to take effective defensive action.

I met this agent in a Vienna café. He began by telling me where to find data on the Kremlin's Permanent Committee for International Trade. The Permanent Committee has regional members all over the globe. It operates continuously in support of Soviet political objectives, shaping its acts to whatever form a particular set of circstances may suggest.

"To defend against these tactics," the intelligence agent told me, "our people at home must realize how they are involved and what they can do about it."

When I asked him to be specific, he cited Finland. I asked for another example.

"Okay," he said. "Let's take Ceylon. Ceylon, as you know, is an island off the southeast coast of India. It's a jumping-off place for trouble anywhere in the Orient. Its location, ideologically, could hardly be improved upon, now that India has risen as China's rival for No. 1 Man of the East.

"The people of Ceylon must get rice or die. One of the few things they can sell in order to buy rice is natural rubber. The United States is less interested in large additional supplies of natural rubber because we can make cheap rubber synthetically. So Russia has taken rice from China and handed it over to the Ceylonese in return for their rubber.

"For us the question is: To what degree are we willing to help the people of Ceylon?"

I asked for another example. He picked Iran.

"The newspapers are full of the dispute over Iranian oil and what the dispute means to the peace of the world," he said. "But did you know that under cover of all the noise about oil, the Russians are buying Iranian zinc, lead, rice, wool and cotton in return for a virtual monopoly on sales within Iran of vital items like newsprint, sugar, building cement and cheap cotton piece goods? Have you heard that some of our diplomats calculate that if Stalin's trade invasion of Iran isn't slowed, he'll have the whole country and its deep oil pool in his pocket by the end of 1953?

"What can we Americans do about it? That's a tough one. But thousands of Iranian weavers get their scrawny living from Persian rugs. We might be able to raise their wages a little by buying more Persian rugs."

He went on to Greece.

"Tito of Yugoslavia is important to us now," he said, "because his fear of Moscow's vengeance has driven him to agree to be part of a solid Mediterranean defense front stretching from Turkey to Spain. Greece lies on Tito's southern flank. In northern Greece his closest neighbors are Communist farmers who for generations have grown tobacco for Austria and Germany.

"Since the war, the Austrians and Germans have learned to like American cigarettes, leaving the northern Greek farmers with bales of deteriorating tobacco on their hands. Soviet agents have gone into Greece and bought this tobacco, taking pains in the course of their trading to spread the word that much of the crop had grown wormy while the farmers waited vainly for American buyers. We took the normal tobacco market away from the Greeks. Can we do anything about the resulting situation?"

Then he jumped to Italy.

"We have been trying to encourage the Italians to reform their ancient feudal system of landownership in the south," he said. "That would give the little fellow a better chance in life. But the reform takes time. A full belly today means more to a hungry peasant than an acre of land tomorrow.

"Stalin in 1951 filled many southern Italian bellies by buying surplus lemons, oranges and almonds that we wouldn't buy. He acted just in time to influence the provincial elections. And late in 1952—just in time to affect the crucial national vote of 1953—he started buying textiles that were glutting the mills of Italy's industrial north.

"Are we prepared to help out in this Italian political crisis?"

Several weeks before he died, Stalin extended Phase 3 into the Western Hemisphere, by granting a personal interview to Argentine Ambassador Leopoldo Bravo. In that private talk, the first he ever had with a Latin-American diplomat, the Red dictator emphasized Moscow's interest in industrial raw materials from South America. A remarkably short time after that, Argentina's President Juan Domingo Perón was across the Andes in Chile, visiting one of the world's richest sources of copper —scarcest item in Russia's warmaking stockpile.

Halfway around the globe, the first major victory of Phase 3 was won in Tokyo just one day after Stalin succumbed to cerebral hemorrhage. On March 6, 1953, Premier Shigeru Yoshida affirmed, against American protests, Japan's intention to accept the buying blandishments of Red China.

Stalin had predicted that both Japan and Germany would break away from the West as soon as trading prospects favored that course. He was confident of the ultimate outcome of Phase 3 everywhere because he made a trial run of it at the Moscow Trade Conference last April 3d-12th.

Deceit Masked by Fine Words

In spite of everything the United States could do to stop them, 471 businessmen from 49 countries attended that meeting in the Russian capital. These supposedly hardheaded characters signed a spate of trade agreements —subject to approval by their respective governments. All transactions were in strict compliance with the conference objective: "extension of trade on the basis of equality and with due consideration for the need for industrializing the underdeveloped countries."

When the enthusiastic travelers got back home and asked for official endorsement of their various deals, they discovered that "due consideration for the need for industrializing the underdeveloped countries" meant shipping to the Soviet, along with the surplus textiles and consumers' goods agreed upon, machines and equipment which

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the Western governments preferred to keep in their own hands, for strategic reasons.

England, France, Italy and Western Germany all agreed to ban completion of the transactions. The lure of the Soviet appeared to have faded into the air. But—

In England, neutralist Aneurin Bevan's voting strength in the Labor bloc of Commons rose by more than 60 per cent after the Churchill government forced cancellation of a $96,000,000 textile sale Lord Boyd Orr negotiated in Moscow.

So adept was the Soviet propaganda throughout Europe that even while this British sale was being blocked, it was publicized in Germany as a great success, and was contrasted bitterly there to the collapse of the Germans' own $75,000,000 deal, which also was quashed. As a protest against the "discrimination" involved, the *Bundestag* voted a demand for abolition of all restrictions on trade with the Soviet.

Italian Press Stirs Resentment

Italian newspapers, meanwhile, accused their government of forcing Italian factory owners to give up orders which, as a consequence, "provided jobs for workers of France."

In France, the thwarted businessmen, who neither received these Italian orders nor were permitted to carry out their own contracts with Moscow, distributed handbills proclaiming the "virtual impossibility of obtaining markets in the United States" to replace those "lost" in Russia.

Of the $500,000,000 in deals which had been publicly announced in Moscow, a mere $10,000,000 worth—2 per cent—actually were carried through in 1952. Nevertheless, Stalin unquestionably had goaded capitalist businessmen into warring among themselves over sales.

Phase 4 of the Reds' strategy was described more clearly than any of its forerunners in Stalin's article in Bolshevik. "Soon," Stalin wrote, "the countries of people's democracy (will) face the necessity of disposing of the surplus of their own production." Then the Soviet will pour its goods into the West at prices far below cost, hoping to provoke ruinous undercutting by Western merchants as a step toward ultimately destroying capitalism through bloodless civil war.

Advance maneuvers of Phase 4 were under way before Stalin died. Late in his regime, the Reds built million-dollar exhibits at industrial fairs in Germany, Austria and India. Only small souvenirs were sold, but future orders were encouraged. In backward lands like Indochina and Indonesia, smart machinery catalogues—with illustrations in full color and text in four languages—were widely circulated.

There was at first a tendency among Western diplomats to depreciate these tactics as empty showmanship. Then Hungary took action that disposed of all doubt about the threat of Phase 4. The Soviet puppets in Budapest dumped in Africa, at a price of 25 cents a yard, cotton cloth they weave and retail at home for $2.20 a yard; in Austria they have sold, for $1.25 each, the selfsame shirts that cost the Hungarian people $11 apiece.

"We don't think Russia can duplicate that on a big scale tomorrow," a United States government economist told me in Washington. "But it would be wise for us to close ranks with our allies before it gets that far.

"Our own people are talking as though 'Trade—Not Aid' is an issue for debate. The truth seems to be that we have no choice. Either we trade with our friends or we surrender them by default to the Kremlin.

"We ought to be thinking seriously about this danger from our own selfish standpoint. Since 1945, we have exported $90,000,000,000 worth of goods. We have imported only $54,000,000,000 worth. In other words, we've shipped out two-thirds more than we've brought in.

"Now we didn't just send our stuff over there and say, 'Here, take it!' We sent a bill along with it and gave our friends the money to pay the bill. They made payment directly to the factories and farms here in the U.S. where the stuff they got was made or grown.

"When the bill was added up, with handling charges and administrative costs and such items added, the total jumped from $35,000,000,000 to $40,000,000,000. Our taxpayers, then, paid a premium of ten cents on every dollar for the privilege of subsidizing all the American farmers and factory workers who helped to strengthen and feed Europe.

"Let me give you a rough idea how many jobs here at home depend on the trade we have built up under this expensive arrangement. In 1951 almost half of our wheat went abroad, a third of our cotton, just under a fourth of our tobacco, 45 per cent of our dried whole milk, one in every five of our tractors, one in every seven of our motor trucks. I could go on, but I think that's enough to show you.

"Suppose we stop these shipments? What's going to happen?

"We'll have to stop them if Russia's trade drive succeeds. And it will succeed if we don't let our European friends sell us their stuff to get the money to pay our bill. They're tired of owing us.

"And that isn't just a matter of pride with them. They've got to have jobs for their people, too—jobs they won't have if they can't sell their goods."

Tariff Laws Are Ineffective

Will lower tariffs be an adequate defense for us? They will help blunt the trade attack, but no responsible official or serious student of economics believes that they alone will suffice. Trade experts agree that (1) tariff laws must be simplified to end delays due to customs disputes, (2) the "Buy American" Act must be repealed, (3) maritime rules must be amended to permit shipping of official American freight and personnel in foreign bottoms and (4) our Point Four program, set up to raise the living level of underdeveloped countries, must be extended.

Even all these steps together will not remove the Russian trade threat. But they will weaken it. And they will strengthen our moral position in urging our allies to lower their own trade barriers to speed the coming of a union of Europe.

If the Western Europeans can merge their buying and selling potential into a single free market, they will have 270,000,000 customers—twice as many as we have in the United States. Once that pool of trading power exists, Russia's campaign inevitably will stall. Whoever is Soviet dictator then may at last be willing to concede that Socialism and democracy can exist side by side in peace. At least, he will have learned that it was wrong to expect to draft *you!*

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Pitching to

They're called the batters with the fewest

IT WAS a night game between Brooklyn and Pittsburgh, and the Dodger pitcher was worried. Ralph Kiner was coming to bat, and Kiner had been murdering the ball all evening. The pitcher stepped off the rubber and beckoned catcher Roy Campanella to the mound. "What'll we throw him?" he asked nervously. Campanella stared at the hurler.

"Man," he said, "we've tried everything but praying—and that's what I was doing when you called me out here."

Kiner, despite a disappointing 1952 season, is one of the most feared hitters in baseball. The Brooklyn pitcher's problem was one all National League hurlers know: there is no safe pitch to throw Kiner. In that respect, Ralph belongs to a select group in the majors.

Most hitters have at least one weakness, carefully noted by the batteries of all opposing clubs and catalogued in an imaginary reference work ballplayers call "the book." This guide to the batters' soft spots is the pitchers' bible. From one club to another, it varies remarkably little; if the Giant hurlers list a Cincinnati outfielder's weakness as a high fast ball, St. Louis pitchers will probably have him tabbed the same way.

Because of this virtual unanimity about the book, almost all pitchers in each league agree in general on the five toughest batsmen they have to face—the men with the fewest weaknesses, the fewest entries in the book. In the National League, Kiner is one of the top five. The others are Stan Musial of the Cardinals, Jackie Robinson of the Dodgers, Hank Sauer of the Cubs and Monte Irvin of the Giants. In the American League, the big five are Yogi Berra of the Yankees; Ferris Fain, traded last winter to the White Sox; Eddie Robinson, who went to the Athletics in the same deal; George Kell of the Red Sox; and Al Rosen of the Indians.

"They're the guys who hurt us most," one pitcher told me. Taken collectively, they're the ten most dangerous batters in the two leagues.

While the task of thwarting these top batters rests with the pitchers, the pitchers get their instruction from the managers, who must know the book by heart. Some managers, like Lou Boudreau of the Red Sox and Charlie Dressen of the Dodg-

Pity the poor pitcher who faces Stan Musial. He hits everything with equal skill. Hurlers have more luck throwing "the book" at the others.

Collier's for April 18, 1953

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Baseball's 10 Best Hitters

weaknesses, the men who can hurt you most. But the pitchers have some weapons, too

By ARTHUR RICHMAN

ers, have their pitchers recite chapter and verse at clubhouse meetings almost every day, while others, like Paul Richards of the White Sox and Marty Marion of the Browns, call a meeting before the start of each new series of games with a team. Leo Durocher, on the other hand, meets with his Giants about three times a month, and Bucky Harris of Washington called only four meetings during the entire 1952 campaign.

In a typical White Sox meeting, Richards maps battle plans like a five-star general. First he takes aside his batterymen, hands his starting pitcher the opposing line-up, and goes over the faults of all the hitters on the card. Later, Richards tells his infielders which way to move for each batter, and finally he instructs his outfielders how deep or shallow to play and how much to allow for the prevailing winds.

Of course, there are some cases where the book is of no value whatever.

"When you're pitching to a guy like Stan Musial, you might as well throw away the book," explains pitcher Warren Spahn of the transplanted Braves. "Generally, when a batter bends his back leg or shows a tendency to golf the ball, we figure he's strictly a low-ball hitter. If he hits off his front foot, he's usually a high-ball hitter. Musial murders high and low pitches alike."

Despite his unorthodox batting stance, the left-handed Musial generally is rated the top hitter in baseball. He led the National League in batting for the sixth time last season (although his .336 average was the lowest with which he ever won a title). Rival players have been trying vainly to discover a Musial weakness since he entered the league in 1941.

"There simply is no safe way to pitch to him," declares his ex-teammate, Joe Garagiola, now a catcher with Pittsburgh. "Musial murders a low, inside fast ball and does the same with a high, outside curve. All we can do is mix up our pitches and take our chances. We try to cut down his power by pitching outside, hoping he'll hit to the opposite field." (Since Musial bats left-handed, he hits better—and more often—to right than to left.)

"When we know he's due to come up in any inning," adds Garagiola, "we work especially hard on the batters ahead of him. We don't let Musial get up with men on base if we can help it."

With men on second or third and first base open, Cubs manager Phil Cavarretta often instructs his pitchers to walk Musial, particularly when a run might prove damaging to Chicago's cause. On all clubs, it's considered a notable feat just to get Musial out. The Cardinal outfielder once blasted a vicious line drive that almost tore the glove off second baseman Eddie Miksis of the Cubs. Miksis was knocked to the ground by the force of the liner but arose groggily, still clutching the ball. The shaken Chicago pitcher was thanking his stars when Cub catcher Toby Atwell hollered to him enthusiastically:

"Atta way to go, kid! That's the way to get these good hitters out."

Not quite so devastating as Musial, but still bracketed among the National League's top five is

.. to r.: Al Rosen, Ralph Kiner, Monte Irvin, George Kell (kneeling), Eddie Robinson, Ferris Fain, Hank Sauer, Yogi Berra, Jackie Robinson

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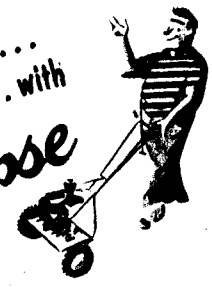

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The situation can decide the pitch. Everything's considered

Brooklyn second baseman Jackie Robinson, whose .308 batting average last year included 19 home runs. Robby can best be dealt with by keeping the ball "in on his fists." Pitchers "crowd" him for that reason, but also offer him an occasional wide one to vary the pattern. Robinson's prime batting virtue is his refusal to go for bad balls.

Since he usually pulls the ball to left field, the hurlers make sure not to give him any inside pitch which he can hit with the fat part of his bat. Curve balls are Jackie's meat, but sinkers and change-of-pace pitches may fool him.

Triple Headache for Hurlers

"Robinson can hurt you three ways," says Ewell Blackwell, who went from the National League Reds to the American League Yankees last year—"with a long ball, a bunt or a base on balls."

Pitchers hate to walk Jackie because of his exceptional speed and his distracting tactics on the base paths. At bat, Robinson averaged one home run in every eight games last season, but he hardly can be ranked in the same long-ball class as Ralph Kiner.

Outfielder Kiner is the only man in major-league history who has won the home-run championship or tied for it seven straight seasons. Even Babe Ruth couldn't do it. Last season, Kiner batted only .244 and tied for the home-run title with a meager (for him) 37, but pitchers still rate him tops.

"Kiner was an easier mark than usual last season," says a rival hurler, "because he had a lame back for more than a month and because he was the only hitter we had to worry about in the Pittsburgh line-up. We could concentrate on him because most of the other Pirate batters were inexperienced kids who couldn't hit their hat size. But Kiner should have a better year this time. He's still one of the best low-ball hitters in the league and he'll hit one over the wall if you throw him close."

Kiner's greatest asset is a pair of powerful wrists that have the snap of a bull whip. A high outside pitch is said to be his only weak spot. That's why pitchers brush him back from the plate sometimes to set him up for a curve on the outside.

"But don't try to fool Kiner with the same pitch twice," advises Dodger catcher Campanella, "and don't change up on him too often. With those strong wrists of his, he can hold back, swing at the last second and still break all the dishes in your china closet."

Like Kiner, Hank Sauer is a home-run threat any time he enters the batter's box. Sauer slammed 37 homers to tie Kiner last year and drove in 121 runs, tops in the majors.

Named the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1952, the heavily built, right-handed Chicago outfielder became a successful hitter somewhat suddenly. For a long time, he couldn't or wouldn't hit to right field. So opposing infielders and outfielders used to fill up the left side of the field to block his hits. The third baseman would play nearer the foul line, the shortstop only 10 or 15 feet away from the third baseman, the second baseman in the shortstop's normal position and the center fielder well over toward left. Hank became a top batsman last season when he suddenly started chopping occasional balls toward right field—especially on an outside pitch—and breaking up the opposition's defensive shift.

Jim Hearn of the Giants says that normally a man with Sauer's wide batting stance is best handled by pitching to him high and outside, so he can't pull the ball easily. Yet Hank has enough power to reach across the plate and pull an outside pitch to left. Throw him inside and he may pull the ball into the seats. He poses quite a quandary for the pitchers.

Sauer led the league in batting for a while last year, but then his average shrunk from .350 to .270. He says it happened because "I was trying for home runs too often."

Outfielder Monte Irvin completes the league's elite batting group. After breaking an ankle in an April, 1952, exhibition game, he rejoined the Giants last August. Opposing pitchers fed him a steady diet of fast balls, since his timing figured to be off. "But he fooled everyone," says pitcher Cliff Chambers of the Cardinals, "by hitting fast balls farther than he hit curves." He batted .310 in 46 games.

Reputed to be the strongest swinger in the league, the muscular Irvin can drive a ball into the seats even if he hits it on the handle. "I've seen Irvin hit a ball 375 feet on a pitch that partially fooled him," says Robin Roberts, the ace of the Phillies' pitching staff.

Pitchers say Irvin's power is on the outside, so he sees a lot of inside pitches. They keep the ball low on him in the hope he'll hit it into the ground, particularly in the Polo Grounds, where the left-field fence, only 279 feet from home plate, presents an inviting target. Throwing a change-up to Irvin can be disastrous; he seems to count slowly to three and wait until the last possible second before swinging. He is rated as a hitter with no major weakness.

The National League boasts other fine hitters, but the pitchers eliminate them from the first five for one reason or another. Among the hitters rated nearest the top are:

Del Ennis, Phillies—Pitchers feel he doesn't know the strike zone too well; they keep him off stride with change-ups and curves.

Duke Snider, Dodgers—Left-handers throw him both high and low curves, while right-handers try to curve him on the inside. His inconsistency keeps him out of the first five.

Ted Kluszewski, Cincinnati Reds—Inside pitches neutralize his power.

Sid Gordon, Braves—He wallops anything on the outside, but sidearm pitches give him trouble.

Enos Slaughter, Cardinals—He's an excellent fast-ball hitter, but can be subdued by slow curves.

Frank Baumholtz, Cubs—His chief weakness is a high outside fast ball. He's a punch hitter, without much power.

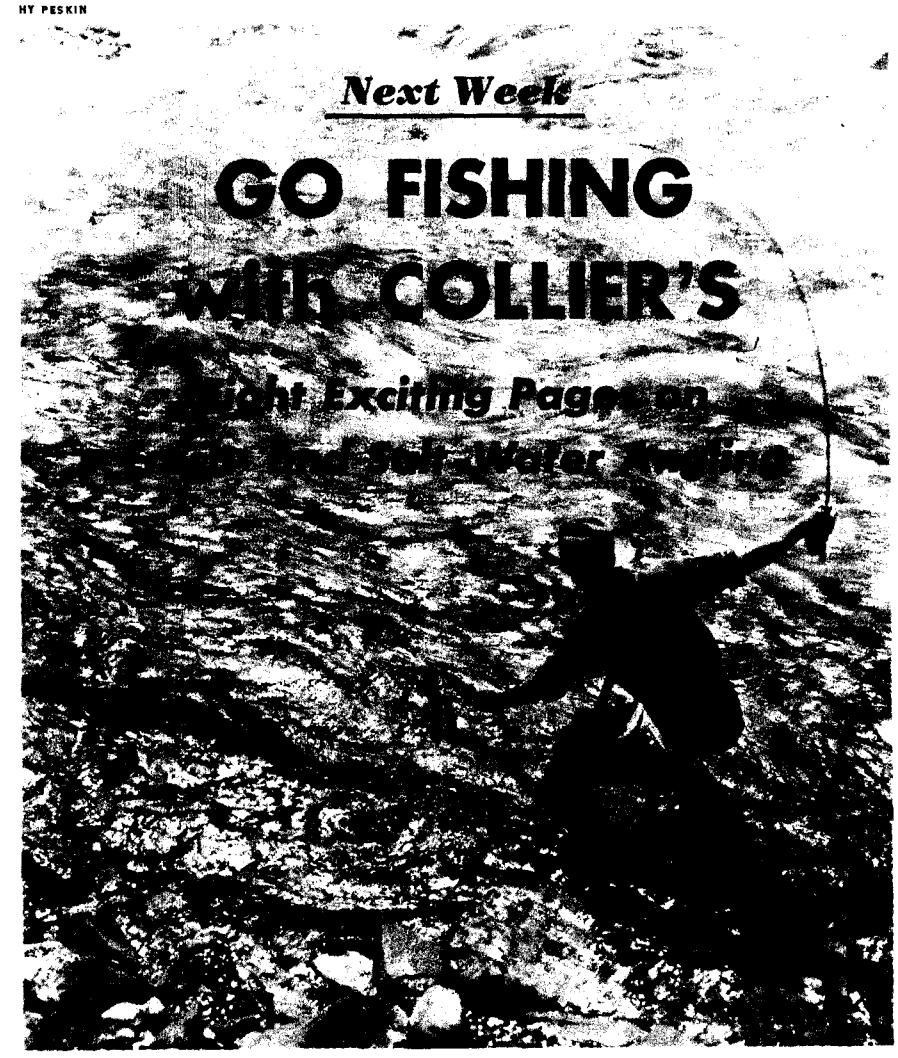
Bobby Thomson, Giants—Pitchers either crowd him around the knees or throw him low and away.

Gil Hodges, Dodgers—The hurlers curve him to death. Like Thomson, Gil is considered too erratic at the plate.

Berra Goes For Bad Pitches

One of the American League's top five has a glaring weakness that's also one of his great strong points. The man is stocky, round-shouldered, Yankee catcher Yogi Berra, and the weakness is a tendency to go after bad pitches. That's a common fault, but the difference between Berra and other batters who swing at bad balls is that he hits

HY PESKIN



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them. It drives pitchers crazy. The league's hurlers agree that at least half of the 30 home runs Berra hit last season came on pitches few other good batters would have swung at.

"Sometimes you can get him out on almost anything you throw up there," says right-hander Saul Rogovin of the White Sox, "but other times, you can break off your best pitch and he'll blast it. Good balls and bad ones—they're all alike to him."

One American League manager tells his pitchers, "If you get ahead of Berra, try to sneak another strike across. Chances are if you try to waste a pitch by throwing it around his neck or down near the dirt, he'll still belt it into the bleachers."

In any case, pitchers keep the ball away from the left-handed-hitting Berra in an effort to minimize his power and keep him from pulling to right field. Boston Red Sox pitchers report occasional success when they throw him a lot of slow junk—pitches with little or no stuff on them.

Hitting at bad balls the way Berra does cost first baseman Ferris Fain precious points in his batting average during his first four seasons in the majors. Fain's main fault used to be an insatiable appetite for home runs, but since he began concentrating on just meeting the ball in 1951, he has won two straight batting titles and gained recognition as one of the American League's best hitters.

"We never used to give Fain anything good to hit at," says pitcher Walt Masterson of Washington, "but he has smartened up a lot and won't go after the bad ones any more. Now he waits for the pitch he likes and merely aims to get a good piece of the ball. He can handle any situation. If we pitch him outside, he hits to left field; if we throw him inside, he pulls to right. He's what we call a brainy hitter—a guy who thinks before he swings."

Robinson Trade Benefits A's

When the A's traded Fain to the White Sox for Eddie Robinson last January, Philadelphia's general manager, Arthur Ehlers, explained: "Fain certainly will get on base—in fact, he practically lives on base—but we needed a power hitter like Robinson to drive in runs."

The Athletics got all they bargained for in the left-handed Robinson, whom the pitchers call "the meanest man in the league" when he's at bat. Eddie whacked 22 homers last year. He should do even better in Philadelphia's Shibe Park than he did in big, windy Comiskey Park.

Robinson, a first baseman, can hit an inside fast ball into the next voting district, so the pitchers throw him breaking stuff and try to make him hit straightaway. His only tip-off is a slight crouch when he's looking for a curve; that's when the hurlers try to sneak in a fast one.

The pitchers include George Kell in the American League's first flight because, as one told me, "He can do more things with a bat than anyone else in the league." The proof is that Kell has hit over .300 the past seven years and has a lustrous .311 lifetime average.

Around the league, the Boston third baseman's name has become synonymous with consistency. Although he's short on power, he is an expert at spraying drives to all fields and wrecking any defensive alignment opposing teams may set up against him. Kell refuses to be intimidated by pitchers who knock him down. He bounces up, and protects the plate as zealously as ever.

The pitchers try to keep Kell off balance by changing speed on their curve balls, and they seldom offer him anything really good to hit at. They also try to exploit his known preference for the first pitch.

Every industry likes to boast of at least one self-made man, and Al Rosen is baseball's best example.

Al Rosen's Success Formula

"Rosen became a first-class hitter on determination alone," says southpaw Mel Parnell of the Red Sox. "I've seen him get three hits in a game and then kick himself for not getting the fourth."

Pitchers usually keep the ball high and tight on the right-handed Rosen to keep him from hitting the long ball. In large parks, they try to make him hit to center field, where his distant drives can sometimes be caught. The Cleveland third baseman is tough to pitch to; he's a good curve-ball hitter who isn't overpowered by fast balls. Toward the end of last season, he was being offered many sliders—modified curve balls that break only a half inch or so.

Rosen, who led the league with 105 runs batted in last year and hit 28 homers, is noted for his power of concentration. Pitchers rarely succeed in distracting him. Once, after Al had walloped a fast ball for a homer in his previous time at bat, left-hander Tommy Byrne, now with Chicago, teased Rosen: "You did pretty well with that fast ball, but let's see what you can do with this curve."

Paying absolutely no attention, Rosen let the curve go by for a strike. Byrne pressed his luck and came in with another curve—then dejectedly watched the ball land in left-center for a single. (Not all batters are as difficult to divert as Rosen. When Byrne tried the same stunt on Phil Rizzuto, the sensitive Yankee shortstop plugged his ears with cotton.)

Although Al Rosen rounds out the American League's upper circle of hitters, pitchers agree it is only a matter of time until outfielder Mickey Mantle of the Yankees shoulders his way in. Mantle batted an impressive .311 last year, although he occasionally pursued bad pitches with youthful zeal. He struck out 111 times, an all-time Yankee high. Still, there was no laughing off Mantle's power (23 homers), his ability to beat out bunts or his prowess as a switch hitter. The pitchers say Mantle will rank with the best as soon as he learns to stop swinging at bad balls.

The American League hitters who rank behind Mantle are:

Larry Doby, Indians—His 104 runs batted in tied him for second place in RBIs with Eddie Robinson, but his 111 strike-outs tied him with Mantle in that department. The pitchers make Doby swing by keeping the ball inside and around his belt buckle.

Gene Woodling, Yankees—He's a tough man to pitch to, especially with runners on, but he has little power and can be fooled by letter-high sliders.

Billy Goodman, Red Sox—If they pitch him inside, he'll pull the ball; out-

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Dale Mitchell, Indians—He owns a sharp eye at the plate, but doesn't break many fences. Curves and change-ups are his weaknesses.

Johnny Mize, Yankees—A powerful pull hitter, he might rate in the first five if he were younger and played more often. Pitchers offer him high, fast balls all day long.

Gus Zernial, Athletics—Hurlers get him out with "a good motion"—a deceptive windup and delivery.

Vic Wertz, Browns—He's a low-ball hitter, so they pitch him high and tight to cut his power.

Hank Bauer, Yankees—He pulls too much to left field, rarely crossing up the defense, and is weak against right-handed sidearm pitchers.

The pitchers insist the book is rarely wrong. When a mistake does crop up, it's usually because the batter has secretly rewritten the entry under his name. Last September, for example, while the Dodgers were struggling for the pennant, they made a beeline for the book to learn how to pitch to Jim Greengrass, a Cincinnati rookie just up from Beaumont of the Texas League. Discovering that his Brooklyn players knew nothing about Greengrass, manager Charlie Dressen hastily put in a call to Bobby Bragan, then pilot of the Dodgers' Fort Worth farm in the Texas League.

"We have a three-game series with Cincinnati coming up," Dressen told Bragan, "and we don't have the book on this kid Greengrass. How did you guys pitch him?"

"We had pretty good luck with curve balls around his knees," replied Bragan. "Whatever you do, don't throw him any fast balls up near his shoulders."

The Rookie Ignored the Book

Pitcher Johnny Rutherford, who started for the Dodgers that day, stuck close to Bragan's book. But in the third inning, the Cincinnati outfielder walloped a knee-high curve over the fence with bases loaded, to beat Brooklyn 4-0. Despite the defeat, the Dodgers followed the same formula the next day and Greengrass connected for two more hits, including a three-run homer.

"That guy Greengrass just beat the stuffing out of us," says Dodger first baseman Gil Hodges. "We had the right dope on how they got Greengrass out in the Texas League, but he probably worked on his weakness before the Reds arrived in Brooklyn. We've revised the book on him, though, and this year we know better."

The pitchers will reserve judgment on Greengrass until he's been around a while. They figure it takes a hitter at least three years to prove himself.

Greengrass batted .309 in the 18 games he played for the Reds last September, and is considered an outstanding prospect, but his brief late-season flurry provides no guarantee of his future. Others have started as spectacularly only to be forgotten shortly.

Rookie outfielder Dino Restelli was hailed as another Kiner when he smashed seven homers in his first 12 games with Pittsburgh in 1949. But he added only five more during the rest of the season and was back in the minors by 1950, a victim of change-ups and high fast balls. Merv Connors of the White Sox, Tex Cieslak of the Phils and Mel Mazzera of the Browns are others who wowed 'em the first time around but wound up back in the minors.

Usually, players delight in throwing the book at opposing batters, but sometimes they forbear out of sheer sentimentality. Back in 1945, Mike Garbark, a Yankee fill-in, batted 29 straight times without a hit, thereby arousing the sympathy of Brownie catcher Frank Mancuso.

As Garbark came to bat in the eighth inning of a game in which the Browns were leading by seven runs, Mancuso, from his squatting position behind the plate, said: "Hey, Mike, the next pitch is gonna be a fast ball right down the pipe. Let's see ya bust that streak."

Garbark set himself, swung with all his might and then sadly shuffled back to the bench as the St. Louis shortstop gathered in his towering pop-up.

Yogi Berra undoubtedly is the most talkative catcher among the current receivers, his scope of conversation ranging from world politics to home economics. When he's asked why he persists in chatting with rival batters, Yogi says, "I'm only being sociable."

But Berra's sociability grated on Richie Ashburn's nerves during the third game of the 1950 World Series. When Yogi asked the Philadelphia outfielder how he liked batting against Yankee pitching, Ashburn snapped, "I'll let you know later." He fanned the first time up. Two innings later, Berra broached the subject again.

"Look, Yogi, don't bother me while I'm hitting," Richie growled. "It was your fault that I struck out before."

"Since he felt that way about it," Berra says, "I just kept my mouth shut—and I'm glad I did. He struck out twice again and that was two times he couldn't blame me."

Catchers and coaches are the principal authors of the book used by pitchers to confound opposing batters. The average clubhouse strategy conference is similar to a corporation meeting, with the manager acting as the chairman of the board and the players as trustees. The catcher sometimes serves as secretary, "reading the minutes" of previous games and pointing out any flaws he may have noticed on the rival club or his own.

Although catcher Jim Hegan is famed for his defensive finesse and his brilliant handling of Cleveland's pitching staff, another catcher, sharp-eyed Mickey Grasso of Washington, who can discover a rival flaw quicker than a bank teller can spot a phony five, is widely rated the master detective of all receivers.

By watching the button on the cap of a Detroit pitcher bob up and down, Grasso once fathomed that the hurler chewed his gum only before throwing a curve ball. "Mickey can tell how long a guy has been sitting on the bench," a teammate says, "just by looking at the creases in his uniform."

Why Cameramen Had to Wait

Jim Turner, the Yankees' pitching coach, is another man with an eagle eye for enemy tip-offs. Manager Casey Stengel credits him with a major share in the team's success. On the day last year when pitcher Ewell Blackwell reported to the Yankees from Cincinnati, photographers waited impatiently to get a picture of the newcomer. But Turner, who was painstakingly explaining the faults of rival hitters, detained the pitcher in the clubhouse for almost an hour.

"My paper needs Blackwell's picture for a World Series layout on the Yankees," one lensman finally complained to Stengel.

"If Blackwell doesn't get the information Turner is giving him now," snapped Stengel, "your paper might not need *any* of our pictures for the World Series."

Chances are, Blackwell hasn't forgotten a word Turner said that day. Pitchers may have weak memories for names but they have an uncanny knack for retaining hundreds of batting weaknesses. Dizzy Dean proved it once when he bumped into a former rival he hadn't seen in years.

"Your name slips my mind," Diz apologized, "but I know we always called you 'low and away.'" ▲▲▲

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A guest is sure to remark that the bottle would make a very attractive lamp

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

By MICHAEL BERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE dinner was delicious, the brandy excellent and conversation flowed gently and smoothly. Then the host blurted: "Let me show you my collection." The guests—with the exception of me—followed him into the next room. I grabbed my hat and coat and made for the nearest exit.

It isn't that I don't like shrunken heads. I like them as well as the next fellow. But I just can't stand collectors. And I don't care whether it's shrunken heads, dueling pistols or early-American bottle openers. The point is, they insist upon spoiling a good dinner by topping it off with, "Let me show you my collection."

What usually follows is a highly technical discourse on the history and the endless varieties of netsukes (Japanese pillbox toggles) during which the audience learns by inference that here is one of the finest collections of netsukes (Japanese pillbox toggles) in the country and that its owner is one of the outstanding authorities in the field.

All this is very tiresome; and what really puzzles me is, these avid accumulators are often supposedly mature men who, in their spare time, engage in the practice of law, medicine or some other highly respected activity. One should think that this alone would keep them busy and satisfied. But no. They have an irresistible urge to be known as experts on Bavarian beer steins and regard the gathering and storing of nineteenth-century picture post cards as the major achievement of their careers.

Let me admit at this point that I was once a collector with all the eager single-mindedness of the species. I would probably still be one if it hadn't been for an event that vividly demonstrated the futility of my efforts. After saving stamps like mad during two of my childhood years I received as a birthday present a large envelope that bore the legend: 1,000 Genuine Postage Stamps 1,000—All Different —One Dollar. That envelope contained every stamp I had in my imposing collection and prompted me to give up the whole nonsense for good.

These days I let the big little boys who have graduated from marbles to Flemish pewter do all the hustling and bragging while I, quietly and without the least bit of fanfare, let things collect themselves.

The results are most impressive, and while I have shown great reluctance in the past even to mention the subject, I shall now for the first time yield a few data pertaining to the Berry collections.

Every time I buy a can of tomato soup or a loaf of bread I carefully flatten out the brown paper bag I brought it home in and store it on top of the refrigerator. Of course, I select only specimens that are in good condition and show no tears or discoloration. One never knows when they'll come in handy. Today I believe I can say in all modesty that I own one of the finest collections of used brown paper bags in the country. And yet, I never bore my guests by dwelling on this fact and by demanding outbursts of admiration.

I plan, however, to do something about my Chianti bottles. It's a curious thing, but whenever I serve a glass of Chianti at dinner one of my friends is apt to remark that the wine bottle in the wicker basket could be made into a very attractive lamp. Eighteen of these bottles are now sitting on top of my kitchen cabinets ready to be made into very attractive lamps. As soon as they're finished I'll give them away. In this manner I'll be rid of my empty bottles and, possibly, an equal number of friends.

If you are a lover of fine ocean-pearl buttons you may be interested in a collection I built up gradually with very little effort. Every once in a while I peek under the chest of drawers to recover popped-off shirt buttons. But since the laundryman replaces missing buttons automatically my collection of spares is growing all the time. The same is true of the little plastic collar stays which join the collection when a shirt is worn out and cut up into dust rags.

My collar stays and shirt buttons are housed in crescent-shaped plastic boxes which formerly contained Camembert cheese. I have enough of these containers to last me for years. They are stored in old shoe boxes, twelve of which are stacked in a neat pile in a corner of the bedroom. My reason for collecting these is that they make nice sewing baskets and dandy tackle boxes. And, speaking of fishing, I don't believe I will ever run out of fishing hats. We all know that once a hat looks so disreputable that it tempts passers-by to toss pennies into it, why, it'll still make a swell fishing hat. That's why I have placed all the hats I've owned since 1939 on top of the old shoe boxes which, incidentally, are all smartly tied with bits of string from the string section of my collection.

Naturally, when you have a steady supply of articles coming in for which there is no immediate use, you will eventually be faced with a storage problem. In fact, most of my collections have been growing so rapidly that they are beginning to encroach on my freedom of movement. Since all the dining-room chairs are now occupied by stacks of receipted hotel bills of the past decade and bundles of pre-Pearl Harbor bank statements, I have reluctantly decided to dispose of some of my things. Therefore, if you know of someone interested in acquiring a collection of about 600 back numbers of Collier's, please wire me—collect. ▲▲▲

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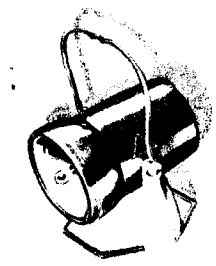

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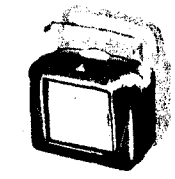

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JOHN FISCHETTI

Lay Off, Friends, Lay Off!

DURING his first few weeks in office, we would imagine that President Eisenhower has already had occasion to recall a remark that the French Marshal de Villars is said to have made to Louis XIV: "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies." Thus far most of the new President's difficulties seem to have originated in the ranks of his supporters.

Mr. Eisenhower seems to be the innocent and unwitting victim of his own popularity. His prestige was such that his candidacy drew support from every political segment of our population. Many people in each of those segments tried to create the candidate in their own image. They have preserved that image since the candidate became President, and have sought to form his policies by their own lights.

Certain congressmen of the President's party would interpret his denunciation of Soviet Russia's failure to live up to its World War II agreements as a renunciation of the agreements themselves. Others would see in a relaxation of the Seventh Fleet's patrol of the Formosa Strait an immediate go-ahead for a full-scale Nationalist invasion of the mainland.

Some families and friends of men in Korea have expected a sudden solution of the war, and now grumble slightly because it hasn't been forthcoming. A Southern newspaper publisher we know of, a man who is vigorously anti-FEPC, was asked what effect he thought Mr. Eisenhower's election would have on Supreme Court rulings in any future legislation concerning racial discrimination. "Oh, we'll win now," he said confidently.

All these attitudes are transparently foolish, of course, in the light of the President's actual words and actions. But they persist. Too many people expect of Mr. Eisenhower immediate and dramatic accomplishments in the fields of their particular interest. They want a magic formula for ending the Korean war. They want him to balance the budget and reduce taxes tomorrow. They expect the "mess in Washington" to be cleaned up by one swift sweep of the new political broom.

The truth is, obviously, that President Eisenhower, unlike de Lawd in The Green Pastures, cannot "pass a miracle" and solve every difficulty that confronts him. Neither can he be all things to all people—the "Taft Republicans," "Dewey Republicans," Southern State-righters, independents and all the rest who voted for him and now apparently expect him to react and decide as they would.

It is an unhappy fact that the most vexing problems which challenge world leadership did not vanish or even change with the change of administration in Washington. We believe, with many millions of other Americans, that the new administration will do a much better job of meeting the challenge and solving the problems. But it will not do the job overnight. Nor can it be expected to discover and remedy, in a few weeks or months, all the corruption and laxity that accumulated in 20 years of one-party rule.

The President, like any other mortal man, is allotted but 24 hours in each day. He must be patient as well as persistent in the performance of his heavy duties. And we believe that all who admire and trust and support him, and wish him well, might cultivate an equal patience and cease to expect wonders at the stroke of a pen or a wave of the executive hand.

No Phony Camaraderie

ORDINARILY WE don't go for either snobbery or snubbery. But we also are allergic to phony camaraderie. And so, ever since Henry Cabot Lodge's snub of Russia's Mr. Vishinsky, we have been thinking that the American delegate was quite right in refusing to shake hands with the Soviet representative for the benefit of press photographers at the opening of the latest UN session.

Some of our friends don't feel that way about the episode. They hold that Mr. Lodge's "rudeness" was meaningless at best, and maybe potentially damaging to the eventual solution of Soviet-American differences. We disagree, for three reasons.

First, it seems to us that even surface acceptance of Mr. Vishinsky by an officer of this government insults the honor and dignity of the American nation. Vishinsky, as spokesman for the Soviet dictatorship, has consistently and repeatedly slandered this nation, its people and its government before the world assembly. He has lied outrageously. He has falsely accused the United States of every crime in the book. His charges may be preposterous, but they must also set some sort of diplomatic record for viciousness on the part of one government toward another with which it is, at least formally, at peace.

Second, Mr. Lodge's snub served pointed notice that there has been a change of attitude as well as administration in Washington. Mr. Lodge was well aware of what Vishinsky has said about the United States in the past, and he could be sure that more of the same would be heard in the near future. Under those circumstances, a show of cordiality would have been worse than pointless.

Third, Mr. Lodge's snub was, in a way, a compliment. At least it implied that the American accepted the fact that the Russian believes the slander that he preaches. Such an approach is not consistent, of course, with the old-fashioned methods of diplomacy. Yet we can only rejoice that Mr. Lodge has seen fit to abandon those methods. For the bow, the handshake and the smile would have said, in effect, "We naturally realize, Mr. Vishinsky, that your tirades are simply put on for effect, and as gentlemen and diplomats we shall regard them in that light."

Politeness toward Soviet Russia has never paid off, and it won't pay off now. Vishinsky is an instrument of snarling, bare-knuckle diplomacy. We believe his hatred of America is real and sincere. He does not deserve or appreciate courtesy. Mr. Lodge is wise and entirely correct in dealing with Vishinsky on his own terms.

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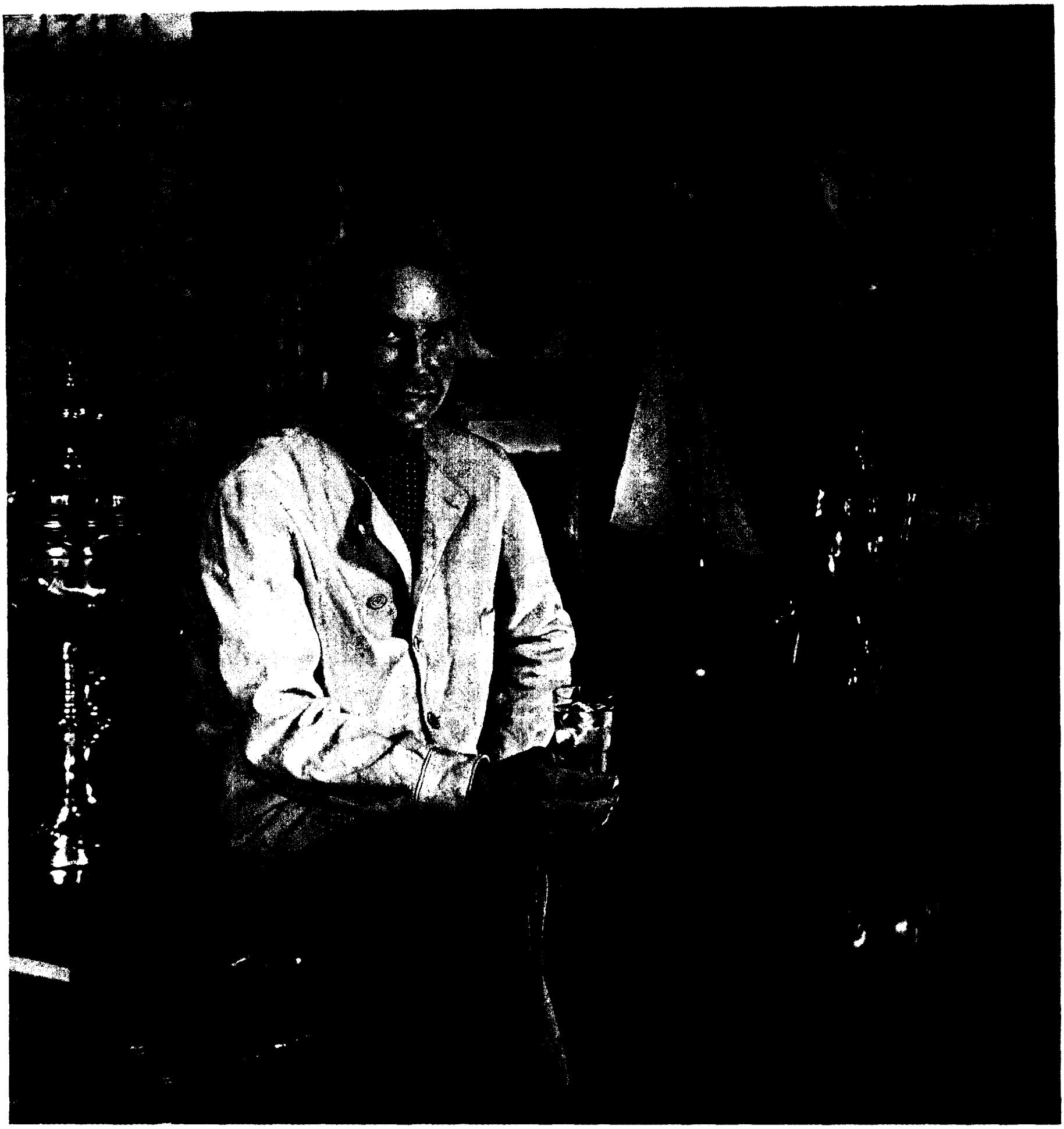

Mr. Anton Hulman, Jr.—distinguished president of Hulman & Co.—started with his father's company as a salesman. During the depression he formed a sales force which, by door-to-door methods, made his baking powder a best seller. Later, he expanded the company's activities, and made Hulman & Co. one of the largest wholesale grocery and general merchandise firms in America. A sportsman, member of the U. S. Tuna team, and owner of Indianapolis Speedway, he's shown in his Indiana lodge with some of his trophies.

Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended for those who, like Mr. Hulman, seek a finer whiskey. It has an exceptionally light body and a rich flavor, the like of which is found in no other whiskey. In fact Lord Calvert's *Custom Distilled* quality is so carefully guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. You'll find that Lord Calvert—the "whiskey of distinction"—costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more pleasure to living.

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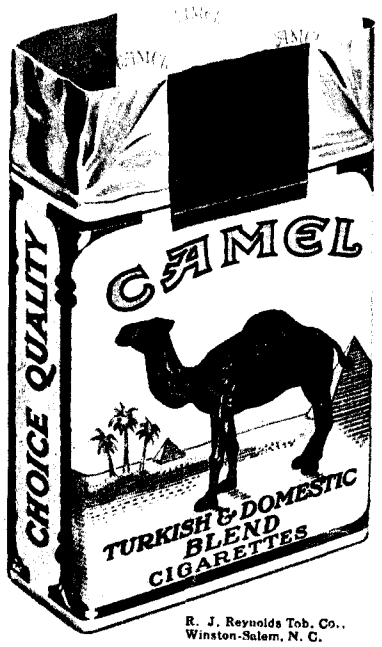


R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

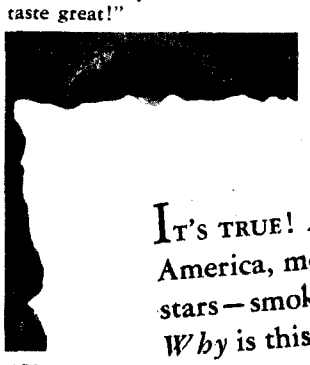
BOB LEMON, Cleveland Indian pitcher, says, "My own 30-Day Test gave me the right slant on Camels! They're mild – and taste great!"

BILL COX, a fielding star of the 1952 World Series, tried different brands and has this to say. "My choice for steady smoking is mild, flavorful Camels!"

BILL GOODMAN, Boston Red Sox fielder, reports, "Take it from me, no other cigarette compares with Camels for rich flavor. And are they mild!"

HANK SAUER, Most Valuable Player in National League in 1952, "No other cigarette gave me as much pleasure as I get from Camels," says Hank.

MICKEY MANTLE, Yankee slugging sensation, made his own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test and states, "For mildness and flavor...you can't beat Camels!"



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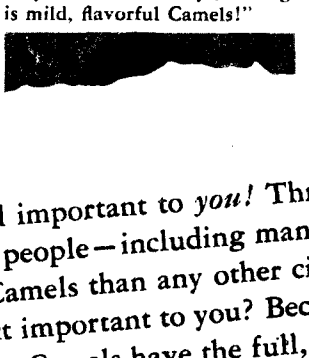
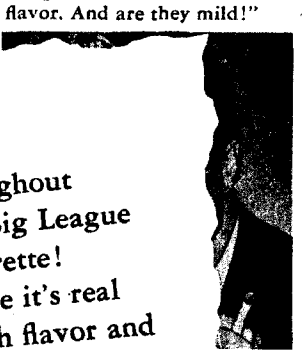
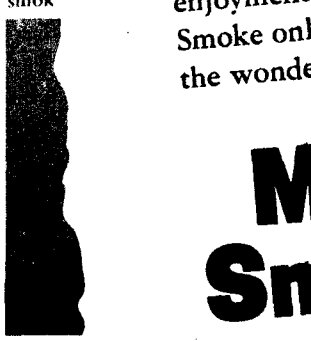




seball's easure flavor Camels mild!"

EARLY WYNN, Cleveland Indian hurler, says, "Smoking Camels on a pack after pack basis proved to me how mild and good tasting Camels are!"

EDDIE ROBINSON, slugging first sacker, says, "Camel flavor keeps tasting good, pack after pack. And Camel mildness suits me just fine!"



JIMMY star say can tel mildnes Camels

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"Once a Camel smoker, always a Camel smoker!"

JERRY STALEY, St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, states, "Puff after puff, pack after pack, Camels give me real smoking pleasure! They're mild—and flavorful!"

It's TRUE! And important to *you!* Throughout America, more people—including many Big League stars—smoke Camels than any other cigarette! *Why* is this fact important to you? Because it's real *reassurance* that Camels have the full, rich flavor and easy mildness *you* want for steady smoking enjoyment! Prove it! Make the Camel 30-day test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days and discover the wonderful reason *why* . . .

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

VIC RASCHI, "The Springfield Rifle" of the New York Yankees, says, "Camels are my choice for mildness. And Camels' rich flavor doesn't tire my taste!"

WARREN SPAHN, one of the top left-handers, has changed to Camels! He says, "I picked Camels for steady smoking. They've got the flavor I want!"

DICK SISLER, St. Louis Cardinal infielder, states, "Camel mildness and flavor made a hit with me from the start! I'd walk a mile for a Camel any day!"

MIKE GARCIA, Cleveland Indian pitcher, reports, "I've smoked Camels long enough to know I made the right choice. That rich Camel flavor suits me fine!"

BILLY MARTIN, New York Yankee infielder, made his own 30-Day Test and says, "Camels have everything I want in a cigarette—mildness and flavor!"

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